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CLASSIC TALES BY
FAMOUS AUTHORS

COMPLETE IN

TWENTY VOLUMES

VOLUME XVI



Classic Tales of Famous Authors

Illustrated by
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Portrait of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The portrait of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is a full-length portrait of the poet, standing and facing slightly to the right. He is wearing a dark suit and a white shirt with a dark cravat. The portrait is framed by a simple black border.

Wadsworth Longfellow, 1819-1882

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, 1819-1882
Portrait of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

1819-1882

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

Classic Tales

by

Famous Authors

CONTAINING COMPLETE SELECTIONS FROM
THE WORLD'S BEST AUTHORS WITH PREFATORY
BIOGRAPHICAL AND SYNOPTICAL NOTES

Edited and Arranged by
FREDERICK B. DE BERARD

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ROSSITER JOHNSON, LL.D.

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CRITICAL SYNOPSIS
OF SELECTIONS

CRITICAL SYNOPSIS OF SELECTIONS

CAPTIVE AMONG CANNIBALS: BY HERMAN MELVILLE.

Two sailors belonging to an American whaling ship, going ashore on the Marquesas Islands, were accidentally abandoned by their ship and made captive by the wholly savage natives—a much-dreaded and ferocious race of cannibals. Much to their surprise, Melville and his comrade were kindly treated, subjected to little restraint and given an abundance of food; so that after some months they recovered from the emaciation and disease due to their former hardships, and began to rapidly improve in physical condition. Just then Melville, moved by curiosity to witness secret ceremonies, covertly entered a forbidden enclosure. What he saw disturbed his peace, and told him why he was so abundantly fed.

IN THE SOUTH SEAS: BY LOUIS BECKE.

This is a series of tales of life in the islands of the South Seas. One relates the tragedy that befel a fleet of canoes overladen with natives—men, women and children—bound upon a visit to a neighboring island; the sudden squall while in the shallow seas over a reef, the swamping in the breakers, and the riot of the swarming sharks. "Ninia" is the story of a white man who became a renegade and helped Sralik, the savage chief, to slaughter his enemies by wholesale; how Sralik gave Ninia for a wife to "Haré, the White Man"; how, after years, Sralik caused Haré (Harry) to be murdered in his sleep because of a quarrel; how Ninia and her daughters became Christians, remembering that Harry, the drunken outcast, had called upon Christ for help ere he died; and how Ninia, the daughter,

CRITICAL SYNOPSIS OF SELECTIONS

driven out to sea by a tempest, prayed to the White Christ of her dead father, and after dreadful suffering came again to her home.

"At a Kava Drinking" is the tale of how Tuialo, the chief, coveted the gun of his friend, the white man who had lived long among his people in amity, and had become as one of them; how thereafter the vindictive Tuialo caused the white man to be seized and ordered that he be put to death; how the wife and the friends of the white man offered to die in his stead if he might live; how one by one they were slain; and at the end he, too, was smitten to death by the club, that Tuialo might be possessed of the gun with two barrels.

"The Feast at Pentecost" tells how the sullen crew of the barque "Queen Caroline" were driven to desert by a brutal captain; how they sought refuge among the hospitable natives; how the ship, with its officers and remaining crew, were captured by treachery; and how the mutineers came to the "feast" to eat breadfruit and yams, and what they found there.

PAUPUKEEWIS: BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

This is an episode from "The Song of Hiawatha"—the epic of the American Indian race. Paupukeewis, the handsome and dissolute mischief-maker of the tribe, while Hiawatha is absent, creates commotion in the lodges. He dances the wild beggar's-dance to please the maidens, challenges the braves to a contest of story-telling, taunts them to encounter him at games of hazard, and strips them of their finery. Finally, for sheer mischief, he affronts the absent chief by entering his untenanted lodge and hurling its contents about in wild disorder, after which he slays in wantonness hundreds of Hiawatha's friends, the seagulls, and, with shouts of malicious laughter, trips away to the forest with his spoils. Hot with anger, Hiawatha gives tireless chase to the scapegrace, who seeks to evade him by changing to a beaver, a brant, a serpent; but in vain. He cannot fly long enough or far enough to escape the vengeful pursuer; and at length he is overtaken in his own proper person and slain for his misdeeds.

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THE HISTORY OF A SLAVE: BY H. H. JOHNSTON.

There are many descriptions of the superficial aspects of savage and barbarous life; there are very few that portray its actualities with such vividness, such intimate knowledge of the savage mind, of its workings, passions and motives, of the realities of primitive existence. "The History of a Slave" is a picture of life in Africa, not as it appears to Anglo-Saxon sensibility, but as the negro barbarian sees it. It is drawn from experience, relates events and depicts social conditions as they exist, leaving them to suggest their own emotions. An African barbarian tells of existence as he knows it, from his infancy among wholly savage negroes to his maturity among cruel and semi-civilized Arabs. It is a moving portrayal of hideous realities.

THE PASSING OF PENGLIMA PRANG CHEMAUN: BY F. A. SWETTENHAM.

This narrative of actual experience throws a strong light upon Malay character and customs. It tells how a pair of Malay bravos who deemed their honor affronted obtained official permission to remove the stain by exterminating the insulter and his friends; how with a few followers they "held up" two villages for several weeks, defended themselves against great odds, killed many assailants, and finally made good their escape.

THE QUEST OF THE COPPER: BY WILLIAM CHARLES SCULLY.

This is a powerful and dramatic tale of the brutal tyranny of Tshaka, King of the Zulus; how he hated Kondwana, the bravest of his chiefs, and sought a pretext for his slaying; how he sent him with a feeble force into the land of the Amaswazi for copper; how his warriors were destroyed by the enemy; how only he and one other returned, tottering wrecks, worn by hardship, starvation and wounds; and how, because he brought no copper, Tshaka, the king, put him to death.

EDITOR.

BIOGRAPHICAL
DICTIONARY OF AUTHORS

Vol. 16—1

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BECKE, LOUIS: About three-quarters of a century ago white men began to get a permanent footing throughout the numerous island groups scattered through the vast expanse of Polynesia. The missionaries were first, and they paved the way for the traders. Ceaseless aggression, disease, intemperance and gradual extinction are the fatal gifts which civilization has conferred upon the hapless natives. These islands have been the scenes of boundless oppression, of revolting brutalities, of sickening and horrible tragedies. Though formal history has made no note of details, they are told here and there and in fragments by travelers, and of late by some who have passed years among the Pacific islands and know their story. Louis Becke is one of the latter class—one who, as a lad, ran away from school in San Francisco—whither he had been sent from his home in Sydney—to enter upon a roving life of adventure as a sailor and trader in the archipelago. For many years he roamed with varying fortune, visiting all the groups, living for long periods among the natives, and accumulating the knowledge of native character, traditions and customs which he has woven into the collections of stories published not many years ago under the titles "By Reef and Palm" and "The Ebbing of the Tide." Many of these stories were contributed to various Australian journals.

JOHNSTON, H. H.: A British consul at various stations in Equatorial Africa and elsewhere. H. H. Johnston utilized his official opportunities to gratify his taste for travel and exploration. He acquired

an intimate insight into native character; traveled fearlessly, safely and entirely alone among the fierce and savage tribes; never resorted to arms for defense, and never was threatened with violence. With remarkable tact, he combined accurate observation and excellent literary ability. He has told the story of his various travels in narratives of exceptional interest and value; in them he has depicted not only his personal experience, but character sketches of savage life and incident. His "History of a Slave" is an extremely vivid portrayal of the horrors of the African slave trade and the vicissitudes and miseries of barbarian existence. It is probably the strongest and most realistic account of African life of all the many that have been written.

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH: This famous American poet was born at Portland, Me., February 27, 1807; graduated from Bowdoin College, 1825; traveled in Europe during three years following; was professor of modern languages at Bowdoin, 1829-35; professor of modern languages and belles-lettres at Harvard, 1836-54, and was one of the most fertile, lovable and popular of modern poets. He died at Cambridge, March 24, 1882, after a literary career of more than forty years of almost unbroken success and continuous productivity. Most of his shorter poems were first published separately in the leading literary magazines, the "Atlantic Monthly" being his usual vehicle. They were collected and published in successive volumes as follows: "Voices of the Night" (1839); "Ballads and Poems" (1841); "Poems on Slavery" (1842); "The Spanish Student" (1843); "Poets of Europe" (Translations, 1845); "The Belfry of Bruges, and Other Poems" (1845); "Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie" (1847); "Seaside and Fireside" (1849); "The Golden Legend" (1851); "The Song of Hiawatha" (1855); "The Courtship of Miles Standish" (1858); "Birds of Passage" (1858-63); "Tales of a Wayside Inn" (1863); "Flower de Luce" (1867); "The Divine Comedy of Dante" (Translation, 1867-70); "The New England Tragedies" (1868); "The Divine Tragedy" (1871);

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"Three Books of Song" (1872); "Aftermath" (1873); "The Hanging of the Crane" (1874); "Morituri Salutamus" (1875); "The Mask of Pandora" (1875); "Keramos and Other Poems" (1878); "Ultima Thule" (1880); "Hermes Trismegistus" (1882); "In the Harbor" (1882).

Longfellow's prose works comprise a volume of sketches, "Outre-Mer" (1835), and two novels, "Hyperion" (1839) and "Kavanagh" (1849). He also edited "Poems of Places," in thirty-one volumes, published 1876-79.

MELVILLE, HERMAN: (For Biographical Note, see Vol. II, "Famous Tales of the Sea.")

SCULLY, WILLIAM CHARLES: In 1894 there was published in London a small volume entitled "Kafir Stories," a series of vigorous and, in some instances, remarkably dramatic sketches and tales of South Africa. Some of these were graphic pictures of battle, passion and cruelty—portraits of the life of the negro savages; others depicted the clash of the races and the rule of the whites. This book was followed in 1898 by another, "Between Sun and Sand," the scene of which is likewise South Africa. These two books are the outcome of personal experience, the author, William Charles Scully, having been a resident of South Africa. He held official positions under the Cape Colony Government—those of Civil Commissioner for Namaqualand and Special Magistrate for the Northern Border of Cape Colony. The several stories in the volumes named first appeared separately as contributions to various periodicals. Mr. Scully has also published a volume of "Poems" and another tale of life among the Kafirs, entitled "The White Hecatomb."

SWETTENHAM, FRANCIS ATHELSTANE: When England annexed a large extent of new territory in Farther India, she found it peopled by restless barbarians, leavened and disturbed by numerous bands of outlaws. To establish peace and order was a difficult task, in the course of which many British officials lost their lives by disease or casualty. Francis Swettenham was one of those charged with the

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duty of pacifying the uneasy Malay subjects and subduing the defiant robber rajas. He has recorded his observations in the volume, "Malay Sketches," published 1895. It portrays Malay life and character with admirable directness and fidelity, and with insight that is lacking in the observations of other writers.

EDITOR.

THE QUEST OF THE COPPER

THE QUEST OF THE COPPER

William C. Scully.

I

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A beast with horns that rend and gore,
My army rushes through the world;
The white plumes flutter in the fore,
Like mists before a tempest whirled;
The roaring sea when storms are strong
Is not so fierce, the lion's wrath
Is tame when swells the battle-song
That frights the clouds above my path!

My beaten shields to thunder thrill,
My spears like lightning flash between,
Till raining blood their brightness kill,
Or dim to lurid red their sheen!
At morn and eve the splendid shine
Of burning clouds I hail with joy—
The sky thus gives its son the sign
To rise up mighty, and destroy!

Zulu Pictures: Tshaka.

TSHAKA, king of the Zulus, sat in state in his royal kraal one morning in the month of March, 1816. His throne was a log of white iron-wood standing on its end, from the upper portion of which the stumps of three thick branches expanded, thus giving it the

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rough semblance of an armchair. The ends of the stumps were rounded and polished. The throne was standing upon the skin of a large, black-maned lion, and the king's feet were resting upon the mane. A number of indunas, councilors, and officers stood around the king in respectful attitudes, or moved about quietly and silently. Tshaka's mother, 'Mnande, sat on the ground some distance away, her ear strained to catch every word that fell from her son's lips. A few yards behind her five young girls crouched on their knees and elbows, each with an earthen pot of beer or a skin of curdled milk before her. As each newcomer arrived within a certain distance of the throne, he flung his spear and shield to the ground, and then came forward. When he reached within about twenty paces of Tshaka, he held his right hand high over his head and called out, "Bayete!" which is the Zulu royal salute. He then advanced and prostrated himself before the king's feet.

Tshaka was a man of magnificent build. He sat perfectly naked except for a bunch of leopard tails slung from his waist, and a few charms fastened to a thin cord around his neck.

Kondwana, commander of the 'Nyatele regiment, an induna of the Abambo tribe, was called before the king. He approached, made the customary obeisance, and then stood up.

"You will take," said Tshaka, "what remains of the 'Nyatele regiment (a regiment that had suffered very severely in a recent campaign, from fever in the coast swamps above St. Lucia Bay as well as from slaughter by the spear), and go to the country beyond the mountains of the Amaswazi, where the green and yellow stones from which the red metal (copper) is smelted are dug out of the ground. You will bring back so much of these stones as will cover, when heaped up,

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the skins of three large oxen. You will return before the summer rains have fallen. Go!"

Kondwana was a distinguished man. He had, years previously, fought against Tshaka, but since his tribe, the Abambo, had made submission and had been incorporated into the Zulu nation, he had served his new master with faithfulness and zeal. But one of the awkward conditions of savagery is this, that whenever a subordinate shows any extraordinary capacity, and consequently attains to a position of influence, his master is apt to regard him with jealousy and fear, and will therefore often destroy him ruthlessly on the first shadow of a pretext. In jealousy and mistrust of capable subordinates, the average savage potentate resembles Louis XIV. of France, of pious memory, who could never bear to have a really capable man near his throne in a position of trust. Kondwana happened to be under the ban of Tshaka's suspicion, which, once roused, was never allayed. This is the explanation of his having been sent with his splendid regiment on a useless expedition through the deadly fever country just to the south of Delagoa Bay, between the Lebomba mountains and the sea, and of his now having to go with the effective remnant of his veterans on a quest for copper to a hypothetical spot only vaguely rumored of.

Among the spoil of a recent and very distant northern raid were a few copper bangles, and the prisoners from whom these were taken said that the metal had been smelted from green and yellow stones dug out of a mountain far to the north. In a native forge at one of the villages sacked, a few stones of the kind described had been found, and these were brought to Tshaka. No other information on the subject was to be had, yet Kondwana at once prepared to start upon his quest, knowing that if he failed to carry out the

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king's orders to the very letter, his life would inevitably pay the forfeit.

Kondwana was a tall and very powerful man, jet black, but with a pleasing expression of countenance when not moved to wrath. He was as brave as a lion, and perfectly loyal to the king.

Tshaka possessed the faculty of inspiring loyalty to a high degree, but he was unaware of this. Being of a highly suspicious nature, he sacrificed to his groundless apprehension numbers of his most loyal and devoted adherents.

Kondwana returned to his kraal after being shown specimens of the mineral which he had to seek. These were a few small lumps of shining stone—some being blue in color and some yellow. In others both colors were present. When freshly broken, the blue specimens were beautifully iridescent, and showed tints such as are seen in the peacock's tail. Upon arriving at the headquarter military kraal next morning, he mustered his regiment, and found it to be about four hundred and fifty strong (effective). There were several hundred more at the kraal, but they were still suffering from fever. The men were all veterans, and thus wore head-rings—circular bands about seven inches in diameter, of a black substance composed principally of gum. These bands, being about an inch thick, were fixed to the hair around the crown of the head, and thus afforded a very effective protection against blows.

The expedition started. A number of the men carried strong iron picks for the purpose of digging out the ore. They took a small herd of cattle for immediate use as food, but they depended upon proximate spoil for future sustenance. After crossing the Pongola river, the party made a detour inland, so as to avoid a collision with the Amaswazi, with whom Kondwana did not want, just then, to fight. This took them

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through some very mountainous country, where they suffered grievously from cold. Some of the men, in whose blood germs of fever still remained, began to sicken, and were mercifully put to death. But as it advanced through the mountains the little party had some very enjoyable fighting and looting, the Mantatee tribellets offering no more resistance than afforded pleasant exercise. The loot was ample, and the soldiers simply feasted on meat. At night they often warmed themselves before the burning huts. They obtained from the vanquished Mantatees many soft, warm skins, for the mountain tribes, living under a comparatively cold climate, had become very expert in tanning. These skins were carried for them by the good-looking young women of the kraals which were "eaten up," for the lives of such, when their services were required, were generally spared.

It was only the veterans of the Zulu army that wore head-rings, but there was one man with Kondwana's contingent whose head was ringless. This was Senzanga, the son of Kondwana's elder brother Kwasta. Senzanga had been spared by a fortunate accident when his father's kraal and its inhabitants had been destroyed a few months previously by Tshaka's orders. Being fleet of foot, he had escaped to the bush, and he had ever since had a precarious existence as a fugitive, being fed by some women at the risk of their lives. Hearing through them of an expedition under the command of his uncle, he went on ahead, and at the Pongola appeared and asked for Kondwana's protection, as well as for leave to accompany the expedition. Kondwana knew that he ran a serious risk in not killing Senzanga at once, but after consulting with his officers he decided on venturing to spare the young man's life, meaning to deliver him as a prisoner to Tshaka on the return of the expedition, and then pray that he might

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be pardoned for the fault he had not committed, and which had been so heavily punished.

After getting well past the Amaswazi country the expedition left the mountains, and traveled through the low wooded plains that lie between the Drakensberg on the northwest and the Lebomba hills on the southeast. In this region no men dwelt except the wretched Balala, naked and weaponless fugitives from the Tonga and other tribes, whose villages had been destroyed in war, and who had escaped to lead a life in the desert compared with which death by the spear would have been merciful.

The existence of the dreaded tsetse fly, whose bite is fatal to any domestic animal, accounted for the lack of human inhabitants. The cattle which Kondwana's men brought with them began to droop, and soon could proceed no further. After being bitten by the tsetse, animals gradually waste away, and sometimes live on for months, becoming more and more emaciated. If, however, rain happens to fall, they die off very quickly. The men set to work and killed all the remaining cattle. They ate what they could of the meat, loaded themselves and the captive women with as much of the remainder as could be carried, and then traveled as swiftly as they could in a northeasterly direction toward the Limpopo river. Once across the Limpopo, they knew they could easily reach the Makalaka country, where, doubtless, loot abounded. They knew all about this from the Balala, whom they from time to time captured and questioned. None of these could, however, give any information as to where the copper ore had come from.

In the meantime game was plentiful, although somewhat difficult to capture. Their most successful mode of hunting was this: About a hundred men would lie in ambush in some place where, judging from the footmarks, wild animals were in the habit of passing.

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These men would take cover wherever they could, breaking off branches of trees for purposes of concealment where growing reeds, shrubs, or grass did not suffice. They would lie or crouch about five yards from each other, in three lines about ten yards apart.

The remainder of the contingent would then divide into two parties, one of which would extend to the right and the other to the left, in open order; each party forming a long chain gradually stretching out. The leaders, after going out a certain distance, would curve inward toward each other until they met. A large area would thus be inclosed. As soon as the chains joined, by the leaders meeting, the grass was set alight, and immediately afterward smoke arose at numerous points around the inclosed space, while the men all rushed inward toward the ambush. The terrified game, seeing themselves almost surrounded by a ring of fire, rushed madly to what seemed to them the only place at which they could possibly escape. When the herd reached the ambush, the men sprang to their feet, and dashed at it with their spears; the skirmishers, or as many as had been able to close in on the heels of the game, rushing in at the same time. It was their practice to avoid interfering with buffalo or other dangerous game so far as possible, but pallah, hartebeeste, koodoo, waterbuck, and other antelopes were slain in the manner described, sometimes in great numbers. Then plenty would reign for a season.

These game-drives were fraught with considerable danger, and on several occasions some of the men in ambush were trampled to death or seriously hurt.

Every night the lions roared around their encampment, attracted by the smell of the meat, but repelled by the fires around which the men slept. It was found that so long as game was plentiful the lions did not come close enough to give any serious trouble—they could

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always be heard growling, but they made no attack—but in passing through regions where game was scarce, the lions, grown bold from hunger, would prowl round and round the camp, silently, and with deeply lurid eyes. One morning, just before dawn, a lioness dashed into the camp, seized a sleeping man by the shoulder, and began dragging him off. But in a moment the marauder was surrounded by spears, and then a desperate struggle took place. The night was dark, and the watch fires were nearly dead. Some of the men seized firebrands, which they held aloft so as to enable their comrades to see. The lioness died hard. The first frantic dash she made broke the ring for an instant, and she got two men down under her, one with a broken neck, and the other with a dislocated hip, while a third, who was dashed backward by a blow from her paw, had his skull fractured and his shoulder broken. But Senzanga sprang on the lioness from behind, and by a lucky stroke plunged his spear into her spine just over the loins. The spear stuck fast between two of the vertebræ, and the animal gave a roar so tremendous that it completely deafened for the moment those nearest to her. But she was now helpless, and so was easily dispatched. Day soon broke. The man with the dislocated hip was killed, the lioness was skinned and her meat eaten; and the expedition moved on, the men singing what is known as “the war-song of the lion,” in full chorus.

The Limpopo river was reached one evening after a hot, waterless march of over forty miles. The summer floods had subsided, and the lovely, forest-fringed stream, with crystal-clear currents swirling and eddying among the rocks, lay before them, full three hundred yards in width. The meat was nearly finished, the little remaining being putrid from the heat, but Kondwana rested his men for a couple of days among the shady

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trees on the bank. They knew that the Makalaka cattle were not far off, and a couple of days' hunger was, to Zulu soldiers, not very much of a hardship. On the morning of the third day after reaching the river, the expedition crossed. The crossing was not easy work, as many of the swirling channels were deep and rapid; moreover, on almost every rock crocodiles basked. But the men linked arms, four abreast, and dashed into the water singing their regimental war song, and in spite of all difficulties reached the opposite bank without the loss of a man.

II

ONE somewhat awkward circumstance was this: A number of the men had lost their spears, and the loss of his weapon by a Zulu soldier was a crime admitting of no palliation or pardon. The Zulu soldier carried only one spear—a frightful weapon, with a broad blade and a short, thick handle. The use of this weapon (ikempe) had been introduced by Tshaka, who substituted it for the light-throwing assegai (unkonto). Although quite discarded in war, the assegai was still used in the chase, and the men and boys were encouraged to keep up the practice of assegai throwing. Many of Kondwana's men had brought assegais with them; for the expedition not being a purely military one, discipline was not kept up so strictly as otherwise it would have been.

It was found, however, in hunting that the light assegai was not effective in bringing down game. When used in stabbing, the weight was not sufficiently great, nor was the blade large enough to inflict a fatal wound; when hurled, the weapon was often lost through the animal escaping with it sticking fast, and being seen no more.

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On some occasions the droves of game were so dense that no difficulty was experienced in killing animals by stabbing them at close quarters, but often such could not be done, only a few being driven into the ambush. Then the men had to choose between grievous hunger and the risk of losing their spears through the wounded animals escaping, spears and all. As a matter of fact this had often happened, so much so, that by the time the expedition reached the Limpopo, nearly a fourth of the men were either weaponless or else were armed only with light assegais.

After crossing the Limpopo, the expedition trended slightly to the westward, toward the hilly country where, according to the Balala, many of the cattle of the Makalakas were to be found. On the afternoon of the second day after crossing, troops of cattle and afterward scattered villages were sighted. The alarm had evidently been given, for it could soon be seen that the cattle were being hurriedly driven off, and when the first village was reached, it was found to be deserted. However, by probing with their spears in the dung of the cattle kraal, the men easily found the flat stones covering the mouths of the underground corn-pits, and in these a fair supply of millet was found. So the men lit fires and cooked the grain. It was dark before they had finished eating, and then they built up the fires, piling on heavy logs which were lying near. Certain faint, twinkling lights were visible on a hillside very far off, and in the direction in which they had seen the cattle being driven in the afternoon, and toward these Kondwana led his men silently, and at a swinging trot.

About an hour before dawn the vanguard suddenly stopped, and the rest of the force formed up slowly in wings, as had been directed. The barking of dogs was heard some distance ahead. The Zulus were now in a comparatively open country. A grassy expanse be-

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tween two shallow, forest-filled valleys sloped up gently in front. Kondwana sent scouts ahead. These soon returned with the report that they had found a number of armed men sleeping around some huts close to a kraal which was filled with cattle. The dogs barked incessantly, but as much on account of the Makalaka strangers at the kraal as the Zulus. As a matter of fact, after the alarm was given late in the afternoon as many of the Makalakas as could be communicated with had assembled here. Scouts had reported in the evening that the strangers were looting the corn from the pits, and only a couple of hours before Kondwana called a halt in the darkness, the fires that the Zulus had lighted were still to be seen burning brightly. Moreover, Kondwana had been very careful in preventing the huts being burned, lest the Makalakas should infer that his force was moving on. By abstaining from burning the huts he completely deceived the Makalakas, who could not conceive it possible that a hostile force would pass a hut without setting it alight, so they slept in fancied security, little dreaming what was in store for them.

Kondwana divided his force into three divisions, each numbering nearly a hundred men. These took up positions at equi-distant points, lines connecting which would have formed an equilateral triangle, the little cluster of huts surrounded by the sleeping Makalakas being in the center. The dogs, tired of barking at the different parties of Makalakas which had arrived during the night, did not make so much of a disturbance as might have been expected under the circumstances. The three divisions formed themselves into double lines, and then advanced slowly inward, until at a signal from Kondwana they yelled out the war cry and rushed forward. In a few minutes all was over. The unfortunate Makalakas were an easy prey; they hardly attempted to

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resist, but rushed from one side to the other, vainly attempting to escape from the ring of spears. By sheer weight of numbers they at length broke through on the one side, and thus about half of them escaped to the forest. They left over two hundred bodies on the field. The Zulus did not lose a man.

Some women and children rushed out of the huts. Most of them were slain, but some few were taken prisoners. Morning soon broke, and showed the dead lying in every direction, and the ground strewn with weapons which had been cast away in the rout. A few copper ornaments were found upon some of the women, who, upon being questioned, pointed to the north and said that the metal had been brought from there long ago.

The kraal was found to be full of cattle, some of which were at once slaughtered and eaten. Shortly after sunrise, a party of about a hundred Makalakas approached to within a short distance of the huts. When they caught sight of the dead bodies they turned and fled, hotly pursued by the Zulus for a short distance. None were, however, caught. Kondwana had again given the strictest orders that no huts were to be burned, so as to avoid spreading the alarm to a distance for as long a time as possible.

Next morning large bodies of Makalakas appeared on the surrounding hills, but they were evidently afraid to come near. About midday three men approached to within hailing distance, and asked that three of the Zulus might come out for the purpose of parleying. So Kondwana and two of his men went out, and when they arrived within about a hundred yards of the others stuck their spears into the ground and called out to the Makalakas to do the same, which they did. The two parties then met, and began to discuss matters.

The Makalaka spokesman inquired of Kondwana who

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he and his men were, and why they were making war on the Makalaka nation. Kondwana replied to the effect that he and his men were Zulus sent by Tshaka to obtain copper; that they did not want to make war, and had only done so because they found armed men assembled to oppose them.

It could at once be seen that the mere name of Tshaka made a considerable impression. The spokesman replied that the Makalakas did not want to fight with the Zulus; that the copper ore was found in the country of the Balotsi, to the northward, and that a party which the Makalaka chief had sent in the previous year for the purpose of fetching a supply of the ore had never returned.

It was finally agreed that Kondwana's explanation should be communicated to the Makalaka chief, and then the two parties separated, after arranging to meet again on the following day.

Next morning the three Makalakas returned, and the spokesman told Kondwana that guides would be provided by the chief to lead the expedition to the place in the Balotsi country where the ore had been found, and that food for the use of the Zulus on the journey would be provided. All this was due to the fact that the terror of Tshaka's name had penetrated even thus far. Moreover, up to this, none of the Makalakas had come near enough to the main body of the Zulus to be able to see in what force the latter were, and those who had escaped from the slaughter of two nights previous had greatly exaggerated the number of the assailants.

So, on the following day, the Zulus started for the Balotsi country, under the guidance of five old Makalakas, who were stated to have accompanied a copper-seeking expedition many years back. A large herd of cattle, a few of which were pack oxen, had been sent down by the chief. They loaded the pack oxen with

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their picks, and with the remainder of the millet which they found in the grain pits at the captured kraal.

The men who had lost their weapons rearmed themselves with the best of those of the slaughtered Makalakas. Such were, however, but poor substitutes for the terrible broad-bladed, thick-handled spears which had been lost; yet they were better than nothing.

The guides led Kondwana and his men through a part of the country which was very thinly populated, so they saw hardly any human beings and no cattle—nor were any signs of cultivation visible. They passed far to the eastward of the populated areas. One day two strange men joined the guides, and after traveling for a short time with the expedition disappeared. This roused the suspicions of Kondwana, but the guides, although questioned apart from each other, each declared that the strangers were casual travelers. As a matter of fact, these men were messengers laden with the doom of Kondwana and every man in his force.

This is what had happened. Until the Zulus started from the captured kraal, the Makalakas were under the impression that they had to deal with a full Zulu regiment, numbering probably two thousand men, but when the expedition moved off, and its numerical weakness thus became apparent, the Makalaka chief at once determined on its destruction. So messengers were at once despatched in every direction to collect the Makalaka forces, and the two "casual travelers" had been sent to tell the guides to desert two days after crossing the mountain range separating the Makalaka from the Balotsi territory, and, if possible, to take the cattle with them.

Weak as the Zulus were in point of numbers, the Makalakas did not yet dare to attack them; the gigantic forms, the red shields, and the gleaming, broad-bladed spears of Kondwana's small band, and the terrible evi-

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dence of prowess as shown in the night attack, had inspired great dread. Moreover, the Makalaka chief determined on making sure that not a single man should escape to tell the tale to Tshaka. So, as the Zulus marched on, a large army, collected from all available quarters, followed on their track at a respectful distance. Fleet runners had been sent on ahead to endeavor to arouse the Balotsi, and thus the Makalaka chief trusted to being able to crush his foes as though between the jaws of a vise. The guides had been told to delay the march as much as possible by avoiding the direct route wherever such could be done without creating suspicion.

Kondwana and his men reached the mountain range which is a continuation of the great Quathlamba or Drakensberg chain, and saw great frowning precipices rise over steep slopes covered with dense forest. One long winding valley, overhung by precipitous cliffs, cleft the range, and through this the guides led them. At the head of the valley the range was slightly depressed, and a saddle was thus formed between two high peaks. Elevated tablelands, gently sloping to the northwest, and intersected by narrow, shallow valleys, stretched away from the level of the saddle. Each valley carried its stream of water, running between low banks covered with a thick growth of reeds. It was now May, and the cold at night on these high plains was very severe. Fuel was scarce, and the Zulus consequently suffered very much. They had now for some days been passing through a totally uninhabited country. Game was very plentiful, but impossible to capture in the open.

They pressed forward along an old disused foot-path, or rather a number of such running parallel. As a matter of fact they were on the route which had been traversed by the Makalaka expedition sent for copper ore

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in the previous year, and which had not returned nor been heard of.

On the morning of the third day after crossing the saddle, it was found that the guides and the cattle had disappeared during the night. Kondwana found that, overcome by fatigue, the two sentries had fallen asleep at their post, so he speared them with his own hand. He then called the men together, and they deliberated as to what course they should pursue. With one accord it was decided to go forward.

Taking up the track of the cattle, parties were sent out to endeavor to recover them, and between twenty and thirty head, which had become footsore and were thus unable to proceed, were brought back in the afternoon. These were at once killed, and the expedition moved on next morning, the men carrying the meat.

The men were now very footsore, in spite of the sandals which they had from time to time made out of skins of the slaughtered cattle. They were gaunt and haggard from nearly three months of hardship and exposure. Their faces were sunk and their limbs emaciated. Yet no thought of returning before the object of the expedition should have been accomplished occurred to them.

Three days after that on which they had discovered the desertion of the guides they began to pass human skeletons lying on the path, the bones scattered about and broken, evidently through the agency of beasts of prey. All those that had contained marrow had been cracked, apparently by the jaws of hyenas. Late in the afternoon they reached a spot where about forty or fifty disjointed skeletons were lying indiscriminately. Kondwana noticed scattered about a quantity of mineral similar to the specimens shown to him at Tshaka's when he received his instructions. "Ah, ha!" said he, "this accounts for their not having returned."

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The unfortunate copper-carriers had evidently been surprised, surrounded, and killed to a man—probably by the Balotsi. The Zulus, delighted at obtaining evidence of the bare existence of the thing they were seeking, walked about, picking up fragments of the ore, which they put into their skin wallets. It was evident that the greater part of the ore had been removed, yet every man of the expedition was able to secure a piece, which he looked upon as a kind of amulet to bring him good fortune. There was a little fuel obtainable where they camped for the night, and the weary, haggard men went to sleep feeling in better spirits than for a long time past.

Just at daybreak next morning the sentries gave the alarm, and the Zulus sprang to their feet to find themselves surrounded by foes. A large Balotsi impi had been sent to intercept them. The attack began at once, and for a time the struggle was fierce. But at close quarters one Zulu was a match for ten Balotsi, so the assailants were soon glad to retire, leaving nearly a hundred dead behind them. The Zulus lost about five or six men. It was broad daylight when the Balotsi drew off, and the Zulus could see their enemies massed round them in every direction, and outnumbering them excessively. Both parties paused for a time, each watching the other. The sun rose up over the mountains, the sky was clear as a dewdrop, and a bracing breeze swept down the valley, making music through the quivering reeds. Herds of eland, hartebeeste, gnu, and other game, stood on the slopes afar off, and looked down on the dark masses of men standing still in grim silence after their desperate struggle.

Then Kondwana gave the order to retreat. There was no other course possible. Hardly any food was left, and the Balotsi were in such force as to render it impossible to cope with them successfully.

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So the Zulus began to retire along the course by which they had advanced, and thus their travail entered into its final stage of long agony.

III

BACK toward the saddle at the top of the pass through the mountain range marched Kondwana and his Zulus, the Balotsi force accompanying them at a respectful distance on each side. The Balotsi had had a severe lesson, and were not anxious to come again to close quarters. They found, moreover, that throwing the assegai was not of much avail on account of the large shields which the Zulus carried. Besides, the Zulus made a practice of picking up the assegais falling near or among them, and returning these, often with deadly effect, for, being physically much stronger than the Balotsi, their effective range with the assegai was correspondingly greater.

The Zulus stalked on in grim silence, the Balotsi shouting at them in an unknown tongue. At this stage the Balotsi had no intention of attacking. They knew what the Zulus did not know, that the Makalaka impi was waiting just on the other side of the saddle. They, the Balotsi, would just keep the Zulus in view, and then assist in their annihilation after the Makalakas had tamed them somewhat. So the Balotsi gave way consistently whenever the weary and footsore Zulus showed a disposition to charge.

The Zulus had thus little save hunger to fear so long as they were in the open country. They marched on, breaking into a trot whenever their course led downhill, during the whole of the day on which their retreat began. Each man still had a small supply of meat left, and portions of this they ate raw as they proceeded. At

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dusk the foremost of the Balotsi were some distance behind, and after marching for about two hours longer the weary fugitives lay down and rested. Sentries, who were relieved after very short watches, kept guard all night. Before daylight next morning they again started, and the previous day's average of speed was kept up until sundown, when they reached the saddle. They had seen nothing of the Balotsi all day. In fact the latter were a fair day's march behind.

Kondwana halted his men on the northwestern side of the saddle, and then went forward with another man for the purpose of reconnoitering. When he looked down the valley, what he saw caused even his brave heart to sink. About a mile from him was massed the advance division of the Makalaka army, and as far as he could see beyond, the smoke was arising from numberless fires.

Kondwana returned to his men, and then the situation was discussed. The majority were in favor of making a dash down the valley and cutting a road through their foes. But the young man Senzanga made a suggestion which soon met with general approval.

All had seen that the Makalaka guides had not led them by a direct route from the captured kraal to the pass, but had made a considerable detour to the eastward. The object of this was now apparent. Senzanga's suggestion was to the effect that they should avoid the pass, striking boldly through the mountains to the southwest, trusting to being able to force their way through the forest on the coast side of the range. They could then make direct for some point on the Limpopo, higher up than where they had crossed. By going straight, they could reach the river by a much shorter journey than the previous one. Senzanga's plan was adopted; so after a cheerless rest of a few hours they started, working slowly up a long spur to the

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westward of the high peak flanking the saddle on the right hand side.

As a matter of fact, the Zulus, by their extraordinarily rapid march, had reached the saddle exactly twenty-four hours before their arrival was thought possible by the Makalakas. The fact that the Zulus had begun to retreat had been signaled back by means of fires along the mountain tops, but they were not expected to be seen for another two days. When the Balotsi next day reached the saddle, expecting to find that the Zulus had been already slaughtered, they found, to their astonishment, that nothing had been seen of the fugitives. But the mystery was soon solved—the trail was found leading up the spur, and the intention of the Zulus became immediately clear to the Makalaka chief. It was now his turn to be seriously alarmed, for if these men should succeed in reaching Zululand, an impi of Tshaka's terrible destroyers would soon be on its way to wreak vengeance. Therefore, at any cost, the fugitives must be intercepted and destroyed to a man. So the Makalakas hastened down the pass, after instructing the Balotsi to keep on the trail of the Zulus over the mountains, harass their rear, and notify their whereabouts by lighting fires on the nearest hills surrounding them every night. But this was a service for which the Balotsi had no stomach. They were a long way from home, and were almost without food; they had tasted of the Zulu spear, and it was bitter. So, after making a pretense of obeying, they turned round and hurried homeward as fast as they could.

Kondwana and his force found the mountain range to be less formidable than they had anticipated, but nevertheless their sufferings were awful. Food they now had none, and hunger gnawed at them with incessant and increasing violence. Their feet were so sore that every step over the rough, stony ground caused torture.

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Every now and then men dropped, unable to proceed further, and were at once speared by their companions.

On the evening of the day after they had struck into the mountains, the Zulus reached the forest belt on the coast slope, and in front of them, distant about two days' easy march, could be seen the shining, wood-fringed reaches of the Limpopo, beyond which lay their only chance of salvation. But between them and the Limpopo was the Makalaka army.

That night the Zulus lay close to the upper margin of the forest, keeping neither watch nor ward. When the darkness set in they could see below them the watch-fires of their foes, and they were thus able to tell approximately where the Makalakas were in greatest force.

It now became quite apparent to Kondwana that there was still a slender chance of escape if the men could only hold on a little longer without food. The left wing of the Makalaka army was slightly to the left of the Zulus, and if the latter could only manage to trend off a little more to the right, and find a passage through the forest, they might be able to creep past the Makalakas and even reach the river before being overtaken. As a matter of fact, the Makalaka chief had again underestimated the marching capacity of the Zulus, and had not come far enough along the foot of the mountain range to the southwest to intercept them.

Kondwana expounded his view of the situation to the men, who were almost in despair, and then called for volunteers to cross a valley and ascend a spur to the left, and there kindle fires. This spur was almost in front of the main division of the Makalaka army. Ten men volunteered for this service, and returned late in the night, after having performed it effectively.

Toward morning the Zulus again moved on, bearing down cautiously through the forest to their right. The

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Makalakas thought that Kondwana's fires were signals from the Balotsi to indicate that the fugitives were in the forest below the spur. They never supposed that the Zulus would indicate their whereabouts by lighting fires. So when daylight came, the Zulus had succeeded in outflanking their foes, and were making, as fast as starvation and their lacerated feet would let them, for the river.

Toward noon, a herd of cattle was seen. This was at once taken possession of, and soon a number of the beasts were slaughtered. The starving men tore the raw, smoking flesh, and drank the blood greedily. They then cut up the hides and bound pieces around their feet. After this, and a short rest, they felt like new beings. Hope took the place of the blank despair which had overwhelmed them a few hours previously. Another effort and they would reach the river, beyond which lay safety. So they started again, driving the remainder of the herd of cattle before them, and each man carrying a small quantity of meat. Their number was now reduced to but a little over two hundred.

But they were not to escape from the toils. Their trail had been discovered, and the pick of the Makalaka impi was now overhauling them fast. Yet they had another short respite. It seemed indeed as if Fate were playing with them. They traveled on through the night, and in the darkness the pursuers lost their trail.

The Makalakas thought that the Zulus would make for the river at its nearest point, losing sight of the fact that the latter were strangers, blindly groping in unfamiliar surroundings; so, when morning broke, the pursuers found that the trail was lost. They soon, however, ascertained that they were proceeding by a course parallel to that taken by the fugitives, and about a mile to the right of the latter. In spite of all they had undergone, the Zulus were still keeping the lead

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slightly, but their limit of endurance had almost been reached. They were now making down a long, gentle slope toward the river, which was only about four miles distant. They had abandoned the cattle, and their formation was lost; in fact, they were just a disorganized mob of staggering men. The Makalakas were now gaining on them rapidly. The foremost of the pursuers did not make direct for the Zulus, but for a point lying between the latter and the river, so as to intercept them.

When Kondwana saw that they were cut off, he called on his men to halt, so they formed up and then lay down on the ground to rest. On came the main body of the Makalaka impi, and soon the haggard little band of Zulus was surrounded by foes outnumbering them by more than ten to one. At a signal from Kondwana, his men sprang to their feet, and forming themselves into a ring, faced the enemy on all sides. Under the stimulus of attack they almost ceased to feel fatigue. They knew they had now to die, and they burned with fierce resentment against the foes that had so pitilessly tormented them.

Kondwana gave the order that they were still to make for the river—now only a few hundred yards distant—keeping, as far as possible, their circular formation. The circle was formed two deep, the men of the outer ring sloping their shields outward and those on the inner ring sloping their shields inward, so as to ward off the assegais passing over the opposite edges of the circle. The Makalakas came on, making a horrible noise in which a buzzing sound seemed to mingle with a rumble formed in the throat. In the meantime re-enforcements to the Makalakas came pouring in and massing principally between the Zulus and the river, for the chief had impressed on all the necessity for not allowing a single Zulu to escape.

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The slaughter began with a discharge of assegais from all sides at once. The Zulus crouched down, covering as much as possible of their bodies with the shields. A few men fell, but the gaps were at once filled by the circle shortening in. For some time the Zulus only resisted passively, the circle slowly moving on toward the forest-fringe of the river, and consequently the Makalakas became bolder, and closed in nearer and nearer to the doomed circle. But the Zulus did not mean to die quietly. All at once they stopped in their slow, silent progress, and the Makalakas moved in closer, thinking that the time for finishing them off had arrived. Then the war-cry rang out, and with one splendid dash the Zulus were among the densest mass of their foes. Nothing could withstand the fury of their onslaught, and the Makalakas fell under their spears like corn to the sickle.

The sun was just sinking. The Zulus had broken almost completely through the thickest portion of the ring formed by their foes. Only a few yards before them was the dense river-forest, offering sanctuary. But escape was not to be. Having been unable to reform after the charge, they were practically defenceless against a tremendous attack on their rear led by the Makalaka chief in person, while hundreds of assegais were hurled in with deadly effect from both sides. About twenty bleeding men managed to reach the forest, but their pursuers reached it at the same time, and one by one the Zulus died in desperate hand-to-hand encounters amid the twilight of the trees.

As night fell, the Makalakas drew off under the impression that the last Zulu was dead. Their own loss had been heavy. In the final charge they had been cut down by wholesale. But the chief now felt safe from the avenging wrath of Tshaka.

Three of the Zulus were, however, still alive. Kond-

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wana, the induna, Senzanga—the man without a head-ring—and one other had fallen into an old elephant-pit, the surface of which was completely covered over with brushwood. Dry leaves and twigs had accumulated at the bottom, and thus the shock of their fall had been lessened. Wounded and bleeding, they lay in the pit until the howling of the hyenas told them that the Makalakas had withdrawn from the field of battle.

Of the four hundred veterans who had, but a few months previously, departed on the quest of the copper, only these three remained. All the splendid valor displayed, all the incomparable devotion and endurance manifested, had been wasted—poured out like their blood on the sand—sacrificed to the senseless suspicions of a brutal, irresponsible tyrant.

Nor was any living creature one whit the gainer—save the hyenas.

IV

CSHAKA, king of the Zulus, sat in his royal kraal one morning in November, 1816. His majesty was in a bad temper. Umziligazi and his clan, the Amanda-bele, rather than stay and all be killed on account of a misunderstanding over some loot, had arisen and fled across the Drakensberg to such a distance that pursuit—for the present, at all events—was out of the question. Other things, worries from which the most despotic and irresponsible monarchs are not free, were also annoying him. Consequently those to whom he had lately been granting audience had had a bad time of it. In fact the executioners were busy every day.

One of the chief indunas ventured to communicate the fact that a very old and strange-looking man, who did not appear to be quite right in his wits, together

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with a slightly younger, though equally weird-looking companion, craved an audience with the king.

Tshaka shared to the fullest extent those superstitions which form such a salient characteristic of all the Bantu tribes. Now, all savages believe that persons whose wits are affected are wizards, whom it is good policy to propitiate, and whom it may be dangerous to offend. Therefore the king signified that the strangers might approach.

Two men were then led before Tshaka. They were both fearfully emaciated and gaunt, and were scarred from head to foot. The elder man could not walk alone, but leaned upon the shoulder of the younger as he hobbled along, using the remains of a broken spear, the blade of which was worn down to a knob, and the shattered handle of which was bound together with little thongs—as a walking stick. This man (the elder) had the appearance of great age. His form was bent, and the little hair which he still retained was quite white. His battered head-ring, being attached only by one side, shook as if it would fall off on account of the motion caused by his walking. He appeared to be nearly blind. At the entrance to the royal kraal he had been ordered, according to established rule, to give up his spear, but he resisted so energetically that they allowed him to retain it—and, after all, it could hardly be called a weapon. He carried a small skin wallet slung to his waist.

The younger man looked old with the oldness that comes not of time but of suffering. His very flesh seemed to have disappeared, and his eyes had sunk deep into his head.

Kondwana and Senzanga had traveled heavily since we left them on the night after the slaughter, in the elephant-pit, on the northern bank of the Limpopo. After resting in the pit for a short time, the three sur-

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vivors crept out and tried to cross the river. Kondwana and Senzanga succeeded after grievous pains, but the other man, who was desperately wounded, was swept away in one of the swirls and drowned.

For months, that seemed to them like long-drawn years, Kondwana and his companion crept slowly southward, subsisting on whatever they could pick up in the way of food. Gum exuding from the acacias, wild fruits, birds' eggs, young nestling birds, and honey formed their principal fare. "Incinci," the honey-bird, was their best friend and purveyor, and often led them to where the bees had stored their treasure in hollow trees and holes in the donga-banks.

The wild beasts of the desert gazed at them without dread. Great troops of elephants went trumpeting past, taking no more notice of them than of the monkeys in the trees. Lions, hyenas, and jackals came up and sniffed at them where they lay at night, and then passed on seeking daintier food.

They reached the land of the Amaswazi, and superstitious dread caused them to be assisted with food and shelter. They came to their own country and wandered on, unrecognized by those who had known them well less than nine months previously. And now they crouched to the ground at Tshaka's feet.

When they, with difficulty, arose after the obeisance, a change seemed to have come over Kondwana's face. The presence of the king, and the sound of his voice, seemed to act as a stimulant upon the old man's torpid mind. In fact, they brought the farther past into stronger relief than the more recent, and then reality dawned up through the mists of fantasy that had clouded his brain for so long. His eyes brightened. He remembered the past. He knew clearly where he was and why he was there.

Gazing fixedly at the king, Kondwana let the broken

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spear fall to the ground, and then with his shaking right hand began fumbling at the skin wallet. After some little delay he succeeded in opening this, and then he drew from it a lump of bright copper ore, about the size of a hen's egg. This he silently held out to Tshaka.

The king took the lump and examined it, and then looked sharply at the giver's face for a few seconds. Then, in a tone of irritated surprise, he asked:

"Are you Kondwana?"

"Yes, my king."

"Where are your soldiers, and where are the stones you were sent to fetch?"

"The soldiers are dead, my king. Only this one and I are living. We were overcome by the Makalakas and the Balotsi. We slew them in crowds, but they were too many for us, and we had no food. I have brought the stone to show that I tried to do your bidding."

When Tshaka recognized Kondwana, his superstitious fears at once vanished. Here was no wizard potent for evil, but his own man, Kondwana, the induna, whom he had sent away so as to be rid of him. Besides, Kondwana stood there self-convicted of the deadly sin which admitted of no pardon; he had returned unsuccessful from an expedition; he had been defeated. Moreover, Tshaka was in a bad temper, owing to the causes we have specified.

So he signed to one of his ever-ready executioners and said:

"Take them away and kill them."

The executioners approached, but Kondwana drew himself up with ineffable dignity, signed to them with his hand to pause, and spake in a firm voice:

"Oh, king, for my own death I thank you, for why should I longer live? But this man is still young, and

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has done no evil deed. Let him wash his spear once in the blood of your enemies, and die at the tip of your battle-horn."

Tshaka thoroughly enraged was a fearsome sight. Like Peter the Great, his features worked and twitched horribly. Those who beheld him thus felt that they were before the very face of Death, embodied and visible.

All in his presence, except the two doomed men, crouched to the ground and hid their faces in their hands. Even his mother, 'Mnande, more privileged than others, and often bolder in interfering in his counsels, bent down where she was sitting until her forehead touched the ground.

He glared speechlessly at Kondwana and Senzanga, who, having gone far beyond the limit of experience where fear dwells, looked back quietly at his face. When he at length found his voice, it came in the semblance of a gasping roar:

"Take them away—dogs!"

Like men released from a spell, the executioners sprang on Kondwana and Senzanga and dragged them away, two men seizing each of them—one by each arm. Kondwana was unable to walk, so was dragged along the ground toward the place of execution, which was at the back of the royal kraal. When they had got out of the king's sight, even the executioners were moved to pity, so they lifted him on to their shoulders, and thus carried him to the shambles.

When Kondwana reached the place of execution Senzanga was already dead, his neck broken by his head having been twisted round from the back, the usual mode of dispatch. They set Kondwana down on the ground, and then one of the executioners seized his head and twisted it; but it seemed as if, on account of

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the tendons being so relaxed from emaciation, the spine would not dislocate, although twisted beyond the usual dislocation point, so the executioner sprang up, and, seizing a club, crushed the skull in with one blow.

So Kondwana, even at the very last, tasted more than his proper share of the bitterness of death.

HISTORY OF A SLAVE

In accompanying this little book with prefatory remarks I fear lest I may seem to be overestimating its importance; but my publishers think a few words of explanation necessary, which will better enable readers to understand the character and the purport of what I have herein written and drawn.

The "History of a Slave" is an attempt to give a realistic sketch of life in the Western Sudan. It is the outcome of some considerable experience of the Dark Continent, but is especially based on what I have seen and heard when travelling in North Africa, in the Niger Delta, and on the Cross River. I have pieced together the accounts given me by negro slaves in the Barbary States and in Western Equatorial Africa, especially by Mbudikum people, with whom I have conversed at Old Calabar.

While this little work does not pretend to topographical accuracy—especially in countries that are only known to us by native reports—yet, to speak colloquially, it is not all humbug. Many of the incidents herein related I have actually witnessed during some one of my journeys in Africa. The places and peoples I have named are of real existence, as are also the languages quoted, though some of them, as in the case of the Mbudikum tongue, probably appear in print for the first time.

H. H. JOHNSTON

LONDON: *March*, 1889



A Negro of Morocco

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HISTORY OF A SLAVE

H. H. Johnston

CHAPTER I

HOW do I know when I was born? We black men cannot remember the number of years that we have lived. Perhaps it was forty years ago—I don't know, I am not an old man yet, am I? You see my muscles are strong and firm, my teeth are sound, my skin is smooth and shining, and not puckered and scaly, as it is with old men. And I know that I am not young, because I have left my country in the land of the blacks for a long, long time, and when I was first caught by the slavers I was a strong full-grown man, already married. What curious people you Europeans are! You ask so many questions, and you want to know so much about things that do not concern you. Why should you care about slaves from the Sudan, and how they live, and what languages they speak? See, you have written many words already that I have spoken of, Marghi and Fulde, and Mbudikum and Batta, and other tongues of the barbarians and pagans, who know not God, and reject the teaching of His Prophet. I, too, was like them once. The country where my mother bore me is far away—far, far away, beyond the Desert, beyond the Great River, beyond the kingdoms of the Muslemin, in a land of Kufar (unbelievers), where the people, my brothers, went naked,

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and knew not shame. It is a country so far that, though you may love travelling, I doubt if you would ever reach it; yet once or twice I have heard that white men have been near my mother-land. They came—I have heard it said—to spy out the country and the chiefs of the Ful people, and the Wazir of Bornu afforded them protection. Then, too, I have heard that the great rushing river, which was distant a month's walk from my home, towards the north—the river that the Ful-be¹ call Mayo Fumbina, and the Batta call the Benue—that this water flowed towards the setting sun, where it joined the Kwara, which comes from Timbaktu; and up this Kwara they used to say that white men came in big ships to buy slaves. The white men, I heard, would come to Nufe, and sometimes the Arabs have told me they were English, and sometimes they said they were another kind of Englishmen called Merakani. And once, too, some white men came up the Benue River in a steamer, and now the Bornu people bring news to Tarabulus that the white men have got houses on the Benue, where they trade with the Ful people. It may be lying, it may be true, I do not know; but you white men are wonderful, and so are the things you do.

Are you going to write my history in a book? The Sidi, my master, said you wished to do so, and as he likes you, and wishes to please you, he has sent me here, and told me I am to do your bidding. If you wish me to be silent, I am to be silent; if you wish me to talk, I am to tell you all that I know, if it be words of the Ertana² of the Pagans, or if it be of all the things that I have seen and done in all my life, since I was born. Oh, yes! I will tell you truth—by God, I will

¹ The Ful or "Fula" people. "Ful-o" is the singular form (one Fullo man), "Ful-be" the plural. "Ful-de", or "Fulful-de," the language. The Arabs call the Ful, "Fillani."

² Jargon, savage language.

HISTORY OF A SLAVE.

not lie—why should I? You white men know everything, and if you found I was deceiving you, you would send me away, and my master would punish me; and I like coming to see you, it makes me proud to talk to a white man—all my friends say, “See, Abu-l-Guwah¹ must be a man with something in him, or the Englishman would not send for him every day, and write down in a book the words that he speaks.”

CHAPTER II

The name they called my mother-country was Mbudikum. It was a land of forests and mountains—a land where water never failed, because in all directions there were brooks and rivers, and my country-people never thought of digging wells. When I can first remember, I was a small, small boy, and I lived in a large village of this country called Bahom. My mother was a young woman who had a pleasant face, although, after the manner of these pagans, it was scarred and tattooed on the forehead, and cheeks, and chin. My mother was one of the five wives of a man called Asho-eso, who was the chief of the village, and also ruled over three other neighboring towns. We lived in a kind of compound, the four sides of which were houses built of clay, with palm-thatch roofs; in the middle of the compound or yard was a small tree growing, and on this tree were hung the skulls of people whom my father, the old chief, had killed, and there were also a lot of charms and gri-gris, such as these pagans believe in, tied around the trunk of this tree; and every now and then, when the men of the village killed a slave or a prisoner whom they had

¹ “The Father of Strength,” the strong, lusty. A name sometimes given by the Arabs to Negro slaves.

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captured when they fought with the Bakuba—the Bakuba were a tribe who lived on a high mountain two days' journey from our village, and who used sometimes to fight with us—when, I say, the men of our town killed someone and roasted his flesh for a feast—for my people were man-eaters like the Ghuls of the desert—the bones of the men they had eaten were laid around about the base of this tree.

The first thing I remember clearly was playing with the skull of one of these people whom the young men of the town had eaten. I used to roll it about on the ground of the compound, and amuse myself by filling it with sand, and then holding it up to let the sand run out from the eyes and nose. There were a number of other boys—perhaps eight or ten—living with me in the compound, who were said to be my father's children. My mother was the youngest of his wives. Her name was Tutu, and the name of the head-wife was Ndeba. I hated Ndeba, and she did not like me, because she was jealous of my mother, and her own children had died. The old chief, my father, they said had been a strong man when he was young, and they had made him chief because he had fought very bravely against the Bakuba, and had captured many prisoners and women and goats and sheep, and, as he was very generous, they made him chief in the place of another man who had been killed; but, when I remember him, he was old and his eyes were dim; he had a short gray beard, and the hair of his head was gray and he had lost many of his teeth. His knees were swollen and large, and he could only walk slowly and with a stick. For hours together he would sit on his haunches over the fire in his own hut, and do nothing but take snuff occasionally out of a small antelope-horn which hung around his neck. Only when the women wrangled too loud would he raise himself and find his

voice, and when he was angry and shouted, the brightness came back to his eyes, and his voice was strong, and it made us tremble, because it was told that once in his younger days, when a wife had refused to stop yelling because the head-wife had taken her portion of peppers, he struck her on the head with his ebony stick, and she died.

Sometimes I used to creep into my father's hut and watch him as he sat over the fire; he never spoke much to me, and much of what he said seemed to be nonsense. A few sentences of his talk I still remember; he said them over and over again, like a kind of song: "The elephants came down from the mountains—two, three elephants came. They wasted my farm, they dragged down my plantains, and they trampled my maize, and I, Eso, I, the chief, did a cunning thing against them, for I dug a big, big pit, and I overlaid its mouth with thin sticks, and on these sticks I reared the maize stalks upright, as though they were growing, and I scattered grass about in between them, so that none might know that the sticks hid the mouth of the pit, and when the elephants came at night to eat my plantains, they pressed on the sticks, and one, the biggest, fell into the pit, and there, I, Eso, found him, and I cut the tendons of his feet so that he could not walk, and I and my men stuck him in many places with spears, so that he bled to death, and for many days we feasted on his flesh, till our bellies ached with food. And his tusks, one I sold to a Tibari¹ trader, and the other I made into bracelets for my wives, and that is why they call me 'Asho-eso,' the 'elephant-killer.'" And this tale he would tell many times, until I wearied of it, and little else he would say, except when the women quarreled, and he could not sleep.

My eldest brother was a big young man. He

¹ Fula.

was the son of the second wife. I liked him because he was kind to me, and because he, too, hated the eldest wife. When she quarreled with my mother, he took my mother's part. His own mother we all laughed at, because she had once broken her leg, and when it mended the bone stuck out in a lump, and one leg was shorter than the other, so that, when she walked, she walked with a hop. We called her the "Hyena," because her gait was limping—and in our language we call the hyena the "limping leopard"—but my eldest brother was good to me, and would play with me, and when he took part in these pagan feasts, he would bring back a little of the man's heart they had eaten, so that I might taste it, and grow brave for Wallah! I was a pagan and a man-eater, too. I knew no better, and was a brute, and none had told me of Allah and his Nabi.¹

My eldest brother taught me to make bows and arrows—the bow out of the springy wood of the climbing palm, and the string, too, of palm fibre or the twisted gut of a goat—and our arrows were made out of stout grass-stems and notched, or sometimes the blacksmith of the village would beat me out a small barb of iron, which I would fasten onto the end of my arrow. With these bows and arrows I soon learned to kill small birds, which I took home to eat. I always shared them with my brothers, as was our custom, for we shared everything—we boys—but if the women tried to take something of what we had killed to put in their own pots, we made a great noise and stoned them, and my mother would scream and shout at the other women if they tried to take away the things I had killed, for my mother set much store by me, and would let no one do me hurt if she could prevent them.

¹ "Prophet," viz., Mohammed.

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And I learned to fish in the brooks, where we made weirs of reeds and bush-creepers, and once I remember, when I jumped into the deep water of one of these pools, which we had dammed up, to catch in my arms a large fish that was entrapped there, a big lizard, such as the Arabs call 'Waran,' attacked me, for he, too, was after the fish, and with his long, sharp-edged tail cut the skin all down my right thigh, and I thought I should have died, because so much blood ran out, and I could hardly drag myself home, where my mother wailed over me; and because the head-wife was learned in medicine, and knew the best way to stop the flowing of blood and heal the wound, my mother had to give her a large present—I think she gave her a goat—that she might apply her skill to close up the wound in my thigh, and this she did, as I remember, by washing it, and putting on it the red paste of a wood that was bitter to the taste, and then she strapped up the whole thigh in plantain leaves, and in a few days I was well.

CHAPTER III

About this time a great trouble came on us, for my elder brother went out to hunt the elephant with some young men of the town. They would follow the elephants till they came to a great marsh, which was a long day's journey from the town, and here, hiding among the reeds, where the elephants came to drink and bathe, they would let fly at them with spears and poisoned arrows, hoping, by much noise and by gradually closing on them, to drive the elephants out of the clear water into the thick mud, where they would stick, and where the men could get close to them and kill them without the elephants having the power to

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escape or run at the men. But one elephant, that was stronger and more cunning than the others, would not fly before the shouting, but turned round and made straight at my brother, whom he seized with his trunk and carried to the firm land among the bushes; and here, though he was like a porcupine for the lances and darts that stuck in his hide, thrown by the young men who were my brother's companions, he desisted not from his purpose, but, placing him on the ground with his trunk, he knelt down and drove one of his great tusks through my brother's body, and then broke away from the young men, so that none saw in what direction he escaped through the forest, he bearing all the time my brother's body spitted on his tusk. And when the news was brought home, it was said everywhere that it was witchcraft, that some enemy of my brother's had entered into the elephant as a devil, so that he might bring about my brother's death, and I heard the women whisper that the enemy who had done this was my father's head-wife; and the poor Hyena, as we called my brother's mother, was mad for rage, and threw herself on the head-wife, biting and striking her until my father roared in his angry voice, and the other women pulled her off and tied her with bush-rope, and then for two days there was quiet; but the young men had found part of my brother's body in the forest, and had brought it back to the town, and then I heard it said that "Epfumo" was out to find who had bewitched my brother, and entered the elephant to kill him.

When I heard the great "Bong! bong!" of the "Etum," which is a kind of drum made of a hollow-sounding wood, that gives out a noise almost like a bell, I was frightened and ran to my mother, she everywhere looking for me to hide me with herself in the house; for you must know the custom was, when this

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Epfumo was out, that he should slay all women and children, and all youths who were uninitiated, whom he met in his path. And the reason of this was, that these pagans believe that Epfumo is a "Shaitan," a great devil, who is able to search out the truth.

He appears like a man dressed in a great mantle made of palm-fronds, a mantle which descends from his shoulders to his knees, and is very broad and constructed somewhat like a cage, but there are holes to let the arms pass out through, and on to his finger-nails are fastened leopards'-claws. In one hand he holds a great cutlass, and in the other a pierced antelope-horn, with which he blows a strong blast at times, to warn people out of his way. On his head is a hideous mask of painted wood, from the top of which hangs down behind a black-and-white monkey-skin.

When I was a child I thought that the Epfumo was a real devil, but now I know it is only a man dressed up, and generally the "doctor," the pagan priest of the town, and this Epfumo that came out to find the person who bewitched my brother must have been an old man named "Asho-ntshoñ," which means in our language "Kill-thief." And all this time that the Epfumo was searching through the town for the bewitcher of my brother, the drum in the fetish-house was going "Bong! bong! bong!" and there was no other sound in the town but the noise of the drum, except when a dog howled or the fowls cackled; and I hid myself in the darkness of my mother's hut, fearing to let go her hand, and she, too, was frightened, and had put the screen of latticed palm-stems against the doorway of her hut; but presently we heard quite close to the entrance to our compound a blast from the Epfumo's horn.

My mother started up and trembled all over. "He is coming in here," she said, "I knew it; it is the head-

wife that has bewitched thy brother;" and although I was very frightened, I was very curious to see what the Epfumo would do, so I crept close to the doorway and peeped through the cracks of the palm-lattice, and for the first time I saw the terrible Epfumo. He came into the compound, walking at the head of a troop of other devils, dressed somewhat like himself, but with white staves in their hands and no cutlass, and the Epfumo cried, with a loud voice, "I smell the witch who has bewitched Ejok" (that was my brother's name), and at these words I saw my father come out of the house, walking very slowly and painfully, and helping himself with his stick, and he said, "What seekest thou here, Epfumo?" and the devil said, "I seek the bewitcher of Ejok, and I know I am near," and the Epfumo walked towards our house, or rather he danced towards us with a curious mincing step, and again I shut my eyes with fright, for I saw he was coming to our door, and all this time my mother was crouching on the ground, putting her hands before her eyes; and when I looked out again the Epfumo had passed on, and he went very near the next house, and the next, but stopped at none till he came to the house of the head-wife, and there he danced in; and then I heard a frightful yell, and the Epfumo came out, dragging the head-wife by the wrist, and she in her scare set both her feet together and bent her body, so that he might fail to move her from the threshold of her hut; but it was of no use, for my father said, "Bind her," and the other dressed-up men that accompanied Epfumo took coils of bush-rope from underneath their mantle of palm-leaves, and bound the head-wife round and round, so that she was stiff, and could move nothing about her but her head; and all the while she screamed and screamed, until her screams became like the hoarse cry of an angry camel, and then when she

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was bound they lifted her up, and carried her out of the compound. And then after some little time the "Bong! bong! bong!" of the fetish drum stopped, for the witch was found. And the town came to life again.

My mother rose up and lifted away the door from the entrance to her hut, made up the embers of the fire, and then rushed out into the compound to meet the other women, who were already raising a mighty clamor with their tongues. They were all shouting, "Did I not tell you so, did I not say the head-wife had bewitched Ejok? Were not her ways always the ways of a witch? Aha, now she will be punished as she deserves!" My mother screamed the loudest of all, for she was glad, and hated the head-wife, and I shouted, too, and the other boys, and the small girls beat with sticks on the wooden drums, and the goats baaed and the fowls cackled, and there was a great clamor. Only my father sat quiet on his haunches and seemed sad. He said once or twice, "Witch or no witch, she was a wise woman, and who will tend me now she is gone?" Then some young men came rushing in and said the trial would take place as soon as the moon was up.

And all that day was hard to pass. I longed so to see what they would do with the woman who had bewitched my brother; and at last the evening meal was over and it was dark, and, lighting a bundle of palm shreds at the fire, which these pagans use as torches, my mother took me by the hand and led me out of the compound, all the other women going too; but as we passed the open door of my father's hut his fire flickered up, and I saw him sitting there alone musing over the hearth, his chin resting on his hands, which held his ebony staff. And I said to my mother, "Is he not going too?" and she said, "He is too feeble to walk so far, and besides, he is too old to care for anything now but his soup and his snuff," and she laughed. But the

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limping Hyena, the second wife, as she passed, said to my mother, "It is not well to laugh, for Asho-eso was a strong man once, and it is you young women who have taken away his strength from him."

So we passed out into the darkness, and my mother separated herself from the other wives, and here and there we saw the flare of the other torches, for many people were wending their way to the place of trial. But my mother walked not with the other wives, saying she liked not their company; and as we passed a new house that had been built in the town, a young man, a fine tall proper fellow—his name was "Ngwi," or "the leopard"—came out from under the eaves of the house and looked in my mother's face as she held up her torch, and my mother nodded to him and let go my hand, holding Ngwi's instead, whilst she still held up her torch to light the way. Then presently she saw the other wives of my father a little way in advance, and she told me to run on ahead and go with my brothers, for there was something she must say to Ngwi first. So I ran on and joined myself to the limping Hyena, who was very sad, and sobbed and cried still, to think of the death of her son.

And when we arrived at the place of trial we found it was a large open space in the forest, where the ground was smooth and had been beaten hard by men's feet, and all vegetation was removed except for one great tree, with spreading branches, which grew in the middle of the clearing, and all round the border of this maidan, or square, there were great fires burning, so that the place was full of light, and round these fires were squatting or standing all the young men of the town. Most of them were drunk with palm-wine, and kept shouting and singing without any sense, and close to the base of the big tree there lay my father's head-wife, still in her bonds; she could only move her head

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a very little from side to side, and her eyes rolled dreadfully; and there was another thing close beside her which made me feel very sad and sick—it was the remains they had found of my brother when he had been killed by the elephant, only the head and trunk and part of his thighs were there.

Then presently there was a blowing of horns, and into the square came Ashio-ntshoñ, the old "Ngañga," or medicine-man of the town, who used to dress up as the Epfumo, but this time he was not Epfumo at all, or the women and children would not have been there. The old Ngañga had painted a curious pattern of white lines over his body, and he had a lot of charms hung about his neck, a tall plaited hat on his head and ruffs of white goat's fur round his ankles. He blew a loud blast on his antelope-horn, and all the noise and talking ceased; then in the midst of silence he said, "Epfumo has found the witch who brought about the death of Ejok; it is Ndeba, the wife of Asho-eso, the chief." At these words the other wives of my father—except my mother, who had not come—all said, "Aya, aya! it is true," but the Ngañga blew another blast on his horn to silence them, and went on, "Ndeba denies that she bewitched Ejok, so it shall be put to the test, and we will see if Epfumo was wrong." Then, after saying these words, he took his knife and cut off a small piece—just about a mouthful—of the flesh of my dead brother, and called to one of his attendants, who brought a small wooden box, in which was kept a red sauce. Into this sauce he dipped the morsel of my brother's flesh, and rolled it round two or three times; then he bade them hoist up Ndeba, the head-wife, and whilst they held her upright he said to her, "Open thy mouth and swallow this piece of the flesh of the man whom Epfumo says thou didst bewitch. If it stays on thy stomach thou wilt be set free, and Epfumo will have

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told a lie, for all men will see that thou couldst not have bewitched Ejok if his substance will unite with thine; but if thou vomit up this piece of his body, Epfumo will have shown truly that thou art the witch." Then the head-wife opened her mouth and received the morsel of my brother's flesh; and I saw the muscles of her face and throat working as though trying to swallow it, but perhaps the sauce in which it was dipped made her retch, or perhaps after all she was a witch—how do we know? perhaps there is some truth in what these pagans tell! are they not the children of Eblis? How it was I know not, but Ndeba shook all over and vomited forth the piece of flesh that had been put into her mouth.

Then a great cry went up from among the people; they all shouted "Ndeba is the witch, Ndeba is the witch; Epfumo never tells a lie," and the young men beat on their drums and blew their antelope-horns, and the limping Hyena, Ejok's mother, gave a sobbing scream, and rushed forward at Ndeba, who had fallen down on the ground, for the young men had left off holding her up. The Hyena tore Ndeba's face with her nails, and smashed in her nose with her fist, and would perhaps have killed her in her rage, only the Ngañga kicked and cuffed the Hyena, and dragged her off, and said it was not thus Ndeba was to die. Then he called upon the young men, and they came up and took hold of Ndeba, and whilst some unwound the bush-ropes that had bound her, others tied fresh ropes round her neck, ankles and wrists, and with the ends of these ropes they lashed her round the trunk of the big tree. "And is that all?" I asked of another of my father's wives, for I could not find my mother; "are they not going to kill her?" "No," she replied, "it is Epfumo who will kill her, but she will take some time to die, for she is strong even yet, although the Hyena

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has spoilt her face." And all this time Ndeba said nothing, she was quite dumb, and did not seem to know what had happened. And, after she was tied to the tree, every one seemed to forget her, and the men and women had a big dance round the fire. Presently my mother came up to me and took me home, and I asked her where she had been all the time, and whether she had seen what had been done to Ndeba; and she said yes, she had seen all, but I did not believe that she was there. And the next morning there was a great clamor among the women in my father's yard, and the Hyena, who was now the head-wife, reproached my mother with her love for Ngwi, and threatened she would tell everything to my father, but my mother soothed her and hushed her and reminded her that the dead Ejok had been such a friend to me, and when my mother mentioned Ejok's name, the Hyena burst out crying, and promised not to say anything about Ngwi. And that day Ngwi sent my mother a large fish which he had caught in the river, and she divided the fish among all the other women, and they seemed to be great friends.

CHAPTER IV

The next day I went out with some of my brothers to snare birds in the forest, and when we were coming back in the evening we passed through the square where the people danced, and where the sacrifices used to take place, and there was Ndeba still tied to the tree; and when I went up to her, her eyes opened, and she looked at me, but she could not speak, because they had thrust a gag into her mouth. Just above her head they had driven into the tree a small peg, and on this was hung a bundle of red parrot-feathers; this meant

that Ndeba was "fetish;" that no one must touch her, or aid her, or give her food or water, or have anything to do with her, or Epfumo would kill them. So the other boys drew me away from staring at her, and we all went home with the birds we had caught.

And three days after that there was a big market held in the square, a market that took place in our town every ten days, and people came to this market from great distances when there was not war in the land; and here, for the first time, I saw a Ful merchant, a Mohammedan, who had come from the north to buy ivory and slaves. He had with him one or two people from a country near ours who had become the allies and servants of the Mohammedan Ful-be, and who dressed in long blue robes and turbans, like Mohammedans, and although I was frightened at first, and held on to mother's hand, still I looked at this man with wonder and curiosity; and I being then a pagan and one of the brutes of the field, wondered that this man should cover his body with cloth, for all the people of our town and country went naked except for their bracelets of ivory or their neck ornaments. And when I looked at the tree where Ndeba was bound I saw to my surprise that she was still alive—that is to say, her eyes opened and shut as she watched the coming and going of the people, but they all took no notice of her, and none offered to give her food or water, or to loose her bonds.

Once the Ful-o merchant asked some questions about her, but the young men of the town said to him, "It is our business, meddle not with her," and he laughed and turned away.

The next day I thought much about Ndeba, and wondered whether she still lived, and whether her eyes could still open and shut. So, without telling my mother, who, I knew would scold me, I slipped

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away from the yard alone, and stole to the square in the forest. Around the base of the tree were walking two or three brown vultures of a kind that were tame in our town, like fowls, for we allowed them to eat the offal, and no man might disturb them.

When I stepped as close as I might to Ndeba I saw that her eyelids had dropped. But when I said in a soft voice, "Ndeba!" her eyes opened and she looked hard at me.

Wallah! it is wonderful how these old women live! Here she had been tied to the tree for six days, and was not dead yet. But I thought to myself as I ran back home, "She will surely die soon, or the vultures would not be walking about her."

And still the next day I thought about Ndeba, and wondered whether she was dead yet. But I feared to leave our compound early the next morning, because my mother had asked me many questions about where I had been the day before, and had told me that if I went anywhere near Ndeba she would hand me over to Epfumo. However, soon there arose a clamor in the yard, because the Hyena rushed out of my father's house where she had been taking his morning food, and said he was not there, and that he must have disappeared for some hours, because the fire was out, and they sought for him everywhere in the compound, but could not find him.

My mother laughed and said, "Puh! He has found his strength again, that is all. Perhaps it was Ndeba that bewitched him, and now he had gone off to hunt or trade."

And then all the other women began shouting at my mother, saying she had hidden him or killed him lest he should find out about Ngwi, and while they were making all this to-do, I slipped out of our compound,

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and ran off to the forest to see whether Ndeba was still living.

And when I got to the square, to my surprise I saw my father sitting down near Ndeba's feet, and leaning against the trunk of the tree, but a vulture was perched on Ndeba's shoulder, tearing the flesh off her cheeks; so it was clear she was dead.

And what do you think? my father was dead, too, and when I touched his body to awaken him, for I thought he was asleep, he rolled over on the ground. I was so frightened at this, fearing lest they should say I had killed him, that I ran right into the forest and hid there all the rest of the day, and at nightfall I returned home, hoping that they would not notice my absence, or would think that I had been to snare birds.

But long before I reached our compound I heard the wailing of the women, crying out for my father's death, for his body had been found in the market-place, and brought back to our home. And my mother told me that Epfumo had killed my father, because he had been to say good-bye to Ndeba.

The next morning, quite early, my mother caught her largest she-goat, one that had a little one running by her side, and a duck which she had bought from a Ful trader, and cut a big bunch of plantains out of her plantations. She set the bunch of plantains on my head, and made me carry the duck under one arm, and lead the goat with the other hand. Then she told me to go to the house of the Asho-ntshoñ, the Ngañga, and say "This is a present from Tutu, the wife of Asho-eso." Only that I was to say, and nothing more, and then to return as quickly as possible.

When I reached the Ngañga's compound, there, too, was Ngwi, the young man that was my mother's friend, and he had with him two goats and a bag of kauri shells. He went in before me, and gave these things

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to the Ngañga, with whom he had a long talk, which I could not hear. I was tired of waiting, so I began to rummage among the rubbish which lay in the Ngañga's courtyard, and in one of the heaps of rubbish I remember I picked up part of a man's jaw, which had the teeth still in it, although they were loose, and I pulled all the teeth out to make myself a necklace, but whilst I was doing this the Ngañga came up, and cuffed me on the head for meddling with his treasures.

Then he asked my business, and I gave him my mother's message and the present she had sent. He bade me wait whilst he went back into his house, and then he came out again with some red feathers of a parrot and some string made of human gut, which he told me to give to my mother, who was to hang the feathers round her neck with the piece of string. When I returned to our compound, my mother was waiting for me, and took me aside and asked in a whisper what the Ngañga had said, and I gave her the string and the parrot-feathers, and told her what she was to do, at which she clapped her hands and seemed pleased. When I went back with her into the courtyard I saw the Hyena, who was the head-wife since Ndeba's death, sitting on one of our native stools, whilst other women were painting her all over with the camwood dye, and then drawing lines of white, in a kind of pattern, round her eyes, down the sides of her neck, and along the outer part of her arms. I ran to my mother to know what they were decking the Hyena for, and she said, with a laugh, that she was making herself smart for her journey to the Under-world.

"Where is the Under-world?" I asked. "Is it beyond the mountain, on the great river?"

"No," she said, "it is under the ground, where dead people go when they are buried. Thy father has gone

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there, since Epfumo has called him, and now the Hyena must go too, to tend upon him."

That same day some of the young men from the town came to prepare my father to be put into the earth. They opened his body and took out his bowels, which they buried in the ground in the middle of the compound; then they made a big fire in the hut where my father lived, and after they had sewn up the body they smoked it on a frame of sticks above the fire, and there it lay all the rest of the day and the whole night, till it was quite black and dry; and it got so small, so shrunk, that it was not like my father at all. The next morning they took it down off the sticks, and rubbed the smoke-black off with the husks of bananas and with corn-cobs, so that the body was shiny like leather. After this they got the red dye and white earth, and painted the face of the corpse red and white, and put on the ivory bracelets and the charms that my father had worn around his neck when he was alive, and then they got the grass-cloth which our people used to weave and dye red and black, and they wound these cloths round and round his body so that it was like a bundle, and only the head was free; but before they wound this cloth round him they bent the legs up, so that my father was sitting with his knees close to his chest, just as he sat when he was alive, and when the cloth was wound round and round his body, it kept the knees and the arms in position. Then they dug a big, big hole in the floor of my father's hut.

And whilst this was going on, all that day the Hyena had been led around about the town, painted up in the way I have told you; she was led by the other wives of my father. She went to all the people in the town to say good-bye, and each gave her greetings, and many gave her presents to take with her. And when all was ready, the grave dug, and the corpse pre-

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pared, they sent for the Ngañga, and all the people began to come to our compound, carrying torches, for it was night. Then some of my other brothers brought three white goats from my father's flock and three white fowls, and baskets of ground-nuts and maize. And the Ngañga, who was painted all over in different colors and had a monkey-skin cap upon his head, began to dance round the grave, and said a lot of silly words which I did not understand. After this he called in a loud voice on my father, "Asho-eso, art thou ready to go?" And, though no one answered, he pretended to listen at the lips of the corpse whom they had seated at the edge of the grave, and then he turned to the other people and said, "I hear him say 'Yes.'" So the young men got bush-ropes and tied it round the corpse and lowered it into the grave.

Then some one led up the Hyena. I could see that she was trembling very much, but she did not speak, and the Ngañga bade her lie on the ground by the side of the grave. She lay down on her back, and he kneeled on her chest, got her neck in his skinny hands, and squeezed it so that she was strangled and died. Then they laid her body in the grave at the feet of my father. And after this they brought the three white goats and three white fowls and cut their throats one after another over the grave, so that the blood fell on the two corpses, but the bodies of the goats and fowls were taken away to be eaten at the funeral feast. The Ngañga scattered a few of the ground-nuts and some maize into the grave, and they put in a horn of snuff and a wisp of salt in a banana leaf, and a gourd of water, some red peppers and some wooden dishes; and then the earth was all heaped back into the grave and trampled down by the young men. After this they had a big feast, and my mother gave me a large piece of meat. All the night they stayed singing and shouting

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and drinking palm-wine, until they were most of them drunk.

The next day all the big men met in the Epfumo house to say who should be the next chief, and some said one man and some said another, and whilst they were quarrelling the Ngañga came dancing in, blowing his horn, and shouting out that he had a message from Epfumo, and the message was that Ngwi was to be the new chief.

Some grumbled at this, and said he was too young, but no one thought of disputing the Ngañga's word. So the next day the Ngañga gave to Ngwi my father's ebony staff, and Ngwi came down and took possession of our compound and all that was in it, and the three remaining wives of my father became the wives of Ngwi, and Ngwi made my mother the head-wife, so that she had all the other wives as her servants.

And Ngwi killed ten of my father's goats and tapped many palm-trees, so that there were great jars of palm-wine. And he dug up many yams and ground-nuts, and prepared a big feast, to which all the men of the village came. They were all pleased at this, and said Ngwi would make a good chief after all, because he was generous and fed the hungry. And I liked Ngwi, because he was kind to me and gave me a big ivory bracelet.

CHAPTER V

After my father's death several years went by, and things went well for our village. Ngwi was a brave man in war, and several times defeated the people of the mountain, bringing back with him many slaves and goats and sheep, and he made several new plantations, and dug cunning pitfalls for the elephant, so

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that our store of ivory increased. And he took four new wives, and begat children with them all. I learned to shoot with the bow and arrow, and to hurl the dart with a good aim, and Ngwi promised me that when I should be made a man he would give me a gun, for at this time our people had begun to get guns from the Ful-be traders.

As I grew older I saw less of my mother, and as she had another child by Ngwi, she cared less for me, and would often drive me out of her hut impatiently when I came to her for food, and besides, I liked more to go out with the bigger boys fishing or hunting, or pretending to play at war with blunt arrows and wooden spears, which we used to aim at each other. They did not do much harm, as they had no sharp points, but one day I shot an arrow into a boy's eye and put out his sight. I was very proud of this, and Ngwi praised me, and said I should make a good warrior, but he had to pay a goat in compensation to the father of the boy.

Ngwi was very good to me, and used to take me with him sometimes, when he went on a trading expedition to a Ful settlement, two or three days distant from the village. Here I used to see the Mohammedans riding on horses and asses, animals that were new to our people, who always called them the "white man's cows," for as the Ful-be were so much lighter than we in color, we used to call them "Pañ-mukwo," or "white men."

One day Ngwi looked at me attentively, and said I was getting big enough to be made into a man, and soon after that the old Ngañga came to our compound and told me I must go away with him. At the same time Ngwi had to pay him a goat, and my mother gave him a small present too. Ngwi gave the goat because, as he had taken our "house," he was looked upon as my father; and, indeed, I believe he

was so in reality. The Ngañga made me follow him to a place about an hour's walk from the town, in the middle of the woods. It was a large enclosure, surrounded by a hedge of spiky-leaved plants, called "Ngonje." Inside were a number of huts, with a large Epfumo house in the middle of the enclosure. As we went in a number of big boys, as big and bigger than myself, rushed out of the little houses, making a curious noise like "Drrr," and speaking to me in a strange language, which I did not understand.

They were all clothed with a large skirt made of palm-leaves, which was attached to their waists. Their bodies were covered with red paint, and a lot of white marks were drawn about their faces. When I had looked carefully into their eyes, I recognized first one and then another as old playfellows, who had disappeared from our village recently, and at the time I had asked about their disappearance I was told that they were sent away to be made into men. When I called them by their names they were very angry, and beat me with sticks, and the old Ngañga told me that I must not call them by their old names any more, as they had changed them for new ones, and also that I must not speak to them until I had learned the sacred language, and that every time I spoke in the old tongue the boys would beat me; that I must not eat this, or this, or this, until I was made a man, or it would kill me, and the things that we were allowed to have for our food were certain roots and fruits, which we had to search for in the woods, and flesh of monkeys and lizards and snakes, and any wild creatures which we could kill with our bows and arrows, but goat's-flesh, and fowls, and fish were forbidden to us. At first I was told that I must be a servant to the elder boys, and together with others who, like myself, had just been admitted, we had to prepare the food and cook

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for the bigger boys; and often these elder ones beat us, and the Ngañga seldom interfered, saying that beating was good for the young.

Once when I forgot the rule about speaking in the common language, one of my companions hit me such a blow on the head with his club that for some time I did not know where I was, but the next day, when we were out hunting, I shot him in the back with an arrow, so that he was sick long afterwards, and this I said I would do to anyone who struck me again; and after this the bigger boys did not treat me so harshly. When I had been eight days in this place, the medicine-man took me and some other younger boys, who had entered the enclosure about the same time as myself, and circumcised us.

After this we who had run naked hitherto made ourselves skirts of palm-fronds, and painted ourselves red and white, like the other boys. Now we were considered to be men, and we each received a new name. I, who had been called "Mvu" hitherto (which means "dog"), was named "Mitwo," which means "Big Head." And like the others I began to learn the new language, which was different from the one we commonly talked, though it was made chiefly by turning the words the wrong way; thus instead of "Nguo" (stone), we said "Ongu." Sometimes in our walks abroad we met people of our town, and were told that if we spoke to anyone who did not belong to the "Ndoge"—as our brotherhood was called—Epfumo would kill us; moreover, we had the power to beat and wound any women who got in our way, and whenever we heard people approaching we always made the noise "Drrr," so that they might get out of our way. All this time the Ngañga would visit us once a day and tell us many things, and hold with us much loose conversation that I may not repeat to you. Every now

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and then the bigger boys were leaving our enclosure and coming not back, and when I asked where they were gone, I was told that they had left for another place where they must learn the last things the Ngañga had to teach them.

And when it came to my turn to go, the Ngañga had a piece of goat's skin tied over my face, so that I could not see, and led me by the hand for some distance through the bush, telling me always that if I pushed aside the goat's skin and looked at the road I was going Epfumo would kill me, and at last we stopped, and he bade me go down on my hands and knees, and then pushed me through a narrow place between some branches, and when I got through he made me stand up and took the goat's skin off my eyes, and then I heard loud voices and girls' laughter, and when I looked around I saw many young girls painted with red and white, and with the palm-leaf skirts, and with them were some of the older boys who had left our enclosure. And at first I felt silly, for the girls laughed and jeered at me; but the medicine-man bade me be of good courage, and heed not what they said, as I was now a man. And in this place I sojourned some twenty days, and when this time was over the Ngañga again put the goat's skin over my face and led me away along devious paths for about the space of an hour. And then, when we had stopped, he removed the goat's skin from my face and said to me, "Now go to this brook and wash all the red and white paint from thy body, and cast away thy skirt of palm-leaves. Then follow this path, and it will take thee back to the town, where thou canst return to thy father's house. Tell all that thou meetest that thy new name is 'Mitwo.' Speak no word of all that thou hast seen and done during these months that thou hast been in the Ndoge, or assuredly Epfumo will kill thee. And suffer that no

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man call thee by the name of thy childhood, or it will bring thee misfortune." And after this I returned to the town and entered my father's compound, where my mother and Ngwi rejoiced greatly to see me back, and gave me a goat and plantains and ground-nuts, wherewith to make a feast with my friends.

Wallah! how I have talked to you to-day! See, you are weary; you open your mouth in big yawns. I have said enough to-day. Let me go my way about my master's business, and I will come to you again in the morning.

CHAPTER VI

When I had returned from the Ndoge I was not allowed to live any longer in my father's compound, for it was not considered seemly for a young unmarried man to live among his father's wives. I had to take up my abode with the other young men of the town who were bachelors. We had a big compound to ourselves, but we were obliged to hunt and fish, and make plantations to supply ourselves with food.

And it was about this time that the Ngañga instructed me as to the Epfumo Society, to which nearly all the young free men of the village belonged, and it was there that I learned that the Epfumo was really a man dressed up, and not a devil; only we were sworn a solemn oath not to reveal this secret, so that the women and children and slaves might still be kept in awe of the Epfumo, whom they thought to be a strong devil that would be able to find out all secrets. And several times—I knew no better than the other pagans, and did as they did—have I dressed up as Epfumo with other young men of the Society, and lain in wait to catch women who were out of their houses after the Epfumo gong had sounded; and these we could

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do with as we pleased, and no one—not even their husbands—could say us nay; and, indeed, some of us hid women that we captured for a long time in a secret place we had made in the woods, and to them we always threatened that they would be surely killed by Epfumo if they should at any time reveal the names of those who had carried them off; and when we were tired of the women we would let them return to their homes, and knowing that they had been captured by the Epfumo, no one asked them questions or rebuked them for their absence.

And once we caught a slave on the road, who had not hidden himself at the sounding of the drum, and him we killed and ate—Wallah! we were but as the brutes—in the Epfumo house that same night, and the old Ngañga man praised us for our dexterity.

Twice, whilst I was living with the other young men of the town, we were called upon to go to war with the Bakuba people of the mountain, a few days' distant from us. The first time we fought them because they had carried off a woman belonging to our town, and killed her husband, having surprised them on the way to trade with the Ful-be; and the second time Ngwi said we must attack the mountain people by stealth, and try to capture some of the women to sell as slaves to the Ful-be.

The first time I had to go to war I feared greatly, although the people called me "Big Head," because they thought me strong and courageous; but I was new to war, and feared to be killed and eaten by the mountain people, so that I did not adventure myself in the front of the party that attacked the Bakuba; but whilst I was skulking in the rear I espied a Bakuba man and woman who had been out cutting grass for their goats, and whom our attack had cut off from the town. They sought to escape our notice by crawl-

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ing on their stomachs through the grass like snakes, and winding behind every rock and stump till they should arrive close to the Bakuba stronghold; but seeing they were unarmed, save for the small cutlass which the man had, I attacked them suddenly as they were lying on the ground, drove my spear right through the man's body and pinned him to the ground, and knocked the woman down with my club. Then my heart grew big, and I shouted loudly to my comrades to tell them what I had done, and some of them came running up and cut off the head of the man through whom I had run my spear, and helped me to tie the arms and ankles of the woman before she awoke.

The rest of our party did not do much against Bakuba, because they found the town well defended and few of its fighting men were absent; so after they had shouted much, and shot many arrows, and called the Bakuba every foul name they could think of to draw them from their stockade, Ngwi and my companions decided to retreat. So we returned to our town with the body of the man I had killed and the woman I had captured, and my mother shrieked loudly with joy when they told her what a brave man her son had become. The body of the man we warriors ate in the Ep-fumo house, and good and sweet was the flesh—Walah! it is shameful that I say such things now, but Alhamdu'lillah! I am no longer a pagan and an eater of man's flesh—and the woman I had captured I took to wife, and made work in my plantations. My mother said to me, "Treat her well, and she will remain with thee, but if thou hast the heart to use her badly, it were better to sell her to the Batibari¹ than to let her remain in our town, for if she is unhappy she will surely find a way to escape back to her country."

So I said to the woman, "Wilt thou swear by Ep-

¹ The Ful-be.

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fumo to stay with me, and be a true wife to me?" and she replied, "My heart is sad for having left my country, but thou art the strongest. Thou killedst my man—what other man have I now to love beside thee? I will swear by Epfumo not to leave thee if thou treat me kindly." We sent for the Ngañga, and he brought the "ju-ju" mixture, which is made of man's flesh and drugs from the woods, and he put some of this on the tongue of my woman; she, putting one hand on her head and the other hand in mine, swore that she would remain with me and become one of our people. After this I got my friends to help me and we built a house and made a yard for me to live in, for I was now a married man, and dressed my hair in the fashion of those who were married men.

The second time we went to war with the Bakuba was, as I have said, to capture women to sell to the Ful-be. For when my wife had grown to know me and like me, she told me one day that about the night when it should be full moon it was the custom of the men among her people to leave the town and surround the plantations, where the elephants came to rob them, and that they had fashioned two great hedges of sticks and thorns which narrowed to a small lane, at the end of which was a big, big pit, and that when they had surrounded the plantations that the elephants were rifling, they began with great shouting and the flames of their torches to drive the elephants into the space between the two hedges that converged in the pit, and that as the elephants, scared by the torches and the shouting, pressed onwards between the narrow hedges, some of them were pushed into the pit and were at the men's mercy; for the elephant in some things is a foolish beast, and has not the wit to turn aside and break through the fence of thorns, but presses on towards the outlet where the pit awaits him.

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And when I told all this to Ngwi he considered awhile, and said: "I have a good plan in my head; let us select all the strong and valiant among the men of this town two days before the moon is full, and let us journey secretly through the bush until we are close to the Bakuba town, on the mountain. Then we will lie concealed in the woods among the stones, and await the time when we shall see the men of the town issuing forth with their torches to hunt the elephants. And when they are away in the plantations we will take the town by surprise and capture as many of the women as we can secure quickly, and having done this we will return to our town with what speed we can."

This we did, and brought back with us it might be thirty, it might be forty, women and a few young children. We had captured many more, but the Bakuba men pursued us and harried us on our return, and recovered some of their people, although in their fighting they themselves lost nine or ten men whose bodies we ate on our return. And of our town four men only were killed in battle, for Ngwi was cunning, and knew how to skilfully direct the fighting. And as the bodies of these four were carried off by the Bakuba, and therefore could not be buried, the Ngañga said that none of their wives need follow them to the Under-world, inasmuch as the bodies of their husbands rested doubtless in the stomachs of the Bakuba; and this was said to be a wise word, and the men of the town applauded when the Ngañga divided the wives of the slain amongst those who had been bravest in the battle. And as I pleased the Ngañga by my prowess I received one of these women for a wife; and, moreover, I had kept back for myself a young girl whom I had captured in the Bakuba country, so that I had now three wives and became a big man in the town.

CHAPTER VII

But what we had done against the Bakuba was surely bad in Allah's sight, for He made it a means of bringing about our punishment.

When the day came round for the next big market to be held in our town—the market that we used to have every ten days—there were more of the Mohammedan, Ful and Hausa traders there than we had ever seen before. They had heard that we had some new slaves to sell; and about this time, too, from the number of elephants that the young men began to kill, we had a large store of ivory to trade with; all of which Ngwi made us sell for guns and gunpowder, for he was determined that we should become so strong that the Bakuba people should no longer be able to fight with us, and should come under our power altogether.

One of these Mohammedan traders, whose name was Rashidu, talked to me much about the Sultan of Gashka, and asked me how our people would like to become Mohammedans, and live under the Sultan of Gashka's rule. I told him—foolish pagan as I was—that we liked best to worship the spirits of our fathers, and to follow in their ways; and that, although the Sultan of Gashka might be a strong and just man, we would sooner live under our own chiefs.

This man asked me many questions about our country and the countries beyond us to the south; and he told us, if we went many days' journey towards the setting sun, we should come to the great water where the white people ruled. He also said that he liked so much the slaves he had bought at this market that we must wage other wars on our neighbors and get more and more slaves; so that when he came again, in three months' time, he would find a good number of slaves

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ready for sale. He talked to me in the Juku language, which I partly understood from the trading journeys, which I had made.

When the market was over, and the Ful-be traders had left our town with their slaves and asses, and the ivory they had bought, I reported to Ngwi all that Rashidu had said to me. When he heard these words he shook his head and said he liked them not; he had heard that a country not far away from us, called Banyo, had lately been ravaged by this same Sultan of Gashka, and many of its people carried off into slavery. What if the Ful-be of Gashka should do the same to us?

But I, not knowing the strength of the people beyond our borders, laughed at Ngwi's words, and said, "And if they *do* come and fight, have we not also guns now, and would we not fight for our homes and our women?"

A matter of some three months slipped by, and nothing troubled us; but we had not got the number of slaves we had hoped to obtain, because we had made friends with the Bakuba people of the mountain. It was such Bakuba people as we had among us as slaves and wives that urged us to do this, and Ngwi was of the opinion that it was foolish for this fighting always to go on. Moreover, the Bakuba people agreed that, if we swore an oath not to attack them any more, they would consent to accept Ngwi as their head chief, and many of the elders in both Bahom and Bakuba were of opinion that it was time we made up quarrels and became as brothers; for, they said, "We hear news from the north that the 'Pañ-mukwo'¹—the Ful-be chiefs who worship Allah—are extending their rule in all directions, and are enslaving the black men, the people

¹ White men in Mbudikum.

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of the land. It is time, therefore, we black people were united against them."

And, when we were all agreed upon this, we sent messages to the Dokaka and Jetem peoples to the east and south of us, telling them what we had done, and asking them to join with us in resisting the Batibari, as we used to call the Ful-be Mohammedans. And they consented to do this. And the chief of the Dokaka sent one of his daughters to wed with Ngwi, so that the two peoples might become more surely friends. But all this availed nothing against the decrees of Allah, as I will further relate to you.

After, as I think, some three months had passed since the Ful-be traders had come to buy our Bakuba slaves, our great trouble came upon us. One day some of our young men, who had been two days' journey to the east to trade with the Dokaka, came back to our town breathless with much running, and exhausted with want of food. When they had got their speech, they told us that the King of Gashka had sent a great army, some on foot and many riding on horses and asses, which had suddenly entered the Dokaka country and wasted it in all directions, burning the town, shooting the fighting-men, and catching the young women and children for slaves; and added that, having eaten up Dokaka, it was likely that the Gashka warriors would attack us and the Bakuba.

At these words we were filled with consternation, and Ngwi sent some of the young men to creep stealthily through the grass and forest till they reached the high hill which was a short distance from our town in the direction of Dokaka, and he told them to climb to the top of this hill, and to look out in the direction whence the other young men had come, and report whether they saw anything to bear out their statements. At eventide these spies returned, and ter-

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ror was in their faces, for they said that along the horizon in the direction of Dokaka they saw the smoke of burning towns, and one whose eyes were sharper than the rest thought he could distinguish men dressed in long clothes riding on horseback across the plain. Then did we lay our heads together, that we might make preparations for defence. The women and children were all sent to Bakuba, as being a place more easy to defend, and we men remained in the town, sending our spies out into the forest and on to the hills in all directions, to keep us apprised of the advance of the Ful-be.

But we had begun our precautions too late. The women, who feared to start at night on account of the wild beasts and ghosts, of which these pagans are always afraid, left the village to escape to Bakuba just before the dawn; but before the sun was up they came running back into the town, shrieking out that the men riding upon horses were upon us; and then our scouts came in one after the other, some wounded by the enemy's bullets, and all said, "The Batibari are here! There is no time to escape!" And all was hubbub and confusion. Some went and hid themselves, some began to load their guns and get ready their spears and arrows, others cut down branches from the trees and tried to block the doorways of the different compounds; but there was great panic and confusion everywhere, and although Ngwi shouted, and ordered, and tried to assemble the fighting men together, everyone seemed to go his own way, and think only of securing his own property.

In the middle of all this turmoil we heard suddenly the firing of guns and distant shouting of "Allah Akbaru," the war-cry of the Ful-be; and then, as it were, all at once the town was full of Mohammedans, some on foot, and some crashing through the planta-

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tions on horseback; and our people ran hither and thither like frightened sheep. But there was no escape, for the Ful-be had surrounded the town, and any who tried to slip past the enemy into the bush were shot down. Six of the Ful-be, with guns and cutlasses, came into my compound, and I was afraid to resist them, for I saw it was useless to fight against them. But a little slave boy, whom I had captured from the Bakuba, aimed at them an arrow from his little bow, and they in rage seized him and blew out his brains. And then telling us that if we moved we should be likewise slain, they proceeded to bind my three wives and myself, by chaining our ankles together, and fastening us one to the other round the neck with other chains, and tying our hands behind us. When this was done five of them marched us out of the compound into the open space in front, where we saw others of my country-people also chained and fettered, and sitting or lying in groups.

Round these captives were standing a ring of Ful-be and Hausa warriors, with their guns loaded, and ready to shoot any who might try to escape or resist. There was an incessant wailing of the women and children. Among these I saw my mother, who, in between her cries, told me that Ngwi was killed; that he had fought desperately, and had killed two of the Ful-be, after which they had managed to knock him down with a club, and had cut his head off.

Whilst half the Ful-be guarded us, whom they had chained, the other part of the army was ranging through the town, some of the soldiers searching for hidden slaves, and laying hands on all the goats and sheep and ivory they could find, and others being sent to prevent any of our people from lurking concealed.

Presently a great cry arose from among the Ful-be that were standing guard over us. I could not under-

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stand what they were saying, because they spoke in their own language, which I did not then know; but it appeared as I afterwards learnt that some of our people, who at the first alarm had escaped into the bush, had set on two of the Ful-be whom they had found separated from their companions, and looting some plantations, and had killed them, and this aroused the wrath of the other Ful-be to such an extent that we feared they would kill us all. They captured most of the runaway party who had been concerned in the death of their brothers, and brought them into the open place where we were lying chained. Not a few of these runaways were poor women and little children, who could not have had anything to do with the death of the two Ful-be soldiers; but, nevertheless, on them as well as on their husbands and brothers the Mohammedans wrecked their anger.

They tied the men to stakes and tree trunks, and lopped their limbs off one by one, and then beheaded them; they ripped up the women, and lifting up the children by the feet they swung them round and dashed their brains on the stone seats in the open square, where our elders used to sit under the shade of the big trees. Then their leader spoke to us in the language of Mbum, which most of us understood (for it was the language of trade), and told us that if any of us attempted to stir hand or foot from where we were laid, the same punishment should be meted out to us. Whilst these things were being done a small body of the Ful-be were busy burning the town, and cutting down the plantations of bananas, and setting fire to the dry bush outside the town, so that the whole place might be laid bare and afford no hiding-place to such of our people as might have escaped, and think of lurking near the Ful camp.

All through that day, some in the sun and some in

the shade, we lay chained together in the open square of our town. One or two of the women who were far gone with child died from the fright and the anguish of their premature delivery, and so we lay all through the night, while the Ful-be made big bonfires and roasted our sheep and goats.

CHAPTER VIII

Early the next morning they passed in review all of us whom they had captured, which I suppose amounted to one-half of our townspeople—perhaps some five hundred. They made us stand up in our chains—men, women and children (the little children were not chained, because the Ful-be knew they would not leave their mothers)—and we were carefully examined by the leader of the Ful soldiers. All such as were aged, or deformed, or weakly were separated from the others, and put on one side. Their chains were taken off, and they were told jestingly by the Ful-be that they might go where they pleased; but when the poor simpletons began to slink off towards the bush, the Ful-be, with shouts of laughter, began firing at them with their guns and riding them down on horseback.

Some of the Ful-be horsemen would stop for a moment and tie a rope round the ankle of one of these fugitives who had fallen down, and fasten the other end of this rope to his stirrup, and then ride round and round the square at full gallop, till the man he had dragged with him was simply a shapeless mass of blood and bones.

At length their leader recalled all his men by having a drum beaten, and orders were given to get ready for a start.

All we slaves whom they had selected to take away

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with them were marched in twos and threes to the river, where we were made to wash and drink. Here several who were mad with grief jumped into the river, though they were chained together, and tried to swim down the stream, but they all sank to the bottom and were seen no more.

One woman, who had been incessantly howling all the morning because her son had been killed by the Ful-be, was ordered several times by those who were guarding us to cease her noise, and as she paid no heed to their warning, she was shot. After we had been made to drink at the river we were ranged in a row on the bank, and the Ful-be distributed among us food from our own plantations. This we were ordered to eat, and threatened with immediate death if we refused.

About mid-day the Ful-be army was got into order, and the slaves were made to march in the centre of the caravan, with soldiers in front and behind, some widening the road as we went along—that is to say, cutting down the bush to prevent any enemies concealing themselves on the line of route. All of us slaves who were men had our hands securely tied behind our backs with coils of bush rope, and round our necks were fastened slave-sticks, linking every two slaves together. The women's hands were free, so that they might more easily take their children with them, either by holding their hands or carrying them slung round their back. In this fashion we walked all the rest of that day, and slept at night in a Ful-be camp, where we found a lot more Mohammedan soldiers of the King of Gashka who had been slave-raiding at Bakuba, and had brought back with them a number of Bakuba people whom they had captured.

The next day the whole force set out, with all the soldiers, to travel to a large town called Banyo, which we reached in four days' time. Any slaves that could

not keep up with the march of the caravan were stabbed or shot, and left behind, and the fear of this death made us walk as we had never walked before. But with some of the women that were young and comely the Ful-be soldiers were not so harsh, and would occasionally mount them on the asses that carried the camp-baggage. In this way I saw that two of my wives had already made friends with their guardians, and one of them was even laughing when the soldiers jested—so soon do these poor pagans forget. On the road, every night we stopped to camp, the Ful-be gave us just as much food as would keep us from starving; but those who were young and well-made got a little more than those who were old and ungainly. Thus my mother, who was getting on in years, and would be worth little as a slave, received such scant food from the Ful-be that the fatigue of these four days' journey caused her to die of weakness soon after we got to Banyo; and, as I lay joined to another man in the market-place at night, I saw her body released from its bonds by the soldiers and cast out into the street, where the hyenas which wander through the town at night came and tore it to pieces.

Banyo is a big town belonging to the Sultan of Gashka. It is a place where the pagans of many nations, who are more or less under the Ful-o rule, bring their ivory and slaves for sale. I saw men here from many far countries, whose speech I could not understand. When we had rested several days at Banyo we again set out for Gashka, which we reached after about two days' journey, passing a big mountain on the way. Along this road not a few of the slaves sank down from weariness and were killed, for the road we followed was very arduous, lying among hills and valleys and great rocks. When we reached Gashka I was so tired that I cared not whether I lived or died.

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But here we were a little better treated by the Ful-be. Before we got into the town the Sultan came out with a lot of his soldiers on horseback to meet this army which he had sent slave-raiding, and he was mightily pleased at the number of slaves they had obtained. There was a great firing of guns, and shouting, and blowing of horns, and "lalilu-ing" on the part of the Ful-be women, who shrieked out all manner of jests at us as we went by, calling out many words about our nakedness, which caused them to laugh. When we got into the town we slaves were divided into small companies and distributed among the principal men of the town, who were to keep us in watch and ward till the Sultan should decide what to do with us. By great good fortune I found myself with my head-wife and one of my brothers and five other people of our town. Much we wept together for the sorrows that had overtaken us.

The man to whom we were entrusted was none other than the commander of the expedition, and him we found a not unkindly master. We were taken into his courtyard, and he explained to us in the Mbum language that he should take off our fetters, so that we should be free to walk about his compound, but if we attempted to escape we should be killed at once; and, moreover, if we did get outside the town, where were we to go? We were now many days' journey from our country, which had been laid waste, and wherever we might wander we should find the Ful-be there ready to re-capture us. Then, according to our country fashion, he made us take a pinch of the soil between our fingers and swear not to run away, and this, seeing no help for it, we did, and after so doing our lot was less hard, for we were allowed to wash ourselves, and could eat and drink in plenty.

After we had stayed in Gashika perhaps ten or twelve

days, a big slave market was held there, at which nearly all the slaves which the Ful-be had captured in their recent raids were exposed for sale, and a Ful-o slave merchant from Yola, after closely examining me, bought me for two thousand kauri shells, and he also purchased five other of our people, among whom was my head-wife. Our new master joined himself to a big Ful caravan, with which he travelled to Yola during many days over a mountainous country that was inhabited by the Kotofo people, who were friends of the Ful-be. On our way we passed on the west of a big, big mountain, bigger than any I had yet seen, and we reached Yola after spending twenty days on the road. When I beheld this place I was filled with wonder, for I had seen no town like it. It is not worthy to be compared with Tarabulus, nor with Kano or Murzuk or the great cities of the Sudan, but it far surpassed anything I had seen in my own country, and I began to think that after all we pagans were as monkeys compared to the Ful-be, and I felt ashamed that I was naked and had no clothes to make me look like a Mohammedan. On our journey to Yola I had won the favor of my Ful-o master, who was pleased to find me strong and active and good-tempered, and when we arrived at Yola he gave me an old blue cotton shirt to wear, with which I was greatly pleased, though he and his friends laughed much to see the way in which I at first wore it, for we pagans recking little of decency would have it that clothes should be worn to make a man look smart and not to cover his body, so that when I first got this shirt I wound it round my neck and shoulders until I was taught its proper use.

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CHAPTER IX

While I stayed in Yola I began to learn the Ful language, or as those people call it the "Fulful-de," and when my master, the Ful-o merchant, found that I was of a mind to learn, he began to show me favor, and entrusted me with matters of trade rather than with labor in the plantations, such as the other slaves were put to. In this way I went with him on several small journeys into the Batta country, and to the great Ful-o town of Ribago; and seeing that I was versed in the knowledge of the ivory traffic he employed me to choose out and buy tusks from the people round the big mountain—I think its name was Alantika—and once I went as far as Ngaundere, where we bought much ivory, and where my master gathered in many more slaves from the pagan countries round. Many of these were wild people, wilder than we had been in Mdubikum; most of them were stark naked, but some wore leaves, and we who were now clothed and had forgotten the days when we were pagans, laughed at these bushmen, and when they were handed over to our charge to carry the ivory, we treated them as the slaves of slaves, and beat them when they did not understand our orders.

When my master had collected a good supply of ivory and slaves he decided to set out from Yola, and proceed to a great city of the Ful-be called Yakuba, in the country of Bautshi. This he told me was his home, and here he had a big house and many wives, and he was resolved to return thither, and after he had disposed of his slaves and ivory, to settle down with his women and children for the rest of his days. So when he had finished his business in Yola, and had given a handsome present to the Ful-o governor of that place,

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he trafficked with the Batta people, and bought many canoes, all of which, as is the fashion of these countries, were hollowed out of a single tree, and not put together with boards and nails as are the ships of the Arabs and the Christians, or even the boats of the fishing people that live round the Great Lake. And we loaded these canoes with the ivory which our master had collected. In charge of each canoe was put a trustworthy slave, and the ivory was weighed and counted, and written in a book, so that if any tusks were lost or stolen our master would surely find out and punish the slave who had been in charge of the canoe. And in the biggest canoe we put together a little house of palm-thatch which should be a place for our master to sit in, protected from the sun and rain, and when the canoes were all packed and the slaves all tied together and stowed away in them, we started on our journey down the great Benue, to reach the place called Wusu.

Now it was the season of the rains, and the river was greatly risen in volume, and overflowed its banks for a considerable distance on either side, so that the water seemed like a great sea without limits, except for the deleb palms which rose above the flood, and marked where the borders of the stream should be in the dry season. Here and there we could see distant hills which looked like islands in a great lake. Many difficulties encompassed us in this journey, and often we were near to destruction, for the floods of the river having extended so far, it was exceedingly difficult for us to know which should be the right channel of the river, and hard to tell how we should avoid the great snags and fallen trees which lay concealed so near the surface of the water, and against which the canoes would often bump, so that we were near capsizing.

And worse than this were the river-horses—"Nseshe,"

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as we used to call them in our country—animals as big almost as elephants, who live in the water and have great mouths stuck with huge teeth—and these “Nseshe,” these river-horses, as the Arabs call them, are of a bold and ferocious nature in the rainy season, for it was the time of year when they were breeding, and whenever they could find a canoe in the shallow waters they would often make for it and endeavor to upset it, either by bumping the canoe underneath with their big heads, so that they stove a hole in the bottom, or else seizing the gunwale with their teeth and dragging the canoe over to one side and so capsizing it. And, although my master gave orders that we should fire many guns at these river-horses and hurl spears at them, this did not secure us altogether from their pursuit; and, indeed, it caused them sometimes to wax more fierce, and in this way we lost two canoes and much ivory, for the river-horses broke their sides in, and caused the ivory to fall into the river-mud, where most of it was buried and lost, and the slaves that were in these canoes, being thrown into the water, had to swim for their lives. One of them was killed by a river-horse, who bit his body in two; others were dragged down by crocodiles, and we saw them no more. Two of them, who were women, our master took into his own canoe. But the others, the men, he would not stay to help, because the other canoes were already overcrowded, and these slaves, being of little value, he cared not to run any further risk by picking them up. So what became of them I know not; perchance they swam on until they touched ground and were able to wade to the dry land, or it may be the crocodiles caught them all.

For some time, as we paddled down stream, we could see their heads bobbing like black points on the waste of waters, and we laughed much when, every

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now and then, we heard a scream, and guessed that a crocodile had seized another slave. And we slaves, who cared little for the loss of the ivory, for it was not ours, began to make many merry jests about the crocodiles, saying that they would thank Allah for the feast He had given them; but our master, who was sad for the loss of his ivory, chid us and bade us be silent, or he would throw us to the crocodiles too.

In some places that we passed by there had been great floods, owing to the heavy rains; and, in the country of Basama, the villages were all on little islands, with the water coming close up to the houses, and only the tops of the plantain trees showing here and there where the plantations were covered. And on one of these islands, where the village had been deserted by the inhabitants, who had fled away in canoes, we saw a strange sight. There was a lion seated on his haunches, a company of baboons on the roofs of the houses, some hogs, of a kind called "Ngena" in our country language; two bush-deer, of a sort which we name "Ngaba," red coated, with white stripes; and a large black snake, of a kind whose name is "Nok" in Mbudikum, and which the Ful-be call "Modondi." And all these creatures, which are wont to disagree in the forest—the lion to eat the bush-deer, and the snake to eat the baboons, and the hogs to kill the snake—were now so scared by the flood, which had driven them for refuge to this small village on a little mound, that they looked not at each other, but watched the water only, as it mounted higher and higher, and ate up the ground as it rose; and our master bade us fire our guns and hurl our lances at the lion. But whether we killed him or not I cannot say, for the flood was so strong that we dared not turn the canoes broadside and stop, lest they should be overwhelmed. And, as we got nearer towards the district of Muri, the great ex-

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panse of water grew less in breadth, for the mountains closed in nearer to the course of the stream; but, on this account, the force of the current grew even stronger.

At length the Ful-o soldier, who was one of my master's servants, called out to the steersman of the canoe that was leading to enter a small creek or branch of the river which appeared on our right-hand, and here the water was quieter, and soon after we had entered this narrow branch we stopped at a riverside town called Wuzu. Here all the slaves and the ivory were disembarked, and we all left the canoes, which were afterwards sold by our master to a Ful-o who lived at Muri.

At Wuzu my master only stayed sufficient time to get all the caravan in order, and then set out for Muri, which was a day's journey from Wuzu. Muri was a big town of the Ful-be, which belonged to the Sultan of Yakuba, and here my master had many friends and abode for several days, conversing with them; and here he bought many camels, and asses, and horses, with some of his ivory, and the rest of the tusks he packed on the camels and asses; and he resolved to sell at Muri, where there was a great market, most of his slaves, for he desired to proceed quickly to Yakuba, and no longer needed the slaves to carry the ivory. I feared that he would sell me here, for several Ful-be merchants examined me, and pinched my muscles, and said they liked the looks of me, but my master said that he would keep me for his own household, as I had a good head for trade, and a manner of saying things which caused him to laugh.

So when all was ready for our journey to Yakuba, my master bade me seat myself on one of those asses which had a load of ivory on its back; and at first I was greatly afraid, for I had never ridden any beast

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before, and the ass seemed to know that I was a pagan, for when I tried to mount him he would rear up his hind-quarters and throw off the ivory. At length I managed to get on, and although I slipped off several times over the ass's tail, I was vexed when my master jeered at me, and so I clung on with one hand clutching the ass's mane, and with the other holding one of his ears, and every time he would rear up before or behind, I would put the tip of his ear in my mouth and bite it, and he soon gave over trying to unseat me; and by the time we reached near to Yakuba I could ride without fear, and would even at times mount on one of the camels, which were strange beasts in my sight, for there was nothing like them in our country.

When we had got within one day's journey of Yakuba we saw the great mountains behind which the town lay, and my master, with some of his friends and guards, rode on in front of the caravan, carrying with him a present for the "Lamido," or Sultan, of the country, and bidding his head man, or overseer of slaves, to lead us all by other roads to his plantations outside the town, so that his wealth of ivory and slaves might not be shown to the people of Yakuba (for it was said the Sultan of Yakuba was a very greedy man, and harassed those whom he knew to be rich); and so we abode several days at the plantations, where the ivory was stored, and then one day my master came riding out of the town to see that everything was safely stowed away, and he chose out such slaves among us as he wanted (myself among the number), and took us back with him into the town.

And here I was amazed at what I saw, for although Yola was a big town, and the governor of it had a great house, and there were one or two large mosques, there was nothing there that could compare with Yakuba. The people of that place are more in number than those

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of Tarabulus or Murzuk, and perhaps it is only surpassed in populousness by Kano; though I have heard the city of Sakatu is a vast place inhabited by many people. But to me, who was then a pagan and a bushman, Yakuba seemed the grandest place in all the world, with its fine houses of clay, and their wooden doors and arches and window-frames, and its "dakakin" (shops), the like of which I had never seen before. Here were merchants from as far as the Great Desert, and even Ghadames, and people from Bornu and Sakatu and Nufe. Some were selling the cloth made by the Christians, which had reached even our country of Mbudikum from the lands of Diwala and the great sea. Others trafficked in the blue cloth of Nufe or the taubs of Kano, or sold leather sandals, finely embroidered, or saddles and horse-gear from the Hausa lands, or the white salt brought up the Kwara river in big ships by the Christians, and wonderful things of glass, and plates of earthenware and brass. And I tapped my mouth with amazement to think that the hands of men could fashion such things. And in one "dukkan" they were selling paper to write on, and reed pens and ink, and the Quran bound in leather—the book of Our Lord Mohamined, Salam, 'ala Rasulna wa Nabina—peace be upon our Apostle and Prophet! When I first saw these Qurans being sold I recked not of their value, for I was still a pagan, and I wondered to myself that men should give for them many kauri shells or great silver riyalat (dollars), or a small tusk of ivory, seeing that these books were, to my ignorance, but made of leather and paper, and could neither be eaten nor burned for perfume, nor used for any purpose useful for man's body. And in another shop was an old Ful-o "m,'alam," who was selling small pieces of sheep-skin, on which he had written something with a reed pen. And as my master stopped to buy one of these I

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asked him what their purpose was, and he said they were charms to be folded up and put in a small case which was made out of the shell of a nut, and to be hung round a man's neck, to avert any harm that might happen to him by evil spirits or to cure him of some malady. And if, perchance, a man was sick, there was no better medicine for him than to soften one of these pieces of sheep-skin in water, when it had been written on by the m,'alam, and to swallow it, for the words thereon written were the words of our Lord Mohammed from the holy Quran, and were apt for the healing of both body and soul. Afterwards I came to know these things well, and many a time, Wallah! have my bodily ailments been cured by swallowing these charms, Alhamdu-'lillah! And yet other "daka-kin" sold sweet perfumes—pastilles to burn in the house and to make a grateful odor, or ointments where-with a man's skin should be rubbed so that it glistened, and was sweet and pleasing in the nostrils of his friends. And so, passing through this great bazaar, we arrived at the courtyard of my master's house.

And what happened after this I must tell you on another occasion, for my tongue has wagged too much to-day. Besides, yesterday I had trouble with my master after I had remained so long with you, for he was vexed, and told me that his business suffered by my useless talking with you. If you want me again, you must make it all right with Si Abd-al-Ghirha, so that he may not oppose my coming to you. Insh' Allah ushuf-ka al-ghodwa—God grant that I see you to-morrow. If you gave me a silver riyal I should return with a glad heart and a new turban, for it is not fitting that I should talk to a great Nasrani¹ with an old, dirty head-cloth like this. Allah yasalink!

¹Christian.

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CHAPTER X

Aya! And must I go on telling you still the events of my life? Are you not weary of all this talk, talk, talk? It is strange how all the little things I have seen and done come back to my memory as I sit and converse with you. Think not that I am telling you lies. I speak the truth. Allah yashud!—may God bear witness! What was I saying yesterday, when I left off? Was I telling you about my Ful-o master, old Nyebbu? Yes, now I remember, I was speaking of his house.

This was a place built much in the fashion of the Arabs in Murzuk or Tarabulus, only not so fine because it was nearer to the land of the pagans, and moreover, like all our houses in the Blacks' country, it was built of clay, not stone. We passed through a narrow door opening on to the street, and came into a big courtyard, round which ran a high clay wall. Inside the courtyard were two or three tamarind trees and sycamores, under which there was a refreshing shade. In this court the camels and horses of my master were tethered, and there were many ducks and fowls and a few sheep. On the other side of the court, opposite to where we had entered, was a high wall which screened the house beyond, and another archway in the middle of the wall which was closed with a great wooden door. This my master pushed open, and led me after him into his diwan, a large cool room with small windows high up, and seats of clay running all round the sides, on which tanned goat-skins and handsome carpets and silk cushions were placed.

My master instructed me as to my duties, which were to attend on himself, to prepare his snuff, or his pipe, and to make his coffee or his tshai (tea), which he bought from the Maghrabi merchants, and to run his

errands, and to keep his diwan clean. When he was laid down to rest and had fallen to sleep in the heat of the day, I stood up on the clay couches and looked through the small windows near the top of the walls, and through these I could see into the inner court of the house which belonged to the harim of my master, where his wives and women slaves dwelt.

Now the Ful-be, although they are Muslemin, are not jealous of their women as are the Arabs, neither are the women allowed as much freedom as they were in our country of Mbudikum, so that whereas my master was displeased if I entered the court and part of the house set apart for his harim, still, he paid little heed if his wives or women slaves conversed with me when we should meet outside in the greater court, or if I should encounter them in the bazaar of the town. Indeed he would sometimes send me a-trading to the "dakakin" in company with his head wife and some of her women, in order that I might assist them in carrying home some of the things they bought.

And in this way I became acquainted with a woman slave of the name of Erega, belonging to the Marghi tribe. And there sprang up a love between us, and we sought many opportunities of meeting in secret, and this the head wife found out and told my master, who was exceedingly wroth, and vowed that he would punish me, and he had me tied to a stake and flogged on the back until I fainted; and to another stake the Marghi girl was also tied, and would have been flogged, but that she swore by God and the Earth that no harm had passed between us, and that the head wife had only accused her out of jealousy; and as she was a comely girl, and a favorite with the old Ful-o, he was inclined to believe her, and she was released; but he still said that on the morrow he would sell me to the Turks.

And all that night I remained tied by my wrists to

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the post where I had been flogged; but just before the dawn, when every one was sleeping soundly, the young Marghi girl, who had managed to get out of the harim, came to my side with a knife and cut my bonds, and then bade me run away, and hide until my master's wrath had spent itself. This I needed no second bidding to do, and, sore as I was with my beating, I crept cautiously to the gateway of the courtyard, and putting aside the beam, and opening the wooden door noiselessly, I fled into the town.

Before it was yet light I had hidden in one of the masajid (mosques), and waited until daylight. Then I made for one of the gates of the town, thinking to pass out into the country and hide in the bush for awhile; but the soldiers who stood at the gates would not let me pass, seeing me naked and my back all bloody, and suspecting me to be a runaway slave.

When I told them what had happened to me, disguising such of my tale as would make them think I had been justly punished, they took pity on me, and one of their number said he would take me to the great Sultan of the town—the Amir of Yakuba—and as I limped alongside of this soldier, who was on horseback, my heart quaked within me, for I said to myself, “Surely the Amir is a great man, and will know the truth, and will return me to my master!” But I dared not run away from the soldier, lest worse should befall me. And when the soldier dismounted and led me into the Sultan's palace, I could not feel my feet touch the ground, such was the fear and awe that possessed me. After a while life came back to me, and I lifted up my eyes, and looked up at the Sultan when my companion nudged me.

He was a tall Ful-o, with a yellow face marked with smallpox, and with a thick black beard. Below his eyes was a thin blue veil covering his nose, mouth and

chin, and falling over his breast, so that when he spoke his voice sounded far away and muffled.

The soldier told him my tale, and he listened attentively, and then addressed me with somewhat of kindness, saying that he would inquire further into the matter when he had leisure, and telling the soldier to take me away, to wash my wounds, and clothe me in a taub and a turban, and to give me food, and bring me back towards eventide, when the Sultan should have returned from his prayers at the masjid.

At eventide, then, the Sultan saw me again, and this time my heart was strengthened, for I was clothed in a fine new blue taub and a clean white turban, and my belly was full with maize-porridge and I thought myself a fine fellow and a regular Muslim; and the Sultan made me tell him all my history, from the time when I was captured by the Ful-be, and especially he asked me many questions about my Ful-o master, old Nyebbu, inquiring about his wealth, and how much ivory he had, and how many slaves and guns, and asking me to tell him everything I knew. And when I had answered as near as I could all these questions, and seeing from his manner that the Sultan seemed rather jealous of Nyebbu, a "Shaitan"¹ put it into my heart to tell lies that should hurt my master; and I told the Sultan I had heard Nyebbu say many times that he was the greatest man in Yakuba, and that when the right day came he would depose the Amir and make himself Sultan in his stead, and that he had sent a great present to the Amir-al-Mumenin at Sakatu to gain his favor, so that he might win him over to his side.

And these latter words were not altogether a lie, for I had seen my master despatch this present to Wurmo, but with what purpose I do not know. And after I had finished talking I could see that the Sultan

¹Evil spirit.

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was in a mighty rage against my master, for his eyes blazed, and by pulling at his veil with his hands he tore it. When I had done talking he said nothing, but dismissed me, and told me to return to the soldiers in the courtyard, who would feed me and treat me well: but on no account was I to leave his palace, or he would have me killed.

The next day a messenger came to fetch me to the palace of the Sultan of Yakuba, and when I arrived there and arose from touching the ground with my forehead, I saw standing in the corner of the diwan my Ful-o master, who had two guards on either side of him, with drawn swords; his hands were tied together behind his back, and he looked in a sorry plight, with his clothes torn, and his face bloody where some soldier had struck him in arresting him.

When his eyes met mine, they lit up with wrath, but he said nothing, and I, knowing myself to be in favor with the Sultan, met his gaze proudly, arranged my new turban, and smoothed down the folds of my new taub so that he might see I was now in good circumstances. The Sultan was sitting on his carpet smoking a water-pipe. His executioner, a tall Kanuri man with a red fez, naked to the waist, and having a great red cloth round his loins, stood by the Sultan's side with a drawn sword. When I had remained there waiting for some few moments, the Sultan removed the mouth-piece of the pipe from his lips and said:

"Repeat now the charges thou didst bring yesterday against thy master Nyebbu, and if thou shouldst have lied to me, and I find it out, I shall know how to deal with thee."

Then my heart waxed faint within me lest the Sultan should of his wisdom discover the lies I had told, but I plucked up courage, thinking that it was only my word against my master's, and that the latter was

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jealously regarded by the Sultan, and I resolved to tell the same tale as I had related the day before.

When I had finished, the Sultan turned to my master and said:

"Thou hast heard the words of this slave, O Nyebbu! What hast thou to say in thy defence?"

And my master replied, his voice shaking with anger, "It is a cunning mixture of truth and lies which the slave has told, O Sultan! This and this is true, but that and that is false. It is true that I have sent ivory to thy liege lord the Amir-al-Mumenin, as a compliment, but it is less than the present I gave thee. It is false that the thought ever entered my heart, or the words ever passed my lips, that I wished to conspire against thy power or make myself Sultan in thy stead. It is true that I gave this dog a flogging; and I blame myself only that my heart was soft, and that, for the offence he committed, I did not have him killed outright. Now I take Allah to witness that I have not sinned in aught against my allegiance to thee and thy rule, and I pray thee, as a just man, and one fearing God, to release me from my bonds and hand over to me for punishment this lying slave. Thou hast the power to do me to death, I know, but assuredly Allah and the Amir-al-Mumenin, thy lord, will require my blood at thy hands."

When he had ceased speaking, the Sultan rose in wrath, and called out to those of his guards and courtiers who were around him, "Is not this man self-condemned? Do you not hear the proud fashion in which he talks? What care I for the Amir of Sakatu? Is he lord over me? I, the Sultan of Yakuba, of Bautshi, of Muri, of Soso? It is enough; the slave has spoken truth. Strike off the head of Nyebbu, and we will see whether his friend, the Amir of Sakatu, can help him; and cut out the tongue of this dog, and son

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of a dog, in that he has dared to invoke the name of Allah to support his false statements."

When my master heard these words, he shook himself free of his guards, and, throwing himself flat on his stomach, he managed, as best he could with his tied hands, to wriggle to the Sultan's feet, crying, "Aman! Aman! O my lord! be merciful—spare my life, and let me live yet a little while, and I will be thy slave; I will be content to light thy pipe and boil the kettle for thy tshai. Take, take all that is mine—my ivory, and slaves, and women—if thou seest good; but let me yet live a little while. I will start on the Haj to Mekka. I will pray for thee there at the Holy places."

And thus he wept, and groaned, and called aloud, and even turned his face towards me, saying, "Speak thou in my favor, O Horejandu!¹ I have ever treated thee kindly since the day I bought thee at Yola." But I spurned his face with my foot, and said, "Who am I that I should dare to speak when the Sultan has spoken?" And the Sultan called out in an angry voice, "I am weary of this noise. Are you all, then, as this man, that you look to the Amir of Sakatu, and not to me—that I speak and you obey not?"

And the guards seized my master without more ado, and dragged him to the steps of the outer court. Here, while the Ful-o merchant was still calling out on his rough treatment, they thrust a wooden gag into his mouth, so that it prised his jaws open; and, when this was done, the executioner took from his waist-band a pair of iron pincers, and, seizing my master's tongue, tore it out by the roots; and then tying him against a wooden block in the centre of the courtyard, the executioner sliced off his head at one blow. And his head was stuck on a post outside the Sultan's

¹Fulful-de for "Big Head."

gateway, and the body we dragged about the town by the legs, shouting out that thus should all people be treated that despised the authority of the Sultan of Yakuba; and the body was afterwards flung outside the town for the hyenas to eat. And, after Nyebbu had been executed, the Sultan sent men to seize all his property and slaves, and he attached me to his own household, and gave me the Marghi girl to wife, the same that belonged to my late master; and I became a great favorite with the Sultan of Yakuba, and was much feared in the town, for it was said, "Whomsoever Horejandu condemns, him the Sultan executes."

CHAPTER XI

So my affairs prospered for the space of a year or more, but, meanwhile, some Ful-be in the town, who liked not the Sultan of Yakuba, had sent secret messages to Wurno to tell the Amir-al-Mumenin the things which Mohammed Sadiku, the Sultan of Yakuba, had done, and the way in which he had repudiated his allegiance to his liege lord of Sakatu; and after some fourteen months had passed the rumor reached us that a great army was on its way from Kano to punish Sadiku, and set up another Sultan in his stead, who should govern Yakuba for the Amir of Sakatu.

And these things caused great terror to my new master, the Sultan, who sent messengers in all directions to all parts of his dominions to collect his fighting men and defend his capital; and the walls of the town were repaired and made good, much store of provisions were collected therein, and there was constant drilling of troops all day, and serving out of gunpowder, and lead to cast into bullets. And at length we could see from the great mountain behind

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Yakuba the smoke of burning villages, and other signs of the devastating army; and soon a great host was encompassing the town on all save the mountain side. And, seeing the great forces brought to subdue Yakuba, the Ful-be notables of the town held council among themselves in secret conclave, and they said to each other, "Wherefore should we join issue with this man who has been Sultan of Yakuba? His quarrel is not our quarrel. Why should we fight to save him from the rule of the great Amir of Sakatu? We are Ful-be, and the Sultan of Sakatu is a Ful-o, and the Prince of the True Believers. Surely it would be a sin in Allah's eyes to fight against him. Let us send out messengers from the town to the commander of the host, and ask him for protection and a guarantee of our property, if we come to terms with him, and hand over to his keeping the man who has been Sultan here."

And news was brought to me of what the Ful-be elders had planned by one who was my friend in this council; and I went in to my master, the Sultan, and told him secretly what was in the wind. And he trembled much and turned ashy pale, and said to me:

"I see clearly that the men of the town have no gratitude in their hearts for what I have done for them, and will not stand by me. When I call upon them to fight they will go over to the enemy, even if they do not first surround my palace and capture me, and give me over to my enemies as a prisoner. There is nothing for it therefore but to escape to the mountains while there is yet time. Do thou therefore make ready for me food that I may take away with me; and at nightfall I will disguise myself, and bear an order, sealed with my own seal, that shall let me pass out at the mountain gate, and so I will hide among the hill people till I can find means to escape to the kingdom of Adamawa, where I have friends; and as for

thee, thou shalt go with me and follow my fortunes, and, if thou art true to me, when Allah shall again give me prosperity, I swear by Allah I will reward thee. I will make thee a rich man and free. See," he said, "thou had nought to gain by turning against me as those traitors have done, and thou art more hated in the town perhaps than even I am, and they would be sure to kill thee when I am gone."

And this reflection was a true one, and seeing that I had nothing to gain by betraying my master, I resolved to escape from the town with him, and follow him wheresoever he should go.

So we hastily and secretly set to work to make preparations for the journey, and the Sultan filled a bag with silver riyalat (dollars), which he hung round his neck, and he wrote out with his own pen, on a piece of sheep-skin, an order to let himself and myself pass out of the gate, only he called us by the names of two of his servants; and he hid about his person such small things as he could hastily lay his hands on, and I did the same, also preparing some balls of cooked yam and maize cakes; and we put over all these things several rich taubs and scarves, and hid our faces with lishams or face-veils, such as the Ful-be of the North are given to wear, and arming ourselves secretly with daggers and loaded pistols—the Sultan carried a pistol with six barrels, such as you call "riwolwa," which had been sent him as a present by the Christian traders on the Kwara—we left the palace.

Stealthily walking through the streets of the town where the shadows were deepest, we arrived at the mountain-gate, and the Sultan speaking in a muffled voice showed his written pass to the captain of the guard, and told him to let us quickly pass on the Sultan's business. And the captain of the guard, suspecting nothing, touched the permit with his forehead

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in token of respect, and gave orders to his men that they should cautiously unbar the gates and let us through. So we passed out of the town and climbed up into the mountain, where we hid ourselves amongst the stones and bushes.

When the dawn came we could look out over the town, and, fearing to leave our place of hiding in daylight whilst so many scouts of the Kano army were scouring the plains, we resolved to lay quiet all that day until darkness should again set in, and we could venture to cross the open country at night. And soon after the sun was up we could see that there was a great commotion inside the town and out, for the leaders had evidently discovered our flight, and had sent to treat with the commander of the Sakatu army. When it was about mid-day the gates of the town were opened, and after much firing of guns the besieging force marched in.

What happened afterwards we did not know, for as no one was sent searching for us we cautiously crept down the other side of the mountain where there were no inhabitants, crawling cautiously among the stones and bushes, and keeping ever a good lookout that no one espied us. When the sun was setting we were at the base of the mountain, and there being a moon that night we made the best of our way on foot across the plain until we came to some hills, where we hid for awhile. And the next day we waded across the shallow part of a river, and bought a little food at a small village of Bautshi people, who wondered greatly to see us Mohammedans on foot, but we explained to them that our caravan had been broken up by the invading army, and our camels taken from us. And here, with three of the silver riyalat, we managed to buy two small asses, which we mounted, and then rode on as quickly as might be in a southerly direction, crossing

a great plain between two ranges of mountains; and when we had been travelling thus for some three days we arrived at a quiet valley between some downs, where there were no people dwelling.

The punishment of Allah fell upon my master, the Sultan, here. We had made ourselves a small camp for the night by cutting down thorn-bushes and strewing them in a circle, and inside these we tethered our asses, and the Sultan lit a fire with his flint and steel and tinder, and when we had eaten, and washed our hands with sand, and prayed, the Sultan laid down to sleep, and bade me watch until it was the middle of the night, when I should sleep, and he would take his turn watching.

But after a while it was fated that my eyelids should grow heavy, and slumber fall upon me, so that I ceased to watch; and when I had slept for a little while I was awakened by the firing of a pistol, and then I heard the growling of a lion and the voice of my master calling for help. And it would seem that whilst I slept the fire had gone out, and a hungry lion had leapt the barrier of thorns, and fastened on to one of the asses, who in terror broke loose from the stake to which it was tethered, and struck my master with its hoofs as he slept, and he, starting up in a fright, and seeing by the light of the waning moon that a lion was attacking the ass, pulled out his "riwolwa" and fired it at the body of the lion, at the same time calling to me to help him; and the lion, being wounded in the back and greatly enraged, left the ass which he was tearing and fell on my master, whose arm and leg he tore with his teeth and claws; but my master, fighting for his life, fired off all the other barrels of the "riwolwa" into the lion's head with the other hand, which was free, and the lion left off biting him and fell dead.

Then I, who had scarce known whether I was alive

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or dead with the fright I had had, arose, and seeing the lion was dead, I dragged his body from off my master, whom I also took for dead, but he had only fainted from loss of blood.

I got the flint and steel from his waist-cloth and struck a light, and having made a blaze of dried twigs, I tore off long strips of cloth from my master's clothes, and bound up the great wounds in his thigh and arm where the lion had torn him.

And when it was morning I saw my master had opened his eyes and was looking round, but a fever had got hold of him and he talked nonsense, and he knew not where he was nor what had happened to him. I tended to his wants as well as I could, and then, bethinking myself that he was too ill to continue his journey then, and that the ass which the lion had attacked was also in a sorry condition, I thought it best to remain where we were till my master should have recovered; and so I took our two gourds and went out to seek water, that I might have wherewith to quench our thirst and wash my master's wounds.

And when I had ascended a little hillock, where there was rain-water lying in the clefts of the rocks, I spied in the distance, riding slowly across the plain, some Ful-be horsemen. Guessing that they were on the lookout for my master, I hurried back to our encampment, which was on the other side and shielded from their sight. Then I stamped out the fire, so that its smoke should not betray the whereabouts of the camp to the Ful-be, and sat down to reflect on what I should do; and, seeing that my master lay sick and out of his senses, and that one of the asses, too, was disabled, I resolved within myself that it was foolish to remain with my master any longer, for it would be long ere he could travel, and then only slowly, and assuredly the Ful-be would discover us and slay us. So, having con-

sidered all this, I went to my master, who was talking nonsense and heeded me not, and took from his neck the bag of dollars which he carried, and the "riwolwa," and whatever other things of value were easy to stow away; and then, leaving him a gourd of water, a little food, and the disabled ass, I mounted the other and rode away towards the high range of hills in the west, knowing the hillock where I had been to get the water would for some time screen me from the gaze of the Ful-be horsemen; and at nightfall I reached a village at the base of the mountains.

Here I gave myself out to be a Hausa trader, for the people were foolish, timid pagans, who, seeing me dressed like a Hausa, believed me to be such.

I had not any clear plan in my mind as to what course I should pursue; but I, in my ignorance of the purposes of Allah, thought I was now far enough away from pursuit, and would give myself out as a free man, and could trade with the dollars I had taken from my master. So I told all the villagers that I was riding in front of a large caravan of slaves from the Adamawa countries, and wished to know where in that direction I should find a great market at which I could profitably dispose of my slaves. And they, in their foolishness, said, "Why not go to Yakuba? There is no better place to sell slaves than in Yakuba." But I told them I had heard there was a glut of slaves in that market, and asked if they knew of no great town to the westward. On that they counselled me to proceed to Keffi, which should be a town nearly as big as Yakuba, lying to the westward. And they directed me to proceed along a certain little river to a place where it joined a bigger stream, and after crossing at the ford skirting a great mountain and crossing another river, I should then see Keffi before me. And believing in the tale that I told them, they asked me before leaving to

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give them some guarantee that my big caravan, which they supposed to be following me, should not harass them as it passed through their town, and I, wishing to satisfy them and get free, pulled out the pass which the Sultan of Yakuba had written, and gave it into their hands, they, of course, not being able to read what was thereon written.

And then by the earliest morning I rode off in the direction of Keffi. And after several days' journey, which would be wearisome to recount to you, I found myself at the gates of this great town, and had to sleep outside all the night, because I arrived after sundown, and the gates were shut; and I was much harassed by the attacks of the hyenas, who would run in on me and snap at my own limbs or the legs of my ass.

CHAPTER XII

When I entered Keffi the next morning I was an over-confident fool, believing that the townspeople of that place would as readily believe my lies as the simple villagers in the wilderness. So in the market-place I told all who questioned me that I was a Hausa merchant come to trade there, to buy slaves with riyalat; and I said how the rest of my caravan had been broken up and dispersed by the attacks of robbers, and I only had escaped. And hearing this story several traders came forward and spoke to me in the Hausa language. I stammered and stuttered. I could not speak that tongue, and replied to them in the Ful speech, and they laughed aloud at me, and cried out, "What are these lies thou tellest us? Thou a Hausa merchant, and canst not speak the Hausa tongue? And the Fulful-de thou talkest is the Fulful-de of a slave. Perchance thou art some runaway that hath robbed his master and

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donned his clothes. Come along with us to the governor of the town, and give us a true statement of thy case."

And though I protested, and swore, and entreated, and several times wrenched my garments from their grasp, they dragged me from off the ass and led me to the Hausa governor of that town, which although in the empire of the Amir of Sakatu is ruled by Hausas; and when I was carried before the governor, so great was my fear that my wit deserted me and I could not frame a lie that should satisfy them, but blurted out the whole truth of what had befallen me before I came to Yakuba; and I was long in the telling of the tale, but encouraged to proceed, and cheered in the telling by the laughter of the governor, who made merry over the things I had done. When I had finished speaking he bade them strip me of all my clothes and dollars, and everything I possessed, so that I was stark naked.

"Now," he said, "thou deservest death for the things thou hast done; but I have not the heart to kill thee, for thou hast made my sides ache with laughter. Thou shalt live, therefore, and become my slave. But beware lest thou play any pranks with me. I have more wisdom than Nyebbu and Sadiku."

So he bade his servants give me an old piece of cloth to hide my nakedness, and sent me to work in his plantations.

This was a bitter lot for me, who had thought myself almost a Mohammedan gentleman; and often I would stop to weep at the misfortunes that had befallen me. And thus, when I failed to do good work, I got many a flogging from the overseer of the governor's plantation; and one day it was said to me that as I was a worthless slave I should be sold in the market.

So, together with some others, who were wild bushmen from the Akpoto country, that had been captured

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in a Hausa raid across the Benue, we were taken on a great fair day to the town of Keffi, and stationed there in the market-place for sale. And a Hausa merchant of Kano looked at me, examined me, and asked many questions about me, and, finally, after much talking with the overseer, bought me for fourteen dollars, and two days afterwards my new master set out for Kano, with a big caravan, with many camels and horses and asses and slaves; and my neck was set in a great wooden collar, the other end of which was fastened to the neck of another slave; and thus, with pain and weariness, we had to walk on day after day in the middle of the caravan; and although I pleaded many times to be set free to walk by myself, and swore every oath I could think of not to run away, the leader of the caravan had no pity on me, and said he had heard in Keffi I was a cunning rascal, and he did not intend to give me any chance of escape.

I do not know how I lived through this journey, so great was my suffering and so little had I to eat. The great wooden collar that I wore round my neck was never removed, and its chafing caused two great sores to come on my shoulders, the scars of which I bear to this day. The Hausa man, who was the "Maidoki," or leader of the caravan, was called Shekara. He was a cruel man with a hard heart, and paid no heed to my whining nor yet to my compliments, for at first I thought to win his favor by extolling his greatness or the beauty of his countenance or the splendor of his horse-trappings as he rode past us, but he would only aim a blow at my head with the butt of the lance that he carried, and rebuke me for a saucy slave in daring to comment on a person of his greatness.

I, who had been a favorite of the Sultan of Yakuba, and considered myself as much a Muslim as any Arab or Ful-o follower of the Prophet, I was now forced to

walk in step with a poor wild pagan slave from the Ibo country, joined to him during the march by a chain which united our heavy wooden collars. Sometimes I would try to show the guards of the caravan that I was a Muslim like themselves, and in a loud voice I would recite the Fatha, the prayer from the Book of books which I had picked up from the Ful-be Muslemin, or I would attempt to pray the Two-Bow Prayer, but so often as I did this in the hearing of the guards they would strike me on the mouth and jeer at me, saying that Allah could not understand such jargon, and mocking me for the nonsense that I spoke in the Arabic I had learnt by rote.

We sojourned for awhile at a place called Saria, and here the slave to whom I was fastened fell sick and died, and a number of other slaves of the caravan also perished, so much so that the leader feared to lose all his profits; so he consulted with some of his men, and it was agreed that such of us as had survived the sickness should be somewhat better treated, so that we might reach Kano in fair condition. Moreover, the wooden collar was taken from my neck, and the sores were dressed with oil, and a large rope was tied round my throat instead, and this in turn fastened to another slave. I was given a little more food than before, and our progress was slower between Saria and Kano, so that the slaves might not become too exhausted.

At length one day the soldiers in front of the caravan began firing their guns and shouting, and the word passed along that Kano was in sight.

This was a finer city than any I had yet seen, and although I was sick and weak, and an ill-treated slave, even I felt glad, and walked in a more upright manner as I passed through the great gate and entered the streets of the town. We slaves were all taken to the slave market to be sold next day, but this did not

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make us sad in any way, for we felt that, whatever our lot might be, it could not be worse than our previous sufferings, and we were even merry as we sat over a huge dish of porridge that night.

The next morning there was a great press of people in the market, where each lot of slaves with their sellers were stood in a row for purchasers to inspect. There were Arabs, Kanuri people from Bornu, Tawarek from the Great Desert, and Ful-be from Sakatu and the Kwara River, all wishing to purchase slaves. A Hausa man of Kano, whose name was Gungi, and who was a "Mairini," or dyer, examined me very closely, and asked many questions about me. Of course the Hausa who bought me in Keffi spoke highly of my qualities, and said there never was such a strong and willing worker as I, but the dyer looked doubtfully at me, because of my great leanness and the sores on my body. However, at last, after much dispute he bought me for thirty thousand kurdi (kauri shells), and took me away with him to his house, which was in the quarter of the town called Sherbale.

When we were arrived he spoke to me in Fulful-de, which I then knew better than Hausa, and told me that if I was a good slave I should find in him a kind master, but that if I shirked my work, or stole, or ran away, I should find no pity in his heart. I spoke many sweet things to him, and knelt to him, and kissed his hand, and won his favor, for he looked kindly on me. Then he clapped his hands, and when some women slaves came he bade them lead me to a small tank of water, where I could wash, and afterwards to give me food. He also sent a small boy to me whilst I was washing, with a common blue taub of cotton and an old red fez, and told me to wear these instead of the dirty rags I wore about my body. Having washed and put on my new clothes, I looked quite a better

kind of man, and my new master—Baba Gungi, as he was called—took great credit to himself for having made such a cheap bargain in the market.

In the afternoon of that day Baba Gungi took me with him to his "Marina," at the back of his yard. This was an open terrace or platform of clay, with a number of clay dyeing-pots, and three slaves were here stirring up the indigo juice that was in the pots, and mixing it every now and then with some pounded red wood, of a kind brought from Adamawa.

My master spoke to these other slaves, and told them to instruct me in the work and make me useful.

When he had left us, his slaves, who were rather simple folk, and mostly people from Bornu, asked me to tell them something of myself—who I was and whence I came, and to them I related much of my past adventures as I have told them to you, and in this way we sat long talking until they heard the sound of our master's sandals pattering on the ground of the courtyard outside, and started up in a panic to go back to their work.

Then I was shown by one of them how I must fetch a white cotton taub from among a bundle that lay on a clay bench that ran along one side of the marina, and soak it in a tank of clean water; and when this was done wring it out nearly dry, and then plunge it into one of the dye-pots, where another man stirred it round with a stick. And then, again, I was to take other shirts from the other dyepots, the dyeing of which was finished, and, having wrung them out, to plunge them for a minute into another tank of dirty water, and then again wringing them out, to hang them on the branch of a small tree which grew in the middle of the dyeing-place; and, when this was done, and whilst these shirts were set to dry, I was given others that were already dried, and these I had to spread out

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on mats on the ground of the marina, and beat first one side and then the other with a long, pliant stick. This was a business hard to learn, for the taubs must be beaten in a certain fashion, so that the roughness of the dye leaves the cotton, and a shiny appearance, like silk, takes its place. All through the day we would hear this sound of beating the taubs going on, for always one slave or another was at the work; and, as they beat, they would sing this song in unison with the sound of the blows:

Mu Masurini ne!
Dafari mu-rina riga,
Baya ga mu-buga riga,
Anshima mu-tala ta
Ga mutum kiau!¹

For the first few weeks that I lived in Kano I sought only to gain the favor of my master, and I was so industrious in this dyeing work that the other slaves reported well of me to Baba Gungi. But after a time I wearied of this life, although I had plenty to eat and a master who did not ill-treat me. I began in time to assume a mastery over the other slaves of the marina, and became a kind of chief among them—so much so that I made them do all the work, and passed my time mostly joking and laughing with my master's women.

And occasionally I would manage to have a little dyeing done privately for such friends as I had made in the town, and for this they would give me small presents, so that I could gradually store up money with which to buy fine clothes. And my master at first approved of my smart appearance, and told me

¹ We are dyers!
First we dye the shirt,
Then we beat the shirt,
And then we sell it
To a goodly man.

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that I did credit to his household; but gradually he grew distrustful, and suspected that I had not dealt quite honestly with him; moreover, he grew angry at my behavior with the women, and at the saucy tone I took when he rebuked me, and I heard him say one day to another of the slaves that he would find means to reduce my pride.

One morning he found great fault with the dyeing of some taubs, and ordered me to repeat the process. I called another of the slaves, and bid him dip the taubs again into the dyeing-pots, but my master angrily interrupted and said: "I ordered thee to do it, thou dog, and not Brahimu. It is time thou shouldst be punished for thy insolence." And he stepped into the house and fetched thence a great whip made of hippopotamus hide.

I was standing with my back to him, mocking his wrath to the other slaves, when he suddenly began to lash me with this whip, and even through the cotton shirt which covered my shoulders he cut my flesh with the whip and drew blood. I could not contain myself at this treatment, so I turned on him with all my strength—for I am a strong man, which is why the Arabs call me Abu-'l-guwah—and, lowering my head, I charged at him like a bull, butting him full in the stomach. Such was the force of my blow that the whip fell from his hand and he sank to the ground like a dying man.

When the other slaves saw that I had seemingly killed their master they raised a terrible noise, and all the women came into the marina shrieking and tearing their garments and calling for help. Remembering what had happened to me at Yakuba, before any could detain me I broke from them all, and ran full pelt through the streets to the palace of the Ghaladima, or governor of the town, and heeding not the clamor of

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the guards, I rushed on blindly into the diwan, where the governor was sitting on his carpet. Seizing the skirt of his long robe in one hand, I cried: "Aman! Aman! I place myself under thy protection." And he proudly removed his garment from my hand, called to his guards to seize me, and demanded to know why I had been allowed to enter his presence. And they, bowing their foreheads to the dust, protested humbly that I must be a madman, a possessed, that there was no holding me, that I passed through them like one of the Jann.¹ And then the Sultan demanded of me to tell him my tale; and I related to him so much of my history as might bear on the case, laying great stress on the fact that I was a Muslim, and had been a big chief in my own country, and that to be struck by another man put madness in my heart. And the Sultan said to me:

"Knowest thou how to fight, how to aim with a gun, how to ride a horse in battle?"

And I replied that I had been a great warrior in my own land, and had slain many people.

Then he asked me if I were willing to become one of his soldiers; and I said:

"Ay, Wallah, if thou grant me protection!"

Then he handed me over to the "Sarki-n-yaki," the captain of the guard, that he should drill me as a soldier.

Once more my heart felt proud at the change in my fortunes, and the other soldiers amongst whom I now lived treated me with a certain amount of respect, as being a slave who had killed his master and yet had got off scathless. It took me some time to learn to ride a horse in the same fearless fashion as the other troopers rode; but I had lost my fear of that animal, and the horses of Hausaland are smaller and more docile than

¹Genii, spirits.

those of the Arabs in Tarabulus. We were armed with a straight sword, which was hung on our left side, and in the right hand we carried a long heavy spear. The officers of the troop wore daggers, fastened in a belt round their left arm; and a few of us had muskets, which we carried in place of the spear, and those who had muskets—I was one—daily practised firing at a target. We wore red fezzes on our heads, and we dressed in large blue shirts round the breast and down to the hips; these were bound close to the body by means of a red shawl, which we wound tightly about us. Some of the officers had their black shawls tied over the lower part of their faces, after the fashion of the Tawarek. We wore no sandals on our feet, because they interfered with our grasp of the stirrups. This cavalry, which was in the service of the Sultan of Kano, was quartered in barracks at the back of the palace, and these barracks inclosed a square, or maidan, where we could drill or exercise with our horses.

About what happened further, when I went to war for the Sultan of Kano. I will tell you when I see you to-morrow. Insh-allah, ma tashuf ash-shurr!

CHAPTER XIII

When I had served in the army of the Sultan of Kano for perhaps six months, we were ordered to get ready to go on a warlike expedition. The Sarki—as the Hausa people called their Sultan—the Sarki of Kano had arranged a very clever plan. Some little while before the Sultan of Gujeba, a town in the Bornu territories, had sent an invitation to him to join in a raid on the pagans of Kalam; but the Kano Sultan excused himself by saying that he had other concerns in which he wished to employ his army. Nevertheless

he urged the Sultan of Gujeba to exterminate in Kalam all such as should not have embraced the true faith; and, as soon as he satisfied himself that the Sultan of Gujeba had set out on his expedition with all his forces, and that the frontier lands of Bornu were denuded of soldiers, he gave orders to the commander of his army, Sheik Abd-er-Rahman (a Moor, who had risen to a high position in the service of the Sultan of Kano), to get ready four thousand cavalry and about twenty thousand foot soldiers, armed with bows and spears and muskets, and invade the country of Katagum and the border-lands of Bornu. Before the army left Kano many of us wished for charms against death, and several old "figis" or "m'alams" came, with their calabash inkstands and reed-pens, and wrote out verses from the Quran on sheep-skin.

When we left Kano we rode for about the space of half a day, and then stopped to encamp for the night, and the villagers of the district opened a market in our camp and sold provisions. At nightfall the leader of the camp sent for such of us as he esteemed for our valor, and gave us kola-nuts to eat. We started again at midnight, when the waning moon was risen, and then made a long journey, even to the next evening. The day after that we arrived in the vicinity of a town called Gubu, which our commander proposed to attack, as it was well populated. All the inhabitants round, at our approach, had flocked into Gubu, and defended themselves behind its walls, and also concealed themselves in the palm-groves and the stubble of the durrhacorn in its environs. They shot poisoned arrows and hurled darts at us; but we soon dislodged them from the vicinity of the town by setting fire to the stubble and such of the dry trees as would burn, and the raging of this fire swept the ground clean, and drove all the people into the town; and the next day we delivered

the assault with the whole force, and easily carried the town by storm.

But the leader of our army, Abd-er-Rahman, was angry at the resistance they had made, and he cut off the heads of eight hundred of the defenders; and, having selected about two thousand of the best among the slaves, he dispatched them with a small convoy back to Kano, whilst we proceeded further towards Katagum, leaving the town of Gubu not quite empty of inhabitants; for, as our commander said, we must allow some to remain behind to breed more slaves. The country of Katagum we utterly wasted and laid bare, and carried off a rich spoil of slaves, cattle, and camels; and after raiding as far as Fititi, we reassembled our forces and returned to Kano.

I had agreed with some of my comrades that we should mutually assist each other in capturing slaves, and share the profits between us. The custom in that country is that, when a private soldier shall have caught, say, five slaves, he shall give two of them to the Sarki of Kano and retain the other three for himself—out of every five he must give up two to the governor. We—that is to say, my five comrades and myself—managed altogether to capture forty slaves, whom we bound one to the other and drove back before us when we were returning to Kano with the rest of the force. Of these forty some were old women, some were young girls and boys, and three or four were able-bodied men. We gave up sixteen of the slaves to the Sultan, taking care to choose the oldest and least valuable among them, and of the twenty-four that remained we each got four. Altogether the whole amount of slaves collected with this raid numbered several thousand, and brought much wealth to the Sultan. At that time there was not a good market for slaves in Kano—there was no demand for them now by the merchants

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from the Kwara; so the Sultan of Kano resolved to send a strong slave caravan to Zinder, a town about eight days' journey north of Kano; and he chose me as one of the escort, at which I greatly rejoiced, for I counted on selling at a good price my own four slaves. At the same time we had to convey presents and a letter to the Sarki of Zinder, who had recently allied himself to Kano against the Bornu people.

The commander of this expedition to Zinder—the "Sarki-n-bai," or the "Maidaria,"¹ as we used to call him—was a very jolly, good-tempered man, named Ubanmasifa. He was fond of jesting, and would often make us laugh loudly at his tales. He had taken a liking to me when we went on the slave raid to Katagum, and on this journey to Zinder he made me his Zaka-fada.² Several Moorish merchants from Fezzan accompanied us from Kano to Zinder, and with one of these—a man named Al-Haj-Ayub—I became very friendly, and he talked much to me of the fine things which were to be seen in his country, and in the land of the Turks at Tarabulus, and advised me to secretly leave the service of the Sarki of Kano, and accompany him on his return to Murzuk, whither he was going with a convoy of slaves and camels, for, he told me, camels were so cheap in Zinder that many people came across the Great Desert to buy them and take them back to Fezzan to sell again.

CHAPTER XIV

In our caravan, besides slaves, we carried a store of sweet potatoes and dried fish, which are things that may be profitably sold in Zinder, where the people are far off from any big water that holds fish, and for

¹"The Laughter."

²Aide-de-camp.

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some reason or other cannot grow sweet potatoes in their plantations. The road from Kano to Zinder is unsafe travelling for small caravans, because of the robbers that lurk in the woods, and some of these are Daura people, who are pagans and very fierce, and are constantly at war with the people of both Zinder and Kano. They would lie in wait to attack even us, and would endeavor to surround and kill any stragglers of the caravan, shooting poisoned arrows. The force of their bows is so great that it is said their arrows will pierce three planks of wood placed together, and the poison of them, which is obtained from a certain plant, causes you to quickly swell up and die, even if your skin is only just pricked with the point of the arrow. We lost in this way one or two soldiers who had lagged behind.

And another danger in this country was the many lions and hyenas of a large kind, spotted, and not striped such as those you see in Tarabulas. We had to make big fires at night-time to keep off these beasts, and even then we were not safe, for one night a lion and lioness jumped into our camp over the hedge of thorns in a place where the fire had sunk low, and attacked some of our horses, but we drove them off with burning brands. The hyenas, however, as we neared Zinder, got so bold that they would surround the camp at night in large numbers, and any man who should venture outside alone would be attacked and pulled down; and they had a cunning method of leaping at the throats of such as they found alone and unprotected; and by seizing the necks of these people suddenly in their jaws, they would prevent their crying out.

After being about ten days on this route, we came within sight of Zinder, which we first discovered by the numbers of vultures that were circling round it in the air, for this great town lies a little low, and is con-

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cealed by a lot of rocks and low green hills. As soon as we entered the town, we of the escort who were taking the letter and the present from the Sarki of Kano to the Sarki of Zinder, went first to the house of the Ghaladima, the Wazir of the Sultan, and he, bidding us wait awhile in his outer court, hurried off to acquaint the Sarki of our coming and to arrange for an audience. The houses of Zinder seemed to us poor and dirty after those of Kano. The walls are simply of clay, baked in the sun, which had not been whitewashed nor decorated after the fashion of the Arabs. There is scarcely any furniture, and no mats or carpets to sit on; indeed, the Ghaladima himself was sitting in the dust.

After we had waited a short space of time, the Wazir returned and said the Sultan was ready to receive us, and, acting himself as a guide, he led us through the streets of the town to the Sultan's palace, which was a kind of mud fort. Herein we entered, and after passing through several courts where there were a lot of soldiers lounging about, all unarmed and bare-headed, clad in very dirty taubs, we were ushered into a dark chamber, where the Sultan was sitting on a mud bench. Instructed by the Wazir, we all threw ourselves down, and, taking up the dust of the floor in our hands, we threw it over our heads, saying in Hausa, "Baba-n-sarki, Baba-n-sarki; Sarki-n-dunia!"¹

Then the Sultan having commanded us to deliver our message, we rose up and told him the occasion of our visit, and delivered to him the letter and the present which the Sarki of Kano had sent to him.

The Sultan ordered his people to fetch an old figi—an Arab from Wadia, who acted as his scribe—and when this man arrived he handed him the letter to read. Its contents pleased the Sultan, and he said that, in future, he should trust to Allah and the Sarki of Kano

¹ "Oh, great King, great King; King of the World.

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for the maintenance of his power, and not any longer to the Sheikh of Bornu, who had no business in his country, for in Zinder did they not speak Hausa and not Kanuri? And then he bade the Wazir give us each a present of kauri shells from the treasury, and supply us with food during our stay; and he told us that he would consider what reply he should send to the Sarki of Kano, and would give us a letter and a present to our Sultan when we should be ready to return to Kano.

After this we went out into the town, and visited such people as were persons of importance, paying many compliments, and receiving small presents in return. The next day we went to look at the slave-market to hear what prices were being given for slaves, but we found, to our disappointment, that they were of no more value here than at Kano, for the Sarki of Zinder had made many Ghazias¹ of late into the Daura country, and Zinder was full of slaves for sale. As I did not see any chance of getting a good price at present for my four slaves, whom I had brought with me, I resolved not to be in a hurry to sell them, although I had to feed them all this time.

The Sarki of Zinder is a cruel man, and much feared by his subjects and by the Tawarek of the desert who come to Zinder to trade. For the least offence he sentences people to death. When a criminal is to be killed he is taken by the executioner to an open place, underneath a lofty tree, with thick shiny leaves, of a kind called "Alleluba" in the Hausa tongue. Of this sort of tree there are three or four only in Zinder, and each one is called "Itatshe-n-mutua," which means the "Tree of Death," for these trees mark the places of execution upon the outskirts of the town.

A few days after we had come to Zinder we heard that a number of men, who had been caught stealing

¹Slave-raids.

in the Sultan's plantations, were to be killed, and the Ghaladima sent a small boy to guide us to the place of execution, so that we might see how such things were carried on in Zinder.

We came then to one of these trees standing in the open space, which was bounded by great rocks, wherein the hyenas had their dens, and could eat the bodies of the people executed. The place under the shade of the trees was so clean swept and smooth that I went thither to set myself out of the sun, but the boy who had come with us hastily snatched me back, and asked me if I wished to die.

"For," he said, "all such as go under the boughs of that tree, save the executioner, must die; and it is fortunate the executioner is not already here, or certainly thou wouldst have been hung up by the heels."

When I heard these words I took care to get a safe distance from this Tree of Death, and I then observed that its upper branches were covered with innumerable vultures, who seemed to know, from the crowd of people standing under the place, that an execution had been ordered.

Presently the men doomed to death by the Sultan arrived, and fear was struck into all our hearts when we saw the manner of punishment ordered, and we wondered not the Sultan of Zinder had made himself greatly feared by his people.

There were six men this time to be killed. Their arms were bound to their sides and their ankles hobbled. Three of them the executioner tied around the neck and the ankles to the trunk of the tree, and then taking his long and straight sword he drove it into their bowels, and ripped them right up to the breast-bone, after which he plunged in his hands and tore out their hearts, which he cast out to the vultures, who were thronging round him waiting for the offering.

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As to the other three, he first tied a rope round their ankles, and then seizing them as a man would seize a man in wrestling, turned them round on end on their heads, and while his assistant held them in this position, he threw the end of the rope over the lower branches of the tree, and then hung the man up by his heels. After hanging thus for a short while, the blood gushed from their mouths and nostrils, and in much agony they died.

But the last of these men, when the executioner was wrestling with him, bit him several times in the arms, so that he took out pieces of flesh with his teeth, and this so enraged the executioner that he changed the mode of punishment.

With the help of his attendants, he drew the rope through the man's armpits and then slung him up to the tree, so that his feet were a few inches from the ground. And when he was thus hung up perpendicularly, and swinging to and fro and turning round, the executioner took his sharp sword, and slowly cut the man to bits in little pieces, first lopping off the toes and then the fingers and the nose, and then slices from his arms and thighs, and every now and then he turned and made a jest to the people, who roared with laughter and clapped their hands in applause, after the Zinder fashion, and all the while the man who was being killed was screaming until my ears were deafened, and the vultures were nearly tripping up the executioner in their eagerness to snatch at the morsels that he hacked from the man.

At last the man had bled to death, and the executioner had cut off everything below his middle, and left the upper half of him still hanging to the tree. The people shrieked and applauded, and said there never was such an executioner in any town like theirs. But for my part I thought this a bad people, and surely such pastimes must be displeasing to Allah.

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CHAPTER XV

We had been in Zinder some three weeks, and still the Sultan had not got ready his letter and his gift for Kano, and there seemed no chance of selling our slaves profitably. And I liked not this place, and ever felt fearsome and uneasy, for its people were insolent; and some who had seen me walk under the Tree of Death would tease me, and tell me that by rights I too should be executed.

This being so, I listened not unwillingly to my Fezzani friend, who proposed that I should join his caravan, and cross the Great Desert with him, assuring me that I should sell my slaves at great advantage at Murzuk, where the price is nearly ten times that of Zinder. Moreover, I might afterwards journey to the Turks' country on the sea coast, where I should see the wonders of the "Nasrani," and the great water, and the ships, and other things, the like of which I had never seen before.

The Fezzani, Al-Haj-Ayub, was a wise man, who had travelled far, and had been in Mekka, and even in the Balad-al-Hind,¹ and he told me privately the land of the blacks was "batal"—worthless—and not to be named beside the lands of the Arabs and the Hindis, where the great Engrizi ruled. So he advised me to secretly make all ready for my departure without arousing the suspicion of the leader of our expedition, the Sarki-n-bai; and then, when he sent me word to join him, to slip away from Zinder at night, and travel with the Aïri² caravan, that he himself would accompany as far as the country of Azben; and to render this easier, he suggested that I should make a feint of selling to him the four slaves I possessed, and should

¹ India. ² Aïr or Aïri, the name of the inhabitants of Azben.

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also make over to him the camel I was to buy with the dollars and kauris I had hoarded in Kano and brought with me to Zinder; thus he could join my possessions to his own and take them out of Zinder in the caravan without arousing suspicion, and after I was well out of danger, on the road to Azben, he could return to me my own. This seemed to me a good plan, and I did as he directed, pretending to the Sarki-n-bai that I was tired of keeping the slaves, and had got a good price from Al-Haj-Ayub.

When the Aïri caravan was ready to start—it was principally composed of Fezzani merchants and Ghadamsi traders returning across the desert with their slaves, and was escorted by Tawarek, who were paid to guard it safely as far as Agades—I received a secret message from Al-Haj-Ayub, telling me to leave Zinder at nightfall without arousing suspicion, and ride out to a small village under the hills to the north of the town, where I could join the caravan, which would halt there for the night. Accordingly I saddled my horse in the afternoon, and asking permission of the Sarki-n-bai to ride to the other end of the town and pay a visit to one of our friends, at whose plantation I said I would pass the night, I started, and when once outside the town rode rapidly to the village where I had appointed to meet Al-Haj-Ayub.

He arrived with the caravan soon after me, and paid me many compliments on my dexterity, telling me that I might rise to be a great man some day in the land of the Turks. I proposed that he should now restore to me my camel and my four slaves, to one of whom, who was a girl from the town of Katagum, I had become much attached and had resolved not to sell her. But Al-Haj-Ayub advised me in my own interest not to press such a request, for, he said, "I have told the leader of the caravan that these slaves and this camel

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are mine, and that thou art my friend, who will accompany me as far as Azben on business for the Sarki of Kano, so it will be better not to alter this arrangement till we arrive at Azben; otherwise, knowing that thou wert a slave belonging to Kano, they might send thee back to the Sarki-n-bai at Zinder."

This advice seemed reasonable, so I held my peace, though I was rather vexed that my woman-slave was placed with the women that accompanied Al-Haj-Ayub; but my Fezzani friend so talked me over that I resolved not to make any fuss until we were well beyond the limits of the Zinder territory. In this manner, appearing as the friend and companion of Al-Haj-Ayub, I travelled without incident of note, as far as the country of Damergu, and here my friend advised me to sell my Kano horse, telling me that it would surely die in the Great Desert beyond, and directed me to exchange it for a camel, which I did. For the space of two weeks we travelled through the Desert beyond Damergu, and the like of such country I never saw before. It filled my heart with terror.

Except at the wells and drinking-places, which were few and far between, there was not a sign of a tree or bush—nothing but sand, and hills made of sand. Although the land we crossed was so dry and parched and sandy along the line of the caravan, yet ever and anon, where the sky met the earth, I could see large lakes of water in the far, far distance, and groves of trees; but whenever I pointed these out to my companions, and asked why, when we were suffering from thirst, we should turn from these lakes, they would laugh and jeer at me for a know-nothing pagan, and tell me that these lakes were shams, and the work of the Jann who inhabit the Desert, and that, if anyone went in that direction, he would simply lose himself in the sand and die.

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The farther we traveled the less I liked the Fezzani, Al-Haj-Ayub. He became rude and insolent to me, for each time I hinted at his handing over my slaves or paying me for the use of my camel he threatened to betray me to the leader of the caravan, and have me sent back to Zinder.

At length we arrived at Agades, and here I loudly demanded my slaves and camel from Al-Haj-Ayub, and he replied, "Assuredly, on the morrow, when we have rested, I will restore to thee what is thine own, but speak not of this in the hearing of the Tawarek that came with us, lest they find out thy secret and inform the Sultan of Azben." Accordingly, I waited with impatience for the morrow, but on the morrow the Fezzani sent me word that he was very sick with the fever, and could not transact business, and, moreover, it would be better to wait till the Tawarek guard was dispersed; but he asked me to meet him on the next day in the market-place, and he would make over to me my property. So on the morrow I met him, and he said, "For safety I have stored thy slaves and thy camel in another part of the town; do thou come with me and I will show thee where they are." Then he led me through many streets to the house of a Ghadamsi merchant, and when we entered he spoke to this man in the language of Ghadames, which I did not then understand, and the Ghadamsi looked very hard at me, and said to me in Hausa, "All right, I will show thee where thy slaves and camel are put, and thou shall dwell with me till the starting of the caravan for Ghadames."

Then my Fezzani friend said to me, "I have a matter of business to attend to, I will leave thee here," and he departed. And when he had gone the Ghadamsi directed me to follow him, and led me into a dark chamber, and said, "Look within that inner apartment

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and thou shalt see thy four slaves." And when I turned from him to look, something struck me violently on the head, and I swooned.

I know not how long I remained in that condition; but, when I awoke, I felt very ill, and found my head covered with blood, and my wrists and ankles tied. I was stripped naked, and my dagger had been taken from me.

I began then to understand the trick that had been played on me; and, as I looked round, I found myself in the same dark chamber where the Ghadamsi had told me to look for my slaves. I staggered to my feet, and tried to find the door with my hands. But it was shut and bolted; and I struck it with my hands, and called loudly many times; but the exertion made me swoon again.

When I once more came to myself, I found the door open, and the Ghadamsi standing over me; and, when I looked at him, he spoke to me slowly and distinctly in Hausa, saying:

"It is time for thee now to know the truth. Thy friend the Fezzani has played thee a trick. Here are no slaves of thine, nor yet a camel; and I doubt much whether thou hast ever possessed any, for the Fezzani said thou wert a mad fellow that pestered him with thy tales, and he paid me to detain thee here until such time as he should have started well on his return to Ghadames. Now, harken carefully to what I say. Whether or no thou hadst slaves is a matter of no interest to me. Thou art now *my* slave. If thou art disposed to work for me without noise or clamor, it is well. I will give thee food and clothing, and treat thee well. But if thou art going to make a rumpus and bother with thy talk of slaves and camels, it were better that I put an end to thee at once before thy strength comes back."

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And here he held above me my own dagger, and made a feint as it were to plunge it into my breast; but I, feebly staying him with my hand, begged for mercy, and told him that since I could not recover my property, and had nowhere to go for protection, I would remain with him, and serve him faithfully as his slave.

At these words he put the dagger back into its sheath, and lifted me up and led me into an outer court, where he bade me wash my wounded head in a tank of water, and, afterwards, he gave me a mess of porridge and an old shirt.

And in this sorry condition I abode with the Ghadamsi for a space of three months. And then he concluded his business in Ghadames, and, having gathered together a large convoy of slaves, he made ready to return to his native town. So we set out with the next Ghadames caravan.

Whilst we journeyed through the country of Azben my life was bearable, for although I had to walk on foot, the marches were short, and there was plenty of water at each place we stopped at; but when we entered the Great Desert beyond our sufferings were terrible, for all we slaves had to walk on foot through the hot sand, and it was so far to go from well to well that many slaves died by the way; some would be able just to reach the drinking-place, and then would sink down and die before the water reached their lips. And if any slave was loth to start when the caravan was ready, he was either shot or left to die of hunger.

And in this way I nearly perished too, for when we had been journeying some thirty days a sickness of the bowels overtook me so that I could hardly drag myself along with the rest of the slaves, and I felt it was better to die quietly in the Desert than to endure this agony day after day. So when we

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had reached a certain well, where there was a broad wadi and many rocks, I managed to conceal myself among the boulders, and the rest of the caravan, hearing an alarm of the approach of some Tawarek robbers, hurried off, and no one searched for me.

In the shade of these rocks I fell asleep, and I must have slept a long time, perhaps a whole day and part of a night, for it was morning when I lay down, and the moon was high when I awoke, and, instead of dying, as I expected, I felt somewhat recovered, though my body was wet and cold with the heavy dew; but I cooled my parched tongue by licking the drops of moisture from my arms, and, in spite of my weakness, I managed to totter to the well which had been dug in the wadi and fetch up some water in a broken cooking-pot that lay near. I also found some dates and a piece of maize-bread, which someone in the caravan had left behind in the hurry of departure.

Whilst I sat eating I had a great fright, for there was all at once a clamor amongst the rocks, and I thought it must either be the Tawarek coming, or the caravan returning. Then it seemed to me that it was not men that I saw leaping over the stones, but Janns or Ghuls of the Desert, and I was so scared with fright that the sweat poured out over me.

But when these creatures came nearer—I being too dazed to think of flight—I saw they were only baboons, of a kind not unlike those which were found in my own country. And they, too, were scared when they beheld me, and hesitated to come to the well to drink. But, finding I heeded them not, and seeing that I was unarmed, they gradually took courage and satisfied their thirst. And, when they had left, I again fell asleep, and did not awake till it was morning; and then I rubbed my eyes, and wondered whether I was under any more delusions, for I saw men standing and

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squatting round about me, and a number of camels tethered at a little distance, and these men had all of them face-veils, and I knew they were Tawarek and when they saw me move and look on them, some of them started up and came towards me, and one said to me in the Hausa language, "We took thee for a dead man. How camest thou here?"

Then I told them so much of my history as would serve my purpose; and, after consulting some time among themselves, one of them that had a spare camel that carried a little baggage mounted me thereon, and we rode away. After several days' traveling, during which the Tawarek treated me kindly and gave me a sufficiency of food, we entered a broad wadi, where there were many date-palms growing, and this, I was told, was on the outskirts of Ghat.

The Tawarek camped outside the town for a few days, and then took me into Ghat, and sold me in the slave-market to a Ghadamsi merchant, named Sidi Bu Khamsa. And here, in Ghat, I first saw the Turks. The Governor of the town and some soldiers who live in a fort are Turks, but the Tawarek are masters of the place. I do not think, although you are expert at traveling, that you would ever be able to reach Ghat, for the Tawarek will let no Christian come into the place; and, indeed, men that I met there would boast in my hearing of the number of Christians they had killed. Some they said were Fransawi,¹ who had come from the north, where the Fransawi ruled, and the Tawarek would tell how they had killed some with their spears, and had made others drink of poisoned wells, and for this the Turks never punished them, for they had not the power.

¹French.

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CHAPTER XVI

I led a quiet life in Ghat, and grew fat and strong, for there was plenty of food. My master, Sidi Bu Khamsa, was a mild man, and treated me kindly, seeing that I was a hard worker. He principally employed me in his gardens, which were in the wadi among the palm-groves, some distance from the town. Here I worked a noria,¹ which a camel turned round and round to bring up the water, and I tended the herbs and vegetables in the garden which the Ghadamsi was wont to sell in the Suk² at Ghat. I was happy there, and began to forget all my troubles, for my master, taking me into favor for the willingness with which I worked, gave me one of his slaves to wife, who was a native of Bornu. I lived in the plantations, and so little troubled me that I should have been content to have remained there all the rest of my days. But after about three years, Sidi Bu Khamsa died, and all his property was divided amongst his heirs. I, and my wife, and a lot of other slaves, were all to be sold in the market, because there was some dispute among the young men who claimed the property; therefore a day was appointed when the sale should take place.

Now some merchants had come from Murzuk for the purpose of trading, and when the auctioneer was leading us through the bazaars to show us to people who might wish to buy slaves, some of these Fezzani traders came forward to inspect us, and when one of them began to ask questions, I recognized the voice as a voice I had heard before, and, looking into the face of the man who had spoken, I saw it was none other than the Fezzani who had so well tricked me in

¹Waterwheel.

²Market.

the country of Azben, and nearly brought about my death. But I gave no sign of having recognized him, thinking it better to bide my time and take my revenge surely. And he, looking into my face, knew me not, for I had grown a beard and was otherwise much changed during the time which had passed since we had last met. Moreover, the Fezzani was suffering from the eye-sickness which was common in Fezzan, and could not see clearly, so that when I was offered him for sale he was obliged to touch my body with his hands to ascertain that I was strong and well-made.

And the auctioneer, who was a kindly-hearted man, wished that I should not be separated from my wife, so he asked of the Fezzani a lower price if he should buy the two of us. And after much haggling he consented, and I was handed over to him, together with my wife, for a sum of two hundred riyalat. Then he took me away with him to the house in which he lodged, and told me that he should return in a few days to Murzuk, and that if I proved myself an honest and capable man he should put me in charge of one of his plantations there. And to all that he said I replied with sweet-sounding words; and though he asked me many questions, and told me he had a fancy we had met before, I said nothing, but concealed my thoughts from him. But to my wife I told everything, and we arranged that we would wait for a good opportunity to revenge ourselves on this man.

When he had got together all his merchandise and slaves, and loaded his camels, we set out for Murzuk. Now the Fezzani had taken a fancy to my wife, and resolved to make her his concubine, and she conferring on this with me, I advised her what she should do. In the gardens that we passed through outside Ghat I plucked the berries from a certain tree,¹ and at the

¹Possibly the *Datura* or Thorn-apple.—H. H. J.

first halting-place I gave these to my wife, telling her to bruise them and put their juice into the Fezzani's drink, so that he might become stupefied. This she was not able to do until several days were passed, for the Fezzani sent not for her to come to him until we had arrived at a great wadi between two high cliffs, where there was much vegetation and abundance of fresh water, for it had been raining in the mountains. Here Al-Haj-Ayub, who was ailing, resolved to rest for a while, as in this place there were a few abandoned huts, where some black people had at one time lived, and in the middle of the first night after we had arrived here my wife came to where I was sleeping and said:

"I have done it. The Fezzani is now a dead man, or likely to die. I ground up these berries with the coffee that he bade me prepare for him, and now he is lying in his tent like a corpse."

The other slaves were all sleeping, except two Fezzani servants, and these seemed to take little note of what was going on near their master's tent. So I crept in with my wife, and found Al-Haj-Ayub still living. He had vomited much of the stuff my wife had given him, and when I crawled into the tent he was making some effort to raise his head.

Fearing lest he should recover, I seized a big stone that kept down one side of the tent, and with that smashed in the Fezzani's skull before he had time to cry out. And after this, afraid for what I had done, I hastily took such small things as I could lay my hands on—pistols and such like—and, beckoning to my wife to follow me, we crawled out of the tent together and made our way very quietly back to the place where I had been sleeping. And, being accustomed to this moving about of slaves at night-time within the camp, the two Fezzani sentinels paid no heed to our movements—perhaps even they were asleep. So I passed round among

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the other slaves, such of them as were men, and told them how and why I had killed the leader of the caravan. And we consulted together in whispers as to what we should do. I asked them why we should always remain slaves to these Fezzani and Ghadamsi people. Now that our master in Ghat was dead, why should we not become freemen? And they all agreed that these words were just.

Then I proposed that we should take the two Fezzani sentinels by surprise and kill them, and then divide amongst ourselves the plunder, and afterwards go our own ways. This being agreed to, before the morning light had come, such of us as were strong men armed ourselves, and, stealing up to the Fezzani sentinels through the rocks, we suddenly threw ourselves upon them ere they were yet awake, and wrenched their guns away from them. Then we stabbed them with knives and smashed in their heads with stones, and they were soon put an end to. And when the daylight came we divided the goods of the caravan, not without some wrangling and dispute amongst ourselves; and I, being the leader of the men, took Al-Haj-Ayub's camel, while the camels of the two other Fezzani fell to the lot of other slaves.

CHAPTER XVII

When all these matters were settled we hardly knew what to do. Some advised that we should return to Ghat and tell a tale which should explain our case, and others counselled that we should continue on the road to Murzuk and enter the town separately. But as none knew the road, and we feared to lose ourselves in the Desert, I for one resolved to stop for the present where we were, inasmuch as the rains had left a great pool of water in the wadi and we had certain provisions

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of our master's to feed on; so, finding me of that opinion, the remainder of the people agreed to stay.

For the first few weeks everything went well. We patched up the abandoned huts with branches from the athal and talha trees of the wadi, and took up our abode in them, dividing the women slaves among such as were the stronger men; and we killed with stones and caught in snares the ducks and desert fowls that came to the pool of water to drink; and we laid in wait for the great wadan,¹ the big animal with the mane something of the sheep-kind which you may find in some places in the Desert.

These wadan would come down in the night-time from the great cliffs that surrounded the wadi to browse on the sweet pasture which had sprung up round the pool. Our houses were away from the pool some little distance, half way up the cliff, and therefore the wadan were not disturbed by our presence.

So, in the darkness, we would creep down and lie among the rocks near the water, and, if the wind was in the right direction, and the wadan did not scent us, we would sometimes manage to kill them with our guns. But, after awhile, whether it was that these were scared away by our having killed some of their flock, or whether the camels were consuming the herbage, I do not know, but they ceased to come, and the ducks and other fowl, too, began to leave the wadi now that the drought was commencing and the pool drying up. And in this way we began to be short of food, and were forced to kill the camels one after the other, to eat their flesh. And when the scarcity of food was felt, before we had killed the camels, some of us were urgent that we should leave this wadi and proceed towards Murzuk. But it would seem that our master, the Fezzani, had chosen an unfrequented route, in

¹Ovis Tragelaphus.

order to avoid the bands of Ajhar Tawarek, which are always ready to prey on small caravans in these countries, and that only he and his Fezzani companions knew in what direction the way should be taken towards Murzuk, for although we searched about in all directions we could find no issue from the wadi which seemed like a track, and when we scaled the cliffs and looked round the horizon we could see nothing but sandhills and desert—no palm-trees or any sign of water, and I for one felt my heart fail me at the prospect of risking ourselves in the Desert with only three camels between us. So I was persistent in my resolve to stop, even though we should eat the camels one after the other, for, firstly, we had found a bag of seed-corn among the Fezzani's goods, and this we had planted in the moist ground near the pool; and, secondly, there was always the chance that another caravan of travelers might pass by to whom we could tell some plausible tale, and whom we might follow out of the wadi.

There were also date-palms growing near our house, but these being all females, and no one having fertilized them with the pollen of the male at blossoming time, they were without fruit, and all we could do with them was to cut them down one after the other and eat their hearts and young leaves. But as three or four months had passed, we began to be in sore straits—less from the want of food, though, than from the lack of water—for the great pool which had been formed in the middle of the wadi from the rains on the mountains began rapidly to dry up under the hot sun, and soon there was no more water left in it; and then for awhile we began digging holes in the sand to reach the water, which sank ever lower and lower. And as the water became harder to reach, and more and more precious, so bitter quarrels arose amongst us for its possession, and we fought for each water-hole, and, although I

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tried to keep order amongst the people, we were all mad with thirst and longing to drink, and in these fights one after the other was slain, and all the women except my wife died from want of water, for the men were greedy of what little water they brought up from the water-holes, and would give none to their wives, though my wife and I always shared what little I could get. At last matters got to such a strait that I said to those men that would listen to me:

"Rather than wait here till every drop of water is gone, let us start this night as soon as the sun is down, and it is cool, and walk over the Desert as fast as we can towards the west, so that we may perchance alight upon the first place we camped at before we reached this spot, where we may find water or meet travelers, and better were it even that the Tawarek should catch us, and hold us as slaves, than that we should die of thirst or kill one another."

Most of them agreed that there was sense in these words, so we hastily threshed some of the corn which was ripe, and carrying a store of food and our guns, and such things as we could readily carry about our persons, we set out and walked as fast as we could, for the thirst that tormented us; but whether it was that in the darkness we could not find the traces of our former route, or whether the winds of the Desert had covered them over with sand, I do not know, but in the morning we could not tell what place we were in, or recognize any of our surroundings, and there was no trace of water anywhere. Our mouths were so parched that we could hardly speak.

When I dragged myself to the summit of one of the sandhills I could only recognize one feature in the country round me, and that was the great cliffs of the wadi, which we had left the evening before. And now we were in a sorry case; we knew not what to do. The

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heat of the day was so great that the sand seemed to burn us, and make our thirst ten times more dreadful, and some of the men were struck down by the way with thirst and the heat of the sun, and when we saw they were likely to die, we, who still had strength to move, threw ourselves on them and cut their throats, and then sucked greedily such blood as flowed from them.

In such a manner very few of us kept ourselves alive and were able to walk a short distance, lying down every now and then to rest in the shade of such rocks as could protect us from the sun, and by nightfall we had arrived at the base of a small hill, where there were growing a few talha-trees. The dew that night was heavy, and in some places, where the rocks were smooth and free from sand, it lay almost as if rain had fallen, and here we obtained some relief by passing our tongues over the wet rock. Having moistened our mouths, we procured a little corn and swallowed it. When it was morning, we saw some Dum palms far away, growing in a little hollow. Our hearts were gladdened by this sight, because we knew it to be a sign that water should be there, and so we set out in that direction.

Now every day since we had left the wadi, where we had lived several months, when the day was at its hottest we would oftentimes see in the distance before us what appeared as great lakes of water, with palm-trees on their shores. This is some trick that the Jann of the Desert play on such men as are lost in those regions, for it is only a deception, as I have already told you. The further and further one walks after these lakes, the more they recede, until, when the sun sinks, they vanish altogether.

The falseness of these seeming lakes and groves was known to us, and we never diverted our steps to reach them; but on this morning when we set out to reach

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the Dum palms, my wife was distraught in her head, and as the day grew hot and the Jann's water began to show on the horizon, she would have it that a great lake lay before us, and, indeed, thinking she was back in her own country, she pointed to it, and called it the Tshad, imagining it to be the great sea of Bornu. In vain I reasoned with her as well as my dry tongue would permit. She would pay no heed to what I said, and although we were convinced that we should find water at the Dum palms she would hear nothing of this, but set off full pelt in the opposite direction, crying out that she could see her mother and the house she used to live in. My strength was too little to enable me to follow her and bring her back by force, and she, too, after running for some distance threw up her hands and fell down in a heap. And then the others, my companions, crying out that her death-hour was at hand, ran up and threw themselves on her and cut her throat and greedily sucked the blood. But I, in spite of my thirst, had not the heart to join them, for even in that time of madness I remembered that she was my own wife. And after awhile a stupor came over me whilst I watched them, and I slept.

When I awoke it was late afternoon and there were none of my companions round me. For some time I could not remember what had happened, but when I gathered my thoughts together I got up and made my way with such speed as I might to the place where the Dum palms were growing, and here I found my companions digging at a hole in the sand, near the base of one of the palms, and the sand they were scooping out was wet, and they were dashing it in their faces, and even cramming it into their mouths. I did the same to cool my tongue. Presently the water seemed to rise up between our hands, and at the bottom of the hole we had scooped there lay a small pool of

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water. With this we filled our mouths, washed out all the sand, loosened our tongues and cooled our palates, and then each in turn stooped down to the hole and drank largely of the water. When our thirst was quenched, we ate of our store of corn and lay down to sleep.

The next morning we again drank our fill from the water-hole, and were loth to quit the place after all we had suffered. Two or three days went by like this until we were beginning to feel the pangs of hunger, and then we filled our gourds full of water and journeyed again westward, looking for some track we might follow.

Before we had gone half-a-day's journey we sighted a caravan, and with great joy made up to them. We found them to be Fezzani merchants traveling to Murzuk, and to them we related how our master's caravan had been attacked and dispersed by Tawarek, and that we were the sole survivors. Then the leader of the caravan took me as his slave, and distributed the rest of my companions among other big men of the caravan, telling us we should be fed and well treated if we behaved ourselves in a befitting manner.

After several days' journeying with no mishap we reached Murzuk, and here the leader of the caravan sold me to my present master, Sidi Abd-al-Ghirha, who was a great man of the Senusiya brotherhood, and a Kaid under the Turks at Murzuk. Sidi Abd-al-Ghirha set me to work in his plantations, and being pleased at my behavior, when he resolved to leave Fezzan and settle in Tarabulus, he took me with him, for he is in favor with the Turks, and, as you know, a great man in this place. Is he not a Sherif—a descendant of the Prophet and learned in Mohammedan law? I have now been in Tarabulus perhaps six months.

This is the end of all I can relate to you of such

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things that have happened to me as are worthy of remembrance. I have talked too long to you to-day. Already it is time I saddled my master's baghala (she mule), and went to meet him, for at this hour he is wont to leave the Mosque of the Olive Tree. Now if I have pleased you by all the words I have spoken, show it to me in your generosity. What is this? Six—seven—eight riyalat! Alhamdu-'lillah! Nasrani kulluhum karam!

**THE PASSING OF PENGLIMA
PRANG SEMAUN**

THE PASSING OF PENGLIMA PRANG SEMAUN

F. A. Swettenham

ON the Perak River, about fifty miles from its mouth, and just above the tidal influence, where the water is clear and shallow and the banks are lined with palm groves and orchards, there is a large Malay village called Bandar.

More than twenty years ago there dwelt in this village a man named Megat Râja, married to a particularly well-favored girl named Meriam. The fact of her marriage drew her into some sort of notoriety, and her attractions were soon the gossip of the place. The gilded youths of Bandar were fired by the description of Meriam's charms, and one of them, a boy of good family, position, and means, got sight of and fell in love with her.

The husband, Megat Râja, was conveniently called away to accompany the Sultan on a journey to Penang, and Che Nuh, the youth aforesaid, profiting by that opportunity, pushed his addresses with such fervor and success that he became the lady's lover.

Late one night when Che Nuh was in the house of his mistress, Megat Râja unexpectedly returned and the first the lovers knew of their danger was the demand of the husband to be admitted. The house was a large one enclosed by a palisade, and Meriam thus suddenly surprised, and fearing instant death if her husband

should discover Che Nuh, implored her lover to escape by the door at the back of the house while that at the front was being opened.

Che Nuh complied, but the husband had evidently heard something of what had been going on in his absence, and, as the lover was about to descend the steps, he drew back seeing Megat Râja waiting on the ground beneath them.

He drew back, but not before his presence had been perceived.

Megat Râja called out, "Who is that?"

Che Nuh replied, "It is I. Che Nuh."

The husband, drawing his kris, said: "What are you doing in my house at this time? Come down on to the ground."

Che Nuh was alone and Megat Râja was accompanied by two other men, but the youth unsheathed his kris and went down, ready to accept the chances of a hand-to-hand struggle.

Seeing that Che Nuh would defend himself, and knowing that he was no contemptible adversary, the three men hesitated. What was of more account in their minds was that Che Nuh belonged to a powerful family, and his father was one of the principal chiefs in the country. There was, therefore, the certainty of retaliation should they kill him, and the uncertainty of his guilt, for Meriam was not the only woman in the house. As the men stood mutually on the defensive, Megat Râja asked him whom he had come to see, and Che Nuh replied that it was a girl in the house. Thinking to assure himself on this point, the husband entered the house and questioned one of the servant-women, but dissatisfied with what he heard he dashed out again determined to attack Che Nuh.

The latter had, however, taken advantage of Megat Râja's momentary absence to get outside the gate of

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the palisade, and once there he shouted for help and was soon surrounded by his friends.

In reply to a call, Che Nuh bid his adversary come outside the gate and he would give him any satisfaction he pleased.

That, of course, meant an internecine struggle between the two parties, and Megat Râja declined it, for the odds were now against him, and he was still uncertain whether his wife were unfaithful or not.

On the strong suspicion that he held, his inclination was to at least make short work of the woman, but here again he was deterred by the knowledge that her relations would certainly be revenged on him. He, therefore, decided on another course of action. On the assumption that his wife was guilty (and of this he became tolerably well assured), he treated her as though he held the proofs, divorced her, turned her out of his house, and declined to let her have any of her own possessions or to remove any of his.

This action was considered a very serious indignity by Meriam's friends, and it so happened that she possessed a relative named Penglîma Prang Semaun, an adherent of the Sultan's Wazîr, the Râja Benda-hâra, and he was reputed one of the principal warriors in the country.

Penglîma Prang Semaun called upon the Chief of Bandar and laid a formal complaint against Megat Râja, demanding to know why he had taken the law into his own hands and treated Meriam in a manner to put all her relatives to shame.

The Chief of the village of Bandar was also one of the great officers of State named the Orang Kâya Shabandar. He was a man renowned for his courage, was wealthy, a trusted officer of the Sultan, the receiver of customs, and lived at the upper end of the village.

He listened politely to Penglîma Prang Semaun, and

when the latter wound up his complaint by saying he would certainly attack Megat Râja if he obtained no redress, the Shabandar put his advice in the form of this ancient saw:

"If you have no gold, it is well to sing small; if you have no pivot-guns (jingals), it is well to put a pleasant face on the matter; and if you have no cannon, it is better to be quiet."

The advice was meant in good part and not as a taunt, but Penglima Prang Semaun took it as the latter and retired with rage in his heart, saying: "It is well for you who have gold and jingals and cannon to tell me I have none of these things, but I will have my revenge of you with only a kris."

Then he returned to his own home to think how this was to be worked out.

The Penglima Prang Semaun's house was between those of the Shabandar, up stream, and Megat Râja, down stream, and he knew that he was not strong enough to resist a combined attack from both of them. Therefore he determined that force must be backed by cunning if he was to achieve his end. He concluded that his only plan was to attack the Shabandar, dispose of him first as the most important, and then deal with Megat Râja at his leisure.

Meanwhile, Che Nuh had expressed his desire to marry Meriam, but as his relatives recognized that such an open avowal of his liaison must lead to trouble with Megat Râja and his folk, they declined to allow him to do this, and Che Nuh's negative attitude towards the lady only increased the wrath of her kinsman, Penglima Prang Semaun.

I have said that this bravo, for that was his métier, was the henchman of the Râja Bendahâra, the highest authority in the State after the Sultan. Penglima Prang Semaun, having determined to kill the Shaban-

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dar, felt it necessary to report the intention to his master and, mindful of possible wrath to come, to ask his sanction.

Accordingly the Penglima went up river to Blanja, where the Bendahâra lived, told his tale and asked for leave to kill the Shabandar.

The reply of the Bendahâra was, "If you think you are able to do it, go on."

That was enough. Penglima Prang Semaun returned to Bandar with a kindred spirit named Haji Ali, another bravo of reputation as evil as his own, and these two worthies soon settled their plan of operations.

The Sultan was at Pâsir Panjang (only a few miles above Bandar), with a large following and a crowd of boats, and the Penglima and his friend determined to wreak their vengeance on the Shabandar on the Râya Hâji, the day to which the most religious Muhammadans prolong the fast of Ramthân.

The day did not, however, suit, there were too many people constantly about the Shabandar's house, and the conspirators had to return home without effecting their purpose.

On the following day, however, in the afternoon, Penglima Prang Semaun, Haji Ali, and three others, made a formal visit to the Shabandar, obtained admission to his house, and found in it no one besides himself and a Sumatran Râja, a visitor from down river. I say no one else but, as Penglima Prang well knew, there were in the Shabandar's house two aged ladies, the mother of the Sultan's children and her sister.

The five men waited until they saw the Sumatran Râja take his departure, and in order to do this visitor honor, the Shabandar, unarmed and unattended, accompanied him to the river bank and there bid him farewell.

This was the moment for the development of the plot. Penglima Prang Semaun took leave of the Shaban-

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dar and shook hands with him. Haji Ali, a very big, powerful man, then also took leave and grasped the Shabandar's hand, but instead of letting it go he drew the Dâtoh towards him, and the reply to his question of what this meant was a stab in the back from Penglima Prang Semaun's kris.

The blade did not pierce the skin, it bent, and the thrust was repeated with the same result, Haji Ali all the while holding the unarmed man by the hand.

Then the Penglima threw away the useless weapon, and, seizing another kris, plunged it time after time into the helpless body of the Shabandar, who fell to the ground, while Haji Ali and each of the others stabbed him in turn.

Leaving the body lying on the bank, the men rushed straight back into the house, shut the gates of the enclosure and immediately prepared to defend themselves, taking particular care that the two ladies already mentioned should not get away.

The news of a murder perpetrated like this is carried on the breeze, and for a few minutes the Shabandar's adherents rushed up one after the other to be slaughtered as they arrived by the Penglima and his party reinforced by their own men who had been awaiting the dénouement.

Then gates and doors were closed, windows barred, cannon, pivot-guns and muskets loaded, and Penglima Prang Semaun having rifled the house (which contained the customs collections as well as the Shabandar's private property), and thus possessed himself of all those things which he previously lacked, sat down to calmly await the development of events.

The plot had been cunningly conceived. The brutal murder of the unarmed chief was certain to be instantly avenged, and that would have been done by an attack on the house had it not been that it contained, besides

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the murderers, the Sultan's late wife and her sister, who were well-nigh sure to come to harm in the assault.

The risk of that possibility deterred the Sultan's people, who had surrounded the house with stockades, and all that could be done was to prevent the Penglîma, Haji Ali, and their men, from escaping. The process of starving out the besieged could not be resorted to, for here also the ladies would have suffered.

The moment the deed was done, Penglîma Prang Semaun proclaimed that he was merely the instrument of the Sultan's Wazîr, and that he had acted on the authority of the Râja Bendahâra. That, if true, complicated the case considerably, and as matters had arrived at an impasse, a parley was called, and it was arranged that the Penglîma and his people should be given a safe-conduct to the Sultan at Pâsir Panjang.

Accordingly, the Penglîma Prang, Haji Ali, and the others left their shelter and embarked in boats provided for them, but they took good care not to let the ladies, who were their prisoners, get out of reach.

Arrived at Pâsir Panjang, Penglîma Prang at once sent a messenger to the Râja Bendahâra to inform him of the state of affairs and ask his aid. The Bendahâra responded to this appeal by taking boat, and, with a great following, descended the river to Pâsir Panjang. Once there, he availed himself of an ancient custom called *ikat-diri*—that is, to "bind yourself"—and, accompanied by all his people, he went and stood in front of the Sultan's house with his hands loosely tied behind his back with his own head-kerchief, and, thus uncovered in the sun, he and all his following shouted *âmpun Tûan ku, be-ribu-ribu âmpun*—"Pardon, my lord, a thousand-thousand pardons."

After a quarter of an hour's waiting, while the air was filled with this plea for mercy, and the Bendahâra and his company stood like prisoners in front of the

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closed house, a door opened, a herald bearing the Sultan's insignia appeared and cried out: "Our lord pardons you, and permits you to enter into his presence."

That settled the affair. The Sultan's minister had accepted the responsibility for what had been done; he was far too great a man to be treated as a criminal, and, taking advantage of an old custom, he confessed his fault, offering himself a prisoner, sought and obtained the Sultan's pardon.

Amongst those who had received the message of peace, and who entered into the presence, were the Penglima Prang Semaun, Haji Ali, and the three other murderers of the Shabandar.

Now, the Shabandar had a brother, and he was a man of war, and the Sultan well knew that this method of dealing with the murderers would not satisfy him, so he at once created him Dâtoh Shabandar in succession to the dead man, in the hope that the gift of this dignity might make for the general peace.

The Râja Bendahâra, accompanied by Penglima Prang and his friends, then returned to Blanja.

The new Shabandar had no intention of leaving his brother's murderers to boast of their exploit, and, in a very short time, he asked for the Sultan's permission to attack them and wipe out the disgrace of his relative's unavenged death.

The Sultan said the request must be preferred to the Râja Bendahâra, for so long as the Penglima Prang was in his village he could not be attacked without the Wazir sanction. Application was duly made to the Bendahâra, who replied that it would be contrary to custom to attack the Penglima Prang while living at his door, but that if they could get him away they might do what they pleased.

The Penglima Prang was, however, far too wary to be lured away from safety, and matters were in this

state when there returned from a pilgrimage to Mecca a man called Haji Mûsah, nearly related to the late Shabandar.

Haji Mûsah was at this time a rather small, spare man of middle age, but his heart was out of proportion to the size of his body, and when he heard what had recently taken place in Bandar, and how Penglima Prang Semaun and Haji Ali had got away unpunished, his anger knew no bounds.

He promptly waited upon the Sultan and begged for permission to attack the Penglima, and, if necessary, to include in the operations his protector, the Râja Bendahâra.

The Sultan hesitated to give the desired permission, but the fact that the proposal had been made very soon reached Blanja and the ears of both the Wazir and Penglima Prang. Whatever the latter was he could not be accused of cowardice, and he at once offered to anticipate an attack by making an expedition against Haji Mûsah to silence so arrogant a foe.

The Râja Bendahâra, enraged at the idea that his name should have been mentioned with so little respect, and apprehensive that Haji Mûsah might find the means (as he knew he had the will) to carry out his suggestion, cordially approved the Penglima's proposal.

It did not take long to collect from the neighboring village of Lambor enough men to fill two boats, and, as that was all the Penglima wanted for his purpose, the party had started for Bâtak Râbit (Haji Mûsah's village) before the down-stream people had the smallest inkling of their intention. The time was specially well chosen from the fact that the Shabandar was absent in a remote district.

In Japan they say, "If you have not seen Nikko you cannot say gekko," and if there is anyone who knows

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the Malay Peninsula and yet has never watched the sun set across the rice-fields, when the ripe grain hangs heavily in the ear, his knowledge of the beauties of Malay scenery is very incomplete.

A wide, flat plain covered by the golden harvest, the rice-stalks standing five or six feet above the ground from which they have sucked all the water which nourished them in the earlier stages of growth. One yellow sea of yellow ears, the green stalks only discernible in the near foreground.

This sea is broken by islands of palms and fruit trees in which nestle the picturesque brown huts of cottagers, houses of wood, built on wooden piles with palm-thatched roofs and mat walls.

The setting sun strikes in great beams of saffron light across this wide expanse of grain bounded by distant ranges of soft blue hills. How greedily one drinks it all in! and, as the Eye of Day droops lower, there shoot from between its closing lids rays of fire which tinge the glistening palms with a rosy effulgence, followed all too soon by the pale opalescent shades which proclaim the approach of the fast-driving chariot of night.

A gray haze rises from the damp earth, spreads in thin wreaths across the darkening plain, thickens to a heavy dead-white vapor, and as the silver sickle rises over the distant hills it shines upon clustered plumes of dark fronds mysteriously poised above a motionless drift of snow-like cloud.

On the edge of such a field was the home of Haji Múrah. Behind stretched the rich plain, in front a great river, both wide and deep, its banks lined by groves of coco-nuts in the neighborhood of villages, but elsewhere covered by forest and the nipah palm.

The dwelling stood a few feet back from the river, and, as its owner was a man of means, the structure

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was of some size, the floor and walls of stout planks and a strong palisade enclosed the surrounding yard. The house was, as usual, on wooden piles, and the kitchen, also on piles but separated from the main building, was connected with it by a platform.

It was here that Penglîma Prang Semaun, Haji Ali, and the rest of their crew arrived one morning before daylight and quickly landed under the cover of darkness.

The enterprise they had undertaken was a perilous one. Their force numbered about thirty men all told, they had come about ninety miles right into the heart of the enemy's country, and, if there were any failure, retreat was a choice between a return against the current with a hostile people on either bank, or a long pull to the river's mouth under the same conditions and then the sea.

Penglîma Prang Semaun had, however, calculated the chances, and he counted on a successful surprise and, if need be, the pursuit of those tactics which he had already, at Bandar, found so useful.

Once on shore the palisade of Haji Mûsah's house was cautiously approached, and, the gate being locked, it was scaled, and the whole party noiselessly established themselves beneath the house and waited for daylight.

It so happened that the house contained only two men and two women—Haji Mûsah and his wife, Haji Hawah, and their daughter and son-in-law, the latter named Haji Sâhil.

At daybreak the back door of the house was opened and the two women came out and went into the kitchen. In a moment Haji Hawah discovered that the space beneath the house was full of armed men, and with a scream she rushed back towards the door. Ere she could gain it, Haji Ali sprang upon the plat-

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form and seized one of her hands, while her husband, unpleasantly alive to the situation, caught hold of the other and tried to pull her within the door, an effort which she seconded with all her might.

A real tug-of-war was carried on for a few moments, and Haji Ali was joined by another man.

Local tradition says that Haji Ali experienced suddenly a feeling that something dire was going to happen, and he asked his companion to relieve him of his hold of the woman's hand. The man took it, and Haji Mûsah from the inside making a great effort drew his wife towards him, and at the same time, with a spear, thrust out beyond her with so true an aim that he transfixing her would-be captor. The man released his hold, fell with a groan into Haji Ali's arms, and Haji Mûsah, drawing his wife into the house and believing he had wounded Penglima Prang Semaun, shouted as he closed the door, "That has wetted you, Penglima!"

Wetted him with blood.

Haji Ali called to the Penglima, "Help me, a 'watering' has befallen our friend;" a polite way of expressing a disaster. By the time they got the man to the ground he was dead, for the spear had struck home.

The Penglima, furious at this sight, leapt on the platform, and, finding the door immovable, dashed open a small side-window with the butt end of a musket and fired into the house, but hurt no one.

In the scuffle before the door was closed Haji Mûsah had accidentally given his son-in-law a flesh wound on the shoulder, and that had disabled him, so the defense of the position rested on one man alone.

Penglima Prang Semaun now summoned Haji Mûsah to surrender, but the reply was, "I will not surrender."

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"Then," said the Penglîma, "I will riddle the house with bullets."

"Shoot away," was the reply.

"I will burn the house down."

"Burn it," said Haji Mûsah, "and do whatever else you like, but I will not give in."

"Let us burn it," said the Penglîma. But Haji Ali protested. "Are you mad," he urged, "already our enemies are collecting outside, you would burn the house down and these people in it, and then what should we do? Caught like fish in a basket, without walls or roof to shelter us, what will become of us?"

The wisdom of this advice was apparent, and as it was necessary to deal with those in the house quickly the leader set to work to devise another plan.

An evil inspiration came to the Penglîma, and he told Haji Ali to get Haji Mûsah into conversation again while he, having loaded with all manner of missiles, a pivot-gun which he found under the house, listened attentively to the sound of Haji Mûsah's voice, and tying the gun to a post just beneath the spot where he thought the Haji must be standing, fired it.

A large hole was rent in the floor, and, the various missiles scattering in all directions, one of them struck Haji Mûsah in the thigh, seriously wounding him and placing him hors de combat. His wife was also hit, but only slightly injured.

The assailants realized the effects of the shot from what they heard said within and again called upon Haji Mûsah to yield, but he declined utterly to do so.

His wife said, "What is the use, you are wounded and cannot fight, so am I and so is Haji Sâhil, what can we do, better make terms with them?" Haji Mûsah stubbornly declined to listen to this persuasion and only said, "Let them do their worst, I will not yield."

Strange to say it was only then that Haji Hawah realized that her daughter was missing. She remembered that the girl had left the house with her and gone into the kitchen, but until that moment, what with the discovery that the enemy was within their gates, the struggle at the door and subsequent events, she had not thought of the girl further than to suppose she was sitting terrified in some corner of the never brilliantly lighted house.

Now, however, it was certain that she had failed to get back before the door was closed and must have fallen into the hands of the enemy.

As a matter of fact nothing of the kind had happened. On the first alarm, seeing the crowd of strange men and her mother's struggles to gain the house, the girl was too terrified to leave her shelter and had hidden herself in the kitchen. The enemy being all under the house when the women first came out, no one had particularly noticed the girl or ever thought of entering her hiding-place.

The moment Haji Hawah was convinced her daughter was not in the house, she became equally certain she was in the hands of the enemy, and that was an intolerable idea. She, therefore, besought her husband to offer to yield provided the girl were restored. This new factor in the case persuaded him, and Haji Mûsah called out that he would yield if his daughter were given back to them.

At first the besiegers could not understand the meaning of this proposal, but light very soon came to them and they argued that if the girl was not inside the house or in their hands, she must be in the kitchen, and a search of that place very soon discovered her.

The Penglima accordingly replied that he accepted the proposal and would restore the girl on condition her father yielded. The door was then opened and

the girl admitted, but no sooner was she in the house than it was closed again and Haji Mûsah declined to give himself up.

Shortly after, however, the loss of blood and pain of his stiffening limb made movement impossible and compelled Haji Mûsah to abandon all idea of further resistance.

The Penglima and his friends having gained the house proceeded to make themselves comfortable and did not attempt to disturb or annoy Haji Mûsah and his family. These latter occupied a curtained portion of the principal room, and underneath their only window a sentry was placed night and day.

Meanwhile the Shabandar, informed by messenger of what had taken place, hurried back to the neighborhood and reinforced the adherents of Haji Mûsah, who so far had contented themselves with building and occupying stockades to command Haji Mûsah's house.

The Penglima's tactics were again completely successful, and as it was impossible to fire on the captors without danger to their imprisoned friends the Shabandar, who now commanded the investing force, set himself to devise a plan whereby he might gain his end by craft.

The Penglima's men occupied the house and one or two small stockades close by it. The Shabandar's party had built a series of enclosing works which practically cut off escape to landward. In front was the river and here again, both up stream and down, there lay a small fleet of guard-boats.

The Penglima's own two boats were chained to the landing stage, where they were safe, for it would have been impossible to seize them without being exposed to fire from the house, to which no reply could be made.

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A month went by, and in that time Haji Múсах, his wife, and son-in-law had fairly recovered from their injuries. Meanwhile the Shabandar, by means of spies, learned that the prisoners occupied a side of the house where there was but one window, and that always guarded at night by the same man. Through this man there was the best chance of escape for the prisoners, if only he could be bought over.

This sentry, who had some authority over part of the band, was a foreigner, he was getting tired of the game and probably did not altogether like the outlook or see how his party was to turn the situation to their own advantage. At any rate, communications were opened between the Shabandar and him, and for a sum of two thousand dollars he promised to get the prisoners out of the window and through the lines to their friends.

In the dead of a dark night (and moonless Eastern nights can be black as a sepulchre) he assisted the four prisoners to make their escape through the window, while the Penglima, Haji Ali, and a number of their men slept peacefully on the other side of the sheltering curtain that gave privacy to the women.

Guided by the traitor, their movements hidden in Cimmerian darkness, the little party made its way in safety to the friendly shelter of the Shabandar's stockade. He was expecting them, and he had also prepared an unpleasant surprise for the cuckoos in temporary occupation of their stolen nest.

Penglima Prang Semaun and his friends were awakened from sleep by the banging of jingals and muskets and a hail of various missiles.

A moment's search showed that the prisoners had escaped, and the Penglima instantly realized that he was in the toils.

He had already shown that he was a man of re-

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source, and his presence of mind did not desert him in this dangerous crisis. The darkness alone protected them, and that would not last; moreover, he could not tell at what moment his position might not be rushed. It was clear that for them was reserved the fate of those who when they got up in the morning were all dead men.

The Penglîma called his followers together, explained the situation and its urgency, pointed out the choice that lay before them—an attempt to pass the enemy's stockades under cover of the night or to run the gauntlet of the guard-boats, where capture was, as he said, certain.

The men of the band, the wretched Lambor contingent, elected, as the Penglîma had meant they should do, to try and force their way through the enemy's lines, never thinking that if they succeeded they would only reach a pathless jungle swamp, where they, strangers in that part of the country, must either perish miserably or return to the tender mercies of the investing foe.

Of these deplorable eventualities they took no thought; there was little time for hesitation; tightening the grasp upon their weapons they went out into the night, and in a few moments the shouts from the surrounding stockades showed that their intention had been discovered.

This was exactly what Penglîma Prang Semaun had expected; he had created a diversion, and seizing his opportunity, accompanied by Haji Ali and a few of his particular associates, he made for the river and got into one of his boats, cast off and pulled out into the stream.

A very wily man was the Penglîma. Every one in the guard-boats was on the alert, the firing and shouts from the shore had warned them that the fox was being

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hunted in the covert, and the pack were after him in full cry. Still there was just a trifle of uncertainty about it, and that was the Penglima's one chance of salvation.

The slightest hesitation now, the smallest of false steps, and neither the Penglima nor any of those with him would ever see the dawn. He knew it well enough, and as he ordered those who had taken the oars to pull out boldly into the stream, he grasped the helm and, steering straight up the middle of the river, against the tide, he gave orders that no man should speak, undertaking the whole responsibility himself.

It was still so dark that no one could see quite whence this boat came, or distinguish who was in it, but as it moved with plenty of noise and no attempt at concealment right towards the line of guard-boats, some one called out, "Who goes there?"

"It is I," replied the Penglima, "I bring the Shabandar's orders to you to keep a good look-out, they are attacking the Penglima Prang, and as he can't hold out he will probably try to escape by the river. Be ready for him, I am going to warn the boats down stream," and turning round the craft disappeared towards the other line of river-sentinels.

No one, of course, suspected a ruse under such a bold disguise as that, and, pulling straight for the down-stream boats, steering right on and through them, the Penglima called out, "Jâga-jâga, 'be on your guard,' the Shabandar sends orders to watch for the Penglima Prang Semaun, he is trying to escape, I am warning all the boats."

No one could distinctly see who this messenger was, or even catch more than a shadowy glimpse of a spectral craft as she glided through the line, and in the excitement of expectation, the noise of firing and

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rival battle-shouts on shore, no one took special heed as to which way the messengers went, or whether that was the sound of their oars echoing faintly in the distance.

The Shabandar on his part made no long tarrying, but eager to revenge the murder of his brother, and feeling that at last the Penglima and Haji Ali were in his power, he determined to meng-âmok, to rush the house at once without waiting for daylight.

Whilst summoning his men for the assault, he heard the cries that told him the besieged were making an attempt to break through his stockades, and without further delay he dashed into Haji Mûsah's house, only to find it empty, the renowned Penglima and his amiable friend gone, and with them a considerable quantity of dollars and everything that was both valuable and easily portable.

Torches and an examination of the muddy ground soon established the direction taken, and the missing boat, coupled with the missing property, convinced the least astute that by this way went the Penglima Prang Semaun.

Many shouted questions from the bank drew forth many assurances from those on the water that no enemy had passed that way. The evidence to the contrary was, however, all too plain, and as the boats one by one came up to the landing-place, and the watchers told their tale, it became evident that once again the Penglima Prang Semaun had justified his reputation for both daring and resource.

He had made for the sea, his party did not number ten, and they were in one boat. There was still time to overtake or intercept them at the river's mouth, and, as the gray light of dawn began to lift the veil of mist and the freshening breeze swept in chilly gusts over the water, a fleet of boats set off to search the creeks

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and backwaters, while others had orders to pull straight to the river's mouth, and there take line and see that none passed out to sea.

The Penglima meanwhile had wasted no time. 'Twixt the devil behind and the deep sea in front, he had no difficulty in determining which way lay safety; but he also realized that it could not be an hour, it might be only a few minutes, before his ruse would be discovered, and with his crew he could not hope to reach the sea without being overtaken. The rowers needed little exhortation to strain every nerve, and after a few miles had been traveled, the boat was forced through heavy overhanging branches into an all but imperceptible creek, so narrow the entrance and so thoroughly concealed that no one would dream of its existence. The boat could only be got a few yards up this ditch, and the party, leaving it entirely hidden, ensconced themselves in a tangled mass of jungle foliage from which they commanded a view of the river.

Here the fugitives lay all day, and watched the boats of their enemies pass by intent on the fruitless search.

It was not a pleasant place nor did they spend an altogether happy day, for they were not yet out of the wood, indeed the chances of escape were still decidedly against them, but for the moment they were safe, and whatever was to come could not be worse than the situation from which their leader had already extricated them.

Whilst the Penglima was running the gauntlet of the guard-boats his late companions, the men of Lam-bor, some twenty or thirty in number, were having a worse experience on shore.

Being a large party and in their haste not over-cautious, they were, of course, discovered as they tried to break through the line of stockades. Some were

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shot, others were speared and kried in hand-to-hand encounters, while a few got away to the forest under cover of the darkness. But when these stragglers fully realized that it was a choice between the enemy and painful wandering in a swampy and well-nigh impenetrable jungle, with the prospect of starvation and a lingering death, they chose rather to return to the light and a speedier reckoning.

None of this band returned to Lambor, and if they sought their fate and made an unprovoked attack upon, Haji Mûsah it is not altogether surprising that to this day there is no wasted affection between the people of Lambor and the Lower Perak Chiefs.

All through that sultry day as one by one these doomed men appeared from the jungle fastness and went down before the weapons of their adversaries, waiting tirelessly expectant in the certainty that no refuge would be found in those inhospitable depths, the Penglîma and his little band lay close in their concealment and longed for sheltering night.

All day long the Shabandar's boats passed hither and thither, and with the nightfall many appeared to abandon the search and return on the rising tide.

Then an hour or two of the new-born moon, and after that thick darkness.

The Penglîma and his friends had regained their boat, and as, about midnight, the tide began to ebb, the vessel was pushed noiselessly out into the river, and bracing themselves for a final effort the rowers gripped their oars, stiffened their backs and put their whole strength into the work before them.

The river as it approaches the sea grows wider at every bend, the searchers were exhausted and asleep, or had already returned up-stream, the night was dark and the fugitives were unmolested until, between 4

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A. M. and 5 A. M., in the last reach, they saw a line of boats guarding the river's mouth.

There were wide intervals between each vessel, but even in that uncertain light it was impossible for a boat to run this blockade without being seen.

At this final juncture the Penglima's Familiar did not desert him.

Of course the earth ought to have opened and swallowed up this hardened criminal as it did Korah, Dathan, Abiram and all their company; he ought to have been shot or drowned or speared if he were not being reserved for hanging. At any rate this was an excellent opportunity for getting rid of two hardened villains, and a few other passably wicked men. The Lambor people, whose crimes were as snow compared to those of these two arch-criminals, had all met with violent deaths, and no miracle, not even so much as a small streak of luck, like falling into a well and being tended by a beautiful maiden, had saved the life of one of them.

Why was it then that, as these cold-blooded assassins cowered together and wondered how they were going to elude the vigilance of their enemies, a palpable miracle was wrought to save their miserable skins?

It cannot be said that anything very unusual happened, because the thing is of common occurrence, but it was certainly thoughtfully arranged that at that moment there should sail round the bend of the river, in the strongest flow of the ebb-tide (now of course slackening), an enormous mass of floating palms, a very island of foliage broken away from some undermined bank and drifting majestically to the wider waters of the sea.

If these great clumps of root and branch and foliage may be seen every day sailing down a Malay river into the Straits of Malacca, this particular island was so

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gigantic, that in size at least it was miraculous. It is possible that to another man the passing drift would have suggested nothing, but the Penglima Prang Semaun was on such terms with Fortune that he knew exactly the psychological moment at which to take her. Here he remembered that the Malays call these floating islands âpong, and that boats know very much better than to get in their way. His craft then he promptly steered right into the back of this Satan-sent refuge, and, forcing it in amongst the palms and covering it as well as was possible, he calmly sat down and awaited the issue.

The island sailed slowly along, and when the huge mass got near enough to the guard-boats for them to realize their danger, there was a deal of shouting and pulling of anchors, kicking up sleepy boatmen and frantic struggles to avoid this river Juggernaut.

So passed the Penglima Prang Semaun; not to the vales and Queens of Avilion, but to the open sea, from sore stress to safety, from an earthly death to an earthly life.

One can almost hear him chuckle as he sails through that last danger and watches his enemies' efforts to get back into their places.

Malays do not pine for manual labor, they had already had more than enough of it, and as they were now being towed idly along, they lay down to sleep, vaguely wondering, in that moment of tired but delicious drowsiness, what occult powers this leader possessed to secure at such a moment the powerful help of this great leviathan, under whose green and shady sails they were being wafted to safety and "the haven where they would be."

A day or two of pleasant coasting, a walk across country, and Penglima Prang Semaun, with Haji Ali and a considerable booty, arrived safely at Blanja and

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received the congratulations of his master, the Râja Bendahâra.

We read that when it was the fashion for knights to devote themselves to the service of distressed damsels, they wrought many startling deeds, which cannot always be satisfactorily explained without recognizing that devotion in so good a cause was sometimes supernaturally aided.

Unfortunately, the practice has fallen into desuetude; let us hope it is because the damsels of the nineteenth century are never in distress, want no assistance, or despise that of the mere man.

Malays are perhaps, in some respects, a few hundred years behind the age, and I like to think that in this veracious story the Penglima Prang Semaun made his first appearance as the champion of a lady in distress.

CAPTIVE AMONG CANNIBALS

[In 1841, Herman Melville, then a youth of 22, sailed from New Bedford on a long whaling-cruise in the Pacific Ocean. A series of powerful pictures of sailor-life and nautical adventure resulted in after years. Among these are "Typee" and "Omoo"—tales of personal experience among the savages of Polynesia. Exasperated by brutal treatment on board the whaler, Melville and a companion deserted the ship at the Marquesas Islands, then little known to white men. They were speedily made captive by savages. "Toby," Melville's companion, soon escaped. Melville, who was injured and helpless, was kept prisoner for months. He soon learned that his captors were cannibals and that he was destined to be a victim when in fit condition. The following abstract is one of the very few true portraits of cannibal savages.]

CAPTIVE AMONG CANNIBALS

Herman Melville: From "Typee"

ALL the inhabitants of the valley treated me with great kindness; but as to the household of Marheyo, with whom I was now permanently domiciled, nothing could surpass their efforts to minister to my comfort. To the gratification of my palate they paid the most unwearied attention. They continually invited me to partake of food, and when after eating heartily I declined the viands they continued to offer me, they seemed to think that my appetite stood in need of some piquant stimulant to excite its activity.

In pursuance of this idea, old Marheyo himself would hie him away to the sea-shore by the break of day, for the purpose of collecting various species of rare seaweed; some of which among these people are considered a great luxury. After a whole day spent in this employment, he would return about nightfall with several cocoanut shells filled with different descriptions of kelp. In preparing these for use he manifested all the ostentation of a professed cook, although the chief mystery of the affair appeared to consist in pouring water in judicious quantities upon the slimy contents of his cocoanut shells.

In looking back to this period, and calling to remembrance the numberless proofs of kindness and respect which I received from the natives of the valley, I can scarcely understand how it was that, in the midst of

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so many consolatory circumstances, my mind should still have been consumed by the most dismal forebodings, and have remained a prey to the profoundest melancholy. It is true that the suspicious circumstances which had attended the disappearance of Toby were enough of themselves to excite distrust with regard to the savages, in whose power I felt myself to be entirely placed, especially when it was combined with the knowledge that these very men, kind and respectful as they were to me, were, after all, nothing better than a set of cannibals.

But my chief source of anxiety, and that which poisoned every temporary enjoyment, was the mysterious disease in my leg, which still remained unabated. All the herbal applications of Tinor, united with the severer discipline of the old leech, and the affectionate nursing of Kory-Kory, had failed to relieve me. I was almost a cripple, and the pain I endured at intervals was agonizing. The unaccountable malady showed no signs of amendment; on the contrary, its violence increased day by day, and threatened the most fatal results, unless some powerful means were employed to counteract it. It seemed as if I were destined to sink under this grievous affliction, or at least that it would hinder me from availing myself of any opportunity of escaping from the valley.

An incident which occurred as nearly as I can estimate about three weeks after the disappearance of Toby, convinced me that the natives, from some reason or other, would interpose every possible obstacle to my leaving them.

One morning there was no little excitement evinced by the people near my abode, and which I soon discovered proceeded from a vague report that boats had been seen at a great distance approaching the bay. Immediately all was bustle and animation. It so happened

that day that the pain I suffered having somewhat abated, and feeling in much better spirits than usual, I had complied with Kory-Kory's invitation to visit the chief Mehevi at the place called the "Ti," which I have before described as being situated within the precincts of the Taboo Groves. These sacred recesses were at no great distance from Marheyo's habitation, and lay between it and the sea; the path that conducted to the beach passing directly in front of the Ti, and thence skirting along the border of the groves.

I was reposing upon the mats, within the sacred building, in company with Mehevi and several other chiefs, when the announcement was first made. It sent a thrill of joy through my whole frame;—perhaps Toby was about to return. I rose at once to my feet, and my instinctive impulse was to hurry down to the beach, equally regardless of the distance that separated me from it, and of my disabled condition. As soon as Mehevi noticed the effect the intelligence had produced upon me, and the impatience I betrayed to reach the sea, his countenance assumed that inflexible rigidity of expression which had so awed me on the afternoon of our arrival at the house of Marheyo. As I was proceeding to leave the Ti, he laid his hand upon my shoulder, and said gravely, "abo, abo" (wait, wait). Solely intent upon the one thought that occupied my mind, and heedless of his request, I was brushing past him, when suddenly he assumed a tone of authority, and told me to "moe" (sit down). Though struck by the alteration of his demeanor, the excitement under which I labored was too strong to permit me to obey the unexpected command, and I was still limping towards the edge of the pi-pi with Kory-Kory clinging to one arm in his efforts to restrain me, when the natives around starting to their feet, ranged themselves along the open front of the building, while Mehevi

looked at me scowlingly, and reiterated his commands still more sternly.

It was at this moment, when fifty savage countenances were glaring upon me, that I first truly experienced I was indeed a captive in the valley. The conviction rushed upon me with staggering force, and I was overwhelmed by this confirmation of my worst fears. I saw at once that it was useless for me to resist, and sick at heart, I reseatd myself upon the mats, and for the moment abandoned myself to despair.

Day after day wore on, and still there was no perceptible change in the conduct of the islanders towards me. Gradually I lost all knowledge of the regular occurrence of the days of the week, and sunk insensibly into that kind of apathy which ensues after some violent outbreak of despair. My limb suddenly healed, the swelling went down, the pain subsided, and I had every reason to suppose I should soon completely recover from the affliction that had so long tormented me.

As soon as I was enabled to ramble about the valley in company with the natives, troops of whom followed me whenever I sallied out of the house, I began to experience an elasticity of mind which placed me beyond the reach of those dismal forebodings to which I had so lately been a prey. Received wherever I went with the most deferential kindness; regaled perpetually with the most delightful fruits; ministered to by dark-eyed nymphs; and enjoying besides all the services of the devoted Kory-Kory, I thought that for a sojourn among cannibals, no man could have well made a more agreeable one.

To be sure there were limits set to my wanderings. Toward the sea my progress was barred by an express prohibition of the savages; and after having made two or three ineffectual attempts to reach it, as much to gratify my curiosity as anything else, I gave up the idea.

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It was in vain to think of reaching it by stealth, since the natives escorted me in numbers wherever I went, and not for one single moment that I can recall to mind was I ever permitted to be alone.

Marnoo sought to learn my version of the story as to how I came to be an inmate of the Typee valley. When I related to him the circumstances under which Toby and I had entered it, he listened with evident interest; but as soon as I alluded to the absence, yet unaccounted for, of my comrade, he endeavored to change the subject, as if it were something he desired not to agitate. It seemed, indeed, as if everything connected with Toby was destined to beget distrust and anxiety in my bosom. Notwithstanding Marnoo's denial of any knowledge of his fate, I could not avoid suspecting that he was deceiving me; and this suspicion revived those frightful apprehensions with regard to my own fate, which, for a short time past, had subsided in my breast.

Influenced by these feelings, I now felt a strong desire to avail myself of the stranger's protection, and under his safeguard to return to Nukuheva. But as soon as I hinted at this, he unhesitatingly pronounced it to be entirely impracticable; assuring me that the Typees would never consent to my leaving the valley. Although what he said merely confirmed the impression which I had before entertained, still it increased my anxiety to escape from a captivity, which, however endurable, nay, delightful it might be in some respects, involved in its issues a fate marked by the most frightful contingencies.

I could not conceal from my mind that Toby had been treated in the same friendly manner as I had been, and yet all their kindness had terminated in his mysterious disappearance. Might not the same fate await me?—a fate too dreadful to think of. Stimulated by

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these considerations, I urged anew my request to Marnoo; but he only set forth in stronger colors the impossibility of my escape, and repeated his previous declaration that the Typees would never be brought to consent to my departure.

When I endeavored to learn from him the motives which prompted them to hold me a prisoner, Marnoo again assumed that mysterious tone which had tormented me with apprehensions when I had questioned him with regard to the fate of my companion.

Thus repulsed, in a manner which only served, by arousing the most dreadful forebodings, to excite me to renewed attempts, I conjured him to intercede for me with the natives, and endeavor to procure their consent to my leaving them. To this he appeared strongly averse; but, yielding at last to my importunities, he addressed several of the chiefs, who with the rest had been eying us intently during the whole of our conversation. His petition, however, was at once met with the most violent disapprobation, manifesting itself in angry glances and gestures, and a perfect torrent of passionate words, directed to both him and myself. Marnoo, evidently repenting the step he had taken, earnestly deprecated the resentment of the crowd, and in a few moments succeeded in pacifying to some extent the clamors which had broken out as soon as his proposition had been understood.

With the most intense interest had I watched the reception his intercession might receive; and a bitter pang shot through my heart at the additional evidence, now furnished, of the unchangeable determination of the islanders. Marnoo told me, with evident alarm in his countenance, that although admitted into the bay on a friendly footing with its inhabitants, he could not presume to meddle with their concerns, as such a procedure, if persisted in, would at once absolve the Ty-

pees from the restraints of the "Taboo," although so long as he refrained from any such conduct, it screened him effectually from the consequences of the enmity they bore his tribe.

At this moment, Mehevi, who was present, angrily interrupted him; and the words which he uttered, in a commanding tone, evidently meant that he must at once cease talking to me, and withdraw to the other part of the house. Marnoo immediately started up, hurriedly enjoining me not to address him again, and, as I valued my safety, to refrain from all further allusion to the subject of my departure; and then, in compliance with the order of the determined chief, but not before it had again been angrily repeated, he withdrew to a distance.

I now perceived, with no small degree of apprehension, the same savage expression in the countenance of the natives which had startled me during the scene at the Ti. They glanced their eyes suspiciously from Marnoo to me, as if distrusting the nature of an intercourse carried on, as it was, in a language they could not understand, and they seemed to harbor the belief that already we had concerted measures calculated to elude their vigilance.

The lively countenances of these people are wonderfully indicative of the emotions of the soul, and the imperfections of their oral language are more than compensated for by the nervous eloquence of their looks and gestures. I could plainly trace, in every varying expression of their faces, all those passions which had been thus unexpectedly aroused in their bosoms.

It required no reflection to convince me, from what was going on, that the injunction of Marnoo was not to be rashly slighted; and accordingly, great as was the effort to suppress my feelings, I accosted Mehevi in a good-humored tone, with a view of dissipating any

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ill impression he might have received. But the ireful, angry chief was not so easily mollified. He rejected my advances with that peculiarly stern expression I have before described, and took care by the whole of his behavior towards me to show the displeasure and resentment which he felt.

The knowledge I had now obtained as to the intention of the savages deeply affected me.

Marnoo, I perceived, was a man who, by reason of his superior acquirements, and the knowledge he possessed of the events which were taking place in the different bays of the island, was held in no little estimation by the inhabitants of the valley. He had been received with the most cordial welcome and respect. The natives had hung upon the accents of his voice, and had manifested the highest gratification at being individually noticed by him. And yet, despite all this, a few words urged in my behalf, with the intent of obtaining my release from captivity, had sufficed not only to banish all harmony and good-will; but, if I could believe what he told me, had gone nigh to endanger his own personal safety.

How strongly rooted, then, must be the determination of the Typees with regard to me, and how suddenly could they display the strangest passions! The mere suggestion of my departure had estranged from me, for the time at least, Mehevi, who was the most influential of all the chiefs, and who had previously exhibited so many instances of his friendly sentiments. The rest of the natives had likewise evinced their strong repugnance to my wishes, and even Kory-Kory himself seemed to share in the general disapprobation bestowed upon me.

In vain I racked my invention to find out some motive for the strange desire these people manifested to retain me among them; but I could discover none.

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But however this might be, the scene which had just occurred admonished me of the danger of trifling with the wayward and passionate spirits against whom it was vain to struggle, and might even be fatal to do so. My only hope was to induce the natives to believe that I was reconciled to my detention in the valley, and by assuming a tranquil and cheerful demeanor, to allay the suspicions which I had so unfortunately aroused. Their confidence revived, they might in a short time remit in some degree their watchfulness over my movements, and I should then be the better enabled to avail myself of any opportunity which presented itself for escape. I determined, therefore, to make the best of a bad bargain, and to bear up manfully against whatever might betide. In this endeavor I succeeded beyond my own expectations. At the period of Marnoo's visit, I had been in the valley, as nearly as I could conjecture, some two months. Although not completely recovered from my strange illness which still lingered about me, I was free from pain and able to take exercise. In short, I had every reason to anticipate a perfect recovery. Freed from apprehensions on this point, and resolved to regard the future without flinching, I flung myself anew into all the social pleasures of the valley, and sought to bury all regrets, and all remembrances of my previous existence, in the wild enjoyments it afforded.

In one of my strolls with Kory-Kory, in passing along the border of a thick growth of bushes, my attention was arrested by a singular noise. On entering the thicket I witnessed for the first time the operation of tattooing as performed by these islanders.

I beheld a man extended flat upon his back on the ground, and, despite the forced composure of his countenance, it was evident that he was suffering agony. His tormentor bent over him, working away for all the

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world like a stone-cutter with mallet and chisel. In one hand he held a short slender stick, pointed with a shark's tooth, on the upright end of which he tapped with a small hammer-like piece of wood, thus puncturing the skin, and charging it with the coloring matter in which the instrument was dipped. A cocoanut shell containing this fluid was placed upon the ground. It is prepared by mixing with a vegetable juice the ashes of the "armor," or candle-nut, always preserved for the purpose. Beside the savage, and spread out upon a piece of soiled tappa, were a great number of curious black-looking little implements of bone and wood, used in the various divisions of his art. A few terminated in a single fine point, and, like very delicate pencils, were employed in giving the finishing touches, or in operating upon the more sensitive portions of the body, as was the case in the present instance. Others presented several points distributed in a line, somewhat resembling the teeth of a saw. These were employed in the coarser parts of the work, and particularly in pricking in straight marks. Some presented their points disposed in small figures, and being placed upon the body, were, by a single blow of the hammer, made to leave their indelible impression. I observed a few, the handles of which were mysteriously curved, as if intended to be introduced into the orifice of the ear, with a view perhaps of beating the tattoo upon the tympanum. Altogether, the sight of these strange instruments recalled to mind the display of cruel-looking mother-of-pearl-handled things which one sees in their velvet-lined cases at the elbow of a dentist.

The artist was not at this time engaged on an original sketch, his subject being a venerable savage, whose tattooing had become somewhat faded with age and needed a few repairs, and accordingly he was merely employed in touching up the works of some of the old

masters of the Typee school, as delineated upon the human canvas before him. The parts operated upon were the eyelids, where a longitudinal streak, like the one which adorned Kory-Kory, crossed the countenance of the victim.

In spite of all the efforts of the poor old man, sundry twitchings and screwings of the muscles of the face denoted the exquisite sensibility of these shutters to the windows of his soul, which he was now having repainted. But the artist, with a heart as callous as that of an army surgeon, continued his performance, enlivening his labors with a wild chant, tapping away the while as merrily as a woodpecker.

So deeply engaged was he in his work, that he had not observed our approach, until, after having enjoyed an unmolested view of the operation, I chose to attract his attention. As soon as he perceived me, supposing that I sought him in his professional capacity, he seized hold of me in a paroxysm of delight, and was all eagerness to begin the work. When, however, I gave him to understand that he had altogether mistaken my views, nothing could exceed his grief and disappointment. But recovering from this, he seemed determined not to credit my assertion, and grasping his implements, he flourished them about in fearful vicinity to my face, going through an imaginary performance of his art, and every moment bursting into some admiring exclamation at the beauty of his designs.

Horried at the bare thought of being rendered hideous for life if the wretch were to execute his purpose upon me, I struggled to get away from him, while Kory-Kory, turning traitor, stood by, and besought me to comply with the outrageous request. On my reiterated refusals the excited artist got half beside himself, and was overwhelmed with sorrow at losing so

noble an opportunity of distinguishing himself in his profession.

The idea of engrafting his tattooing upon my white skin filled him with all a painter's enthusiasm; again and again he gazed into my countenance, and every fresh glimpse seemed to add to the vehemence of his ambition. Not knowing to what extremities he might proceed, and shuddering at the ruin he might inflict upon my figure-head, I now endeavored to draw off his attention from it, and holding out my arm in a fit of desperation, signed to him to commence operations. But he rejected the compromise indignantly, and still continued his attack on my face, as though nothing short of that would satisfy him. When his forefinger swept across my features, in laying out the borders of those parallel bands which were to encircle my countenance, the flesh fairly crawled upon my bones. At last, half wild with terror and indignation, I succeeded in breaking away from the three savages, and fled towards old Marheyo's house, pursued by the indomitable artist, who ran after me, implements in hand. Kory-Kory, however, at last interfered, and drew him off from the chase.

This incident opened my eyes to a new danger; and I now felt convinced that in some luckless hour I should be disfigured in such a manner as never more to have the face to return to my countrymen, even should an opportunity offer.

These apprehensions were great increased by the desire which King Mehevi and several of the inferior chiefs now manifested that I should be tattooed. The pleasure of the king was first signified to me some three days after my casual encounter with Karky the artist. Heavens! What imprecations I showered upon that Karky! Doubtless he had plotted a conspiracy against me and my countenance, and would never

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rest until his diabolical purpose was accomplished. Several times I met him in various parts of the valley, and, invariably, whenever he descried me, he came running after me with his mallet and chisel, flourishing them about my face as if he longed to begin. What an object he would have made of me!

When the king first expressed his wish to me, I made known to him my utter abhorrence of the measure, and worked myself into such a state of excitement that he absolutely stared at me in amazement. It evidently surpassed his majesty's comprehension how any sober-minded and sensible individual could entertain the least possible objection to so beautifying an operation.

Soon afterwards he repeated his suggestion, and meeting with a like repulse, showed some symptoms of displeasure at my obduracy. On his a third time renewing his request, I plainly perceived that something must be done, or my visage was ruined forever; I therefore screwed up my courage to the sticking-point, and declared my willingness to have both arms tattooed from just above the wrist to the shoulder. His majesty was greatly pleased at the proposition, and I was congratulating myself with having thus compromised the matter, when he intimated that as a thing of course my face was first to undergo the operation. I was fairly driven to despair; nothing but the utter ruin of my "face divine," as the poets call it, would, I perceived, satisfy the inexorable Mehevi and his chiefs, or rather, that infernal Karky, for he was at the bottom of it all.

The only consolation afforded me was a choice of patterns; I was at perfect liberty to have my face spanned by three horizontal bars, after the fashion of my serving-man's; or to have as many oblique stripes slanting across it; or if, like a true courtier, I chose to

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model my style on that of royalty, I might wear a sort of freemason badge upon my countenance in the shape of a mystic triangle. However, I would have none of these, though the king most earnestly impressed upon my mind that my choice was wholly unrestricted. At last, seeing my unconquerable repugnance, he ceased to importune me.

But not so some other of the savages. Hardly a day passed but I was subjected to their annoying requests, until at last my existence became a burden to me; the pleasures I had previously enjoyed no longer afforded me delight, and all my former desire to escape from the valley now revived with additional force.

From the time of my casual encounter with Karky the artist, my life was one of absolute wretchedness. Not a day passed but I was persecuted by the solicitations of some of the natives to subject myself to the odious operation of tattooing. Their importunities drove me half wild, for I felt how easily they might work their will upon me regarding this or anything else which they took into their heads. Still, however, the behavior of the islanders towards me was as kind as ever. Fayaway was quite as engaging; Kory-Kory as devoted; and Mehevi the king just as gracious and condescending as before. But I had now been three months in their valley, as nearly as I could estimate; I had grown familiar with the narrow limits to which my wanderings had been confined; and I began bitterly to feel the state of captivity in which I was held. There was no one with whom I could freely converse; no one to whom I could communicate my thoughts, no one who could sympathize with my sufferings. A thousand times I thought how much more endurable would have been my lot had Toby still been with me. But I was left alone, and the thought was terrible to me. Still, despite my griefs, I did all in my power to

appear composed and cheerful, well knowing that by manifesting any uneasiness, or any desire to escape, I should only frustrate my object.

It was during the period I was in this unhappy frame of mind that the painful malady under which I had been laboring—after having almost completely subsided—began again to show itself, and with symptoms as violent as ever. This added calamity nearly unmanned me; the recurrence of the complaint proved that without powerful remedial applications all hope of cure was futile; and when I reflected that just beyond the elevations which bound me in, was the medical relief I needed, and that, although so near, it was impossible for me to avail myself of it, the thought was misery.

In this wretched situation, every circumstance which evinced the savage nature of the beings at whose mercy I was, augmented the fearful apprehensions that consumed me. An occurrence which happened about this time affected me most powerfully.

I have already mentioned that from the ridge-pole of Marheyo's house were suspended a number of packages enveloped in tappa. Many of these I had often seen in the hands of the natives, and their contents had been examined in my presence. But there were three packages hanging very nearly over the place where I lay, which from their remarkable appearance had often excited my curiosity. Several times I had asked Kory-Kory to show me their contents; but my servitor, who in almost every other particular had acceded to my wishes, always refused to gratify me in this.

One day, returning unexpectedly from the "Ti," my arrival seemed to throw the inmates of the house into the greatest confusion. They were seated together on the mats, and by the lines which extended from the roof to the floor I immediately perceived that the mysterious packages were for some purpose or other under

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inspection. The evident alarm the savages betrayed filled me with forebodings of evil, and with an uncontrollable desire to penetrate the secret so jealously guarded. Despite the efforts of Marheyo and Kory-Kory to restrain me, I forced my way into the midst of the circle, and just caught a glimpse of three human heads, which others of the party were hurriedly enveloping in the coverings from which they had been taken.

One of the three I distinctly saw. It was in a state of perfect preservation, and, from the slight glimpse I had of it, seemed to have been subjected to some smoking operation which had reduced it to the dry, hard, and mummy-like appearance it presented. The two long scalp-locks were twisted up into balls upon the crown of the head in the same way that the individual had worn them during life. The sunken cheeks were rendered yet more ghastly by the rows of glistening teeth which protruded from between the lips, while the sockets of the eyes—filled with oval bits of mother-of-pearl shell, with a black spot in the center—heightened the hideousness of its aspect.

Two of the three were heads of the islanders; but the third, to my horror, was that of a white man. Although it had been quickly removed from my sight, still the glimpse I had of it was enough to convince me that I could not be mistaken.

Gracious God! what dreadful thoughts entered my mind! In solving this mystery perhaps I had solved another, and the fate of my lost companion might be revealed in the shocking spectacle I had just witnessed. I longed to have torn off the folds of cloth, and satisfied the awful doubts under which I labored. But before I had recovered from the consternation into which I had been thrown, the fatal packages were hoisted aloft and once more swung over my head. The natives now gathered round me tumultuously, and labored to

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convince me that what I had just seen were the heads of three Happar warriors who had been slain in battle. This glaring falsehood added to my alarm, and it was not until I reflected that I had observed the packages swinging from their elevation before Toby's disappearance, that I could at all recover my composure.

But although this horrible apprehension had been dispelled, I had discovered enough to fill me, in my present state of mind, with the most bitter reflections. It was plain that I had seen the last relic of some unfortunate wretch, who must have been massacred on the beach by the savages, in one of those perilous trading adventures which I have before described.

It was not, however, alone the murder of the stranger that overcome me with gloom. I shuddered at the idea of the subsequent fate his inanimate body might have met with. Was the same doom reserved for me? Was I destined to perish like him—like him, perhaps, to be devoured, and my head to be preserved as a fearful memento of the event? My imagination ran riot in these horrid speculations, and I felt certain that the worst possible evils would befall me. But whatever were my misgivings, I studiously concealed them from the islanders, as well as the full extent of the discovery I had made.

Although the assurances which the Typees had often given me, that they never eat human flesh, had not convinced me that such was the case, yet, having been so long a time in the valley without witnessing anything which indicated the existence of the practice, I began to hope that it was an event of very rare occurrence, and that I should be spared the horror of witnessing it during my stay among them; but, alas! these hopes were soon destroyed.

It is a singular fact, that in all our accounts of can-

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nibal tribes we have seldom received the testimony of an eye-witness to the revolting practice. The horrible conclusion has almost always been derived either from the second-hand evidence of Europeans, or else from the admissions of the savages themselves, after they have in some degree become civilized. The Poly-nesians are aware of the detestation in which Europeans hold this custom, and therefore invariably deny its existence, and, with the craft peculiar to savages, endeavor to conceal every trace of it.

About a week after my discovery of the contents of the mysterious packages, I happened to be at the Ti, when another war-alarm was sounded, and the natives rushing to their arms, sallied out to resist a second incursion of the Happar invaders. The same scene was again repeated, only that on this occasion I heard at least fifteen reports of muskets from the mountains during the time that the skirmish lasted. An hour or two after its termination, loud paeans chanted through the valley announced the approach of the victors. I stood with Kory-Kory leaning against the railing of the pi-pi awaiting their advance, when a tumultuous crowd of islanders emerged with wild clamors from the neighboring groves. In the midst of them marched four men, one preceding the other at regular intervals of eight or ten feet, with poles of a corresponding length, extended from shoulder to shoulder, to which were lashed with thongs of bark three long narrow bundles, carefully wrapped in ample coverings of freshly plucked palm-leaves, tacked together with slivers of bamboo. Here and there upon these green winding-sheets might be seen the stains of blood, while the warriors who carried the frightful burdens displayed upon their naked limbs similar sanguinary marks. The shaven head of the foremost had a deep gash upon it, and the clotted gore which had flowed from the wound remained in

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dry patches around it. This savage seemed to be sinking under the weight he bore. The bright tattooing upon his body was covered with blood and dust; his inflamed eyes rolled in their sockets, and his whole appearance denoted extraordinary suffering and exertion; yet, sustained by some powerful impulse, he continued to advance, while the throng around him with wild cheers sought to encourage him. The other three men were marked about the arms and breasts with several slight wounds, which they somewhat ostentatiously displayed.

These four individuals, having been the most active in the late encounter, claimed the honor of bearing the bodies of their slain enemies to the Ti. Such was the conclusion I drew from my own observations, and, as far as I could understand, from the explanation which Kory-Kory gave me.

The royal Mehevi walked by the side of these heroes. He carried in one hand a musket, from the barrel of which was suspended a small canvas pouch of powder, and in the other he grasped a short javelin, which he held before him and regarded with fierce exultation. This javelin he had wrested from a celebrated champion of the Happers, who had ignominiously fled, and was pursued by his foe beyond the summit of the mountain.

When within a short distance of the Ti, the warrior with the wounded head, who proved to be Narmonee, tottered forward two or three steps, and fell helplessly to the ground; but not before another had caught the end of the pole from his shoulder, and placed it upon his own.

The excited throng of islanders, who surrounded the person of the king and the dead bodies of the enemy, approached the spot where I stood, brandishing their rude implements of warfare, many of which were bruised and broken, and uttering continual shouts of

triumph. When the crowd drew up opposite the Ti, I set myself to watch their proceedings most attentively; but scarcely had they halted when my servitor, who had left my side for an instant, touched my arm, and proposed our returning to Marheyo's house. To this I objected; but, to my surprise, Kory-Kory reiterated his request, and with an unusual vehemence of manner. Still, however, I refused to comply, and was retreating before him, as in his importunity he pressed upon me, when I felt a heavy hand laid upon my shoulder, and turning round, encountered the bulky form of Mow-Mow, a one-eyed chief, who had just detached himself from the crowd below, and had mounted the rear of the pi-pi upon which we stood. His cheek had been pierced by the point of a spear, and the wound imparted a still more frightful expression to his hideously tattooed face, already deformed by the loss of an eye. The warrior, without uttering a syllable, pointed fiercely in the direction of Marheyo's house, while Kory-Kory, at the same time presenting his back, desired me to mount.

I declined this offer, but intimated my willingness to withdraw, and moved slowly along the piazza, wondering what could be the cause of this unusual treatment. A few minutes' consideration convinced me that the savages were about to celebrate some hideous rite in connection with their peculiar customs, and at which they were determined I should not be present. I descended from the pi-pi, and attended by Kory-Kory, who on this occasion did not show his usual commiseration for my lameness, but seemed only anxious to hurry me on, walked away from the place. As I passed through the noisy throng, which by this time completely environed the Ti, I looked with fearful curiosity at the three packages, which now were deposited upon the ground; but although I had no doubt as to their con-

tents, still their thick coverings prevented my actually detecting the form of a human body.

The next morning, shortly after sunrise, the same thundering sounds which had awakened me from sleep on the second day of the Feast of Calabashes, assured me that the savages were on the eve of celebrating another, and, as I fully believed, a horrible solemnity.

All the inmates of the house, with the exception of Marheyo, his son, and Tino, after assuming their gala dresses, departed in the direction of the Taboo Groves.

Although I did not anticipate a compliance with my request, still with a view of testing the truth of my suspicions, I proposed to Kory-Kory that, according to our usual custom in the morning, we should take a stroll to the Ti; he positively refused; and when I renewed the request, he evinced his determination to prevent my going there; and, to divert my mind from the subject, he offered to accompany me to the stream. We accordingly went, and bathed. On our coming back to the house, I was surprised to find that all its inmates had returned, and were lounging upon the mats as usual, although the drums still sounded from the groves.

The rest of the day I spent with Kory-Kory and Fayaway, wandering about a part of the valley situated in an opposite direction from the Ti; and whenever I so much as looked towards that building, although it was hidden from view by intervening trees, and at the distance of more than a mile, my attendant would exclaim, "Taboo, taboo!"

At the various houses where we stopped, I found many of the inhabitants reclining at their ease, or pursuing some light occupation, as if nothing unusual were going forward; but amongst them all I did not perceive a single chief or warrior. When I asked several of the

people why they were not at the "Hoolah Hoolah" (the feast), they uniformly answered the question in a manner which implied that it was not intended for them, but for Mehevi, Narmonee, Mow-Mow, Kolor, Womonoo, Kalow—running over, in their desire to make me comprehend their meaning, the names of all the principal chiefs.

Everything, in short, strengthened my suspicions with regard to the nature of the festival they were now celebrating; and which amounted almost to a certainty. While in Nukuheva I had frequently been informed that the whole tribe were never present at these cannibal banquets; but the chiefs and priests only, and everything I now observed agreed with the account.

The sound of the drums continued, without intermission, the whole day, and falling continually upon my ear, caused me a sensation of horror which I am unable to describe. On the following day hearing none of those noisy indications of revelry, I concluded that the inhuman feast was terminated; and feeling a kind of morbid curiosity to discover whether the Ti might furnish any evidence of what had taken place there, I proposed to Kory-Kory to walk there. To this proposition he replied by pointing with his finger to the newly risen sun, and then up to the zenith, intimating that our visit must be deferred until noon. Shortly after that hour we accordingly proceeded to the Taboo Groves, and as soon as we entered their precincts, I looked fearfully round in quest of some memorial of the scenes which had so lately been acted there; but everything appeared as usual. On reaching the Ti, we found Mehevi and a few chiefs reclining on the mats, who gave me as friendly a reception as ever. No allusions of any kind were made by them to the recent events; and I refrained, for obvious reasons, from referring to them myself.

After staying a short time I took my leave. In passing along the piazza, previously to descending from the pi-pi, I observed a curiously carved vessel of wood, of considerable size, with a cover placed over it, of the same material, and which resembled in shape a small canoe. It was surrounded by a low railing of bamboos, the top of which was scarcely a foot from the ground. As the vessel had been placed in its present position since my last visit, I at once concluded that it must have some connection with the recent festival; and, prompted by a curiosity I could not repress, in passing it I raised one end of the cover; at the same moment the chiefs, perceiving my design, loudly ejaculated, "Taboo! taboo!" But the slight glimpse sufficed; my eyes fell upon the disordered members of a human skeleton, the bones still fresh with moisture, and with particles of flesh clinging to them here and there!

Kory-Kory, who had been a little in advance of me, attracted by the exclamations of the chiefs, turned round in time to witness the expression of horror on my countenance. He now hurried towards me, pointing at the same time to the canoe, and exclaiming rapidly, "Puarkee! puarkee!" (Pig, pig). I pretended to yield to the deception, and repeated the words after him several times, as though acquiescing in what he said. The other savages, either deceived by my conduct or unwilling to manifest their displeasure at what could not now be remedied, took no further notice of the occurrence, and I immediately left the Ti.

All that night I lay awake, revolving in my mind the fearful situation in which I was placed. The last horrid revelation had now been made, and the full sense of my condition rushed upon my mind with a force I had never before experienced.

Where, thought I, desponding, is there the slightest prospect of escape? The only person who seemed to

possess the ability to assist me was the stranger Mar-noo; but would he ever return to the valley? and if he did, should I be permitted to hold any communication with him? It seemed as if I were cut off from every source of hope, and that nothing remained but passively to await whatever fate was in store for me. A thousand times I endeavored to account for the mysterious conduct of the natives. For what conceivable purpose did they thus retain me a captive? What could be their object in treating me with such apparent kindness, and did it not cover some treacherous scheme? Or, if they had no other design than to hold me a prisoner, how should I be able to pass away my days in this narrow valley, deprived of all intercourse with civilized beings, and forever separated from friends and home?

One only hope remained to me. The French could not long defer a visit to the bay; and if they should permanently locate any of their troops in the valley, the savages could not for any length of time conceal my existence from them. But what reason had I to suppose that I should be spared until such an event occurred—an event which might be postponed by a hundred different contingencies?

It must have been more than four months since I entered the valley, when one day about noon, and whilst everything was in profound silence, Mow-Mow, the one-eyed chief, suddenly appeared at the door, and leaning forward towards me as I lay directly facing him, said in a low tone, "Toby pemi ena" (Toby has arrived here). Gracious heaven! What a tumult of emotions rushed upon me at this startling intelligence! Insensible to the pain that had before distracted me, I leaped to my feet, and called wildly to Kory-Kory, who was reposing by my side. The startled islanders sprang from their mats; the news was quickly communicated

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to them; and the next moment I was making my way to the Ti on the back of Kory-Kory, and surrounded by the excited savages.

All that I could comprehend of the particulars which Mow-Mow rehearsed to his auditors as we proceeded, was that my long-lost companion had arrived in a boat which had just entered the bay. These tidings made me most anxious to be carried at once to the sea, lest some untoward circumstance should prevent our meeting; but to this they would not consent, and continued their course towards the royal abode. As we approached it, Mehevi and several chiefs showed themselves from the piazza, and called upon us loudly to come to them.

As soon as we had approached, I endeavored to make them understand that I was going down to the sea to meet Toby. To this the king objected, and motioned Kory-Kory to bring me into the house. It was in vain to resist; and in a few moments I found myself within the Ti, surrounded by a noisy group engaged in discussing the recent intelligence. Toby's name was frequently repeated, coupled with violent exclamations of astonishment. It seemed as if they yet remained in doubt with regard to the fact of his arrival, and at every fresh report that was brought from the shore they betrayed the liveliest emotions.

Almost frenzied at being held in this state of suspense, I passionately besought Mehevi to permit me to proceed. Whether my companion had arrived or not, I felt a presentiment that my own fate was about to be decided. Again and again I renewed my petition to Mehevi. He regarded me with a fixed and serious eye, but at length yielding to my importunity, reluctantly granted my request.

Accompanied by some fifty of the natives, I now rapidly continued my journey; every few moments be-

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ing transferred from the back of one to another, and urging my bearer forward all the while with earnest entreaties. As I thus hurried forward, no doubt as to the truth of the information I had received ever crossed my mind. I was alive only to the one overwhelming idea, that a chance of deliverance was now afforded me, if the jealous opposition of the savages could be overcome.

Having been prohibited from approaching the sea during the whole of my stay in the valley, I had always associated with it the idea of escape. Toby, too—if indeed he had ever voluntarily deserted me—must have effected his flight by the sea; and now that I was drawing near to it myself, I indulged in hopes which I had never felt before. It was evident that a boat had entered the bay, and I saw little reason to doubt the truth of the report that it had brought my companion. Every time, therefore, that we gained an elevation, I looked eagerly around, hoping to behold him.

In the midst of an excited throng, who by their violent gestures and wild cries appeared to be under the influence of some excitement as strong as my own, I was now borne along at a rapid trot, frequently stooping my head to avoid the branches which crossed the path, and never ceasing to implore those who carried me to accelerate their already swift pace.

In this manner we had proceeded about four or five miles, when we were met by a party of some twenty islanders, between whom and those who accompanied me ensued an animated conference. Impatient of the delay occasioned by this interruption, I was beseeching the man who carried me to proceed without his loitering companions, when Kory-Kory, running to my side, informed me, in three fatal words, that the news had all proved false—that Toby had not arrived—"Toby owlee pemi." Heaven only knows how, in the state of mind

and body I then was, I ever sustained the agony which this intelligence caused me; not that the news was altogether unexpected; but I had trusted that the fact might not have been made known, until we should have arrived upon the beach. As it was, I at once foresaw the course the savages would pursue. They had only yielded thus far to my entreaties, that I might give a joyful welcome to my long-absent comrade; but now that it was known he had not arrived, they would at once oblige me to turn back.

My anticipations were but too correct. In spite of the resistance I made, they carried me into a house which was near the spot, and left me upon the mats. Shortly afterwards several of those who had accompanied me from the Ti, detaching themselves from the others, proceeded in the direction of the sea. Those who remained—among whom were Marheyo, Mow-Mow, Kory-Kory and Tinor—gathered about the dwelling and appeared to be awaiting their return.

This convinced me that strangers—perhaps some of my own countrymen—had for some cause or other entered the bay. Distracted at the idea of their vicinity, and reckless of the pain which I suffered, I heeded not the assurances of the islanders, that there were no boats at the beach, but starting to my feet endeavored to gain the door. Instantly the passage was blocked up by several men, who commanded me to resume my seat. The fierce looks of the irritated savages admonished me that I could gain nothing by force, and that it was by entreaty alone that I could hope to compass my object.

Guided by this consideration, I turned to Mow-Mow, the only chief present whom I had been much in the habit of seeing, and carefully concealing my real design, tried to make him comprehend that I still believed Toby to have arrived on the shore, and besought him

to allow me to go forward to welcome him. To all his repeated assertions, that my companion had not been seen, I pretended to turn a deaf ear; while I urged my solicitations with an eloquence of gesture which the one-eyed chief appeared unable to resist. He seemed indeed to regard me as a froward child, to whose wishes he had not the heart to oppose force, and whom he must consequently humor. He spoke a few words to the natives, who at once retreated from the door, and I immediately passed out of the house.

Here I looked earnestly round for Kory-Kory; but that hitherto faithful servitor was nowhere to be seen. Unwilling to linger even for a single instant when every moment might be so important, I motioned to a muscular fellow near me to take me upon his back; to my surprise he angrily refused. I turned to another, but with a like result. A third attempt was as unsuccessful, and I immediately perceived what had induced Mow-Mow to grant my request and why the other natives conducted themselves in so strange a manner. It was evident that the chief had only given me liberty to continue my progress towards the sea because he supposed that I was deprived of the means of reaching it.

Convinced by this of their determination to retain me a captive, I became desperate; and almost insensible to the pain which I suffered, I seized a spear which was leaning against the projecting eaves of the house, and supporting myself with it, resumed the path that swept by the dwelling. To my surprise I was suffered to proceed alone, all the natives remaining in front of the house, and engaging in earnest conversation, which every moment became more loud and vehement; and to my unspeakable delight I perceived that some difference of opinion had arisen between them; that two parties, in short, were formed, and consequently that

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in their divided counsels there was some chance of my deliverance.

Before I had proceeded a hundred yards I was again surrounded by the savages, who were still in all the heat of argument, and appeared every moment as if they would come to blows. In the midst of this tumult old Marheyo came to my side, and I shall never forget the benevolent expression of his countenance. He placed his arm upon my shoulder, and emphatically pronounced the only two English words I had taught him—"Home" and "Mother." I at once understood what he meant, and eagerly expressed my thanks to him. Fayaway and Kory-Kory were by his side, both weeping violently; and it was not until the old man had twice repeated the command that his son could bring himself to obey him, and take me again upon his back. The one-eyed chief opposed his doing so, but he was over-ruled, and, as it seemed to me, by some of his own party.

We proceeded onwards, and never shall I forget the ecstasy I felt when I first heard the roar of the surf breaking upon the beach. Before long I saw the flashing billows themselves through the opening between the trees. Oh, glorious sight and sound of ocean! with what rapture did I hail you as familiar friends! By this time the shouts of the crowd upon the beach were distinctly audible, and in the blended confusion of sounds I almost fancied I could distinguish the voices of my own countrymen.

When we reached the open space which lay between the groves and the sea, the first object that met my view was an English whale-boat, lying with her bow pointed from the shore, and only a few fathoms distant from it. It was manned by five islanders, dressed in short tunics of calico. My first impression was that they were in the very act of pulling out from the bay;

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and that, after all my exertions, I had come too late. My soul sunk within me; but a second glance convinced me that the boat was only hanging off to keep out of the surf; and the next moment I heard my own name shouted out by a voice from the midst of the crowd.

Looking in the direction of the sound, I perceived, to my indescribable joy, the tall figure of Karakoe, an Oahu Kanaka, who had often been aboard the Dolly, while she lay in Nukuheva. He wore the green shooting-jacket with gilt buttons, which had been given to him by an officer of the *Reine Blanche*—the French flagship—and in which I had always seen him dressed. I now remembered the Kanaka had frequently told me that his person was tabooed in all the valleys of the island, and the sight of him at such a moment as this filled my heart with a tumult of delight.

Karakoe stood near the edge of the water with a large roll of cotton cloth thrown over one arm, and holding two or three canvas bags of powder; while with the other hand he grasped a musket, which he appeared to be proffering to several of the chiefs around him. But they turned with disgust from his offers, and seemed to be impatient at his presence, with vehement gestures waving him off to his boat, and commanding him to depart.

The Kanaka, however, still maintained his ground, and I at once perceived that he was seeking to purchase my freedom. Animated by the idea, I called upon him loudly to come to me; but he replied, in broken English, that the islanders had threatened to pierce him with their spears, if he stirred a foot towards me. At this time I was still advancing, surrounded by a dense throng of the natives, several of whom had their hands upon me, and more than one javelin was threateningly pointed at me. Still I per-

ceived clearly that many of those least friendly towards me looked irresolute and anxious.

I was still some thirty yards from Karakoe when my farther progress was prevented by the natives, who compelled me to sit down upon the ground, while they still retained their hold upon my arms. The din and tumult now became tenfold, and I perceived that several of the priests were on the spot, all of whom were evidently urging Mow-Mow and the other chiefs to prevent my departure; and the detestable word "Roo-ne! Roo-ne!" which I had heard repeated a thousand times during the day, was now shouted out on every side of me. Still I saw that the Kanaka continued his exertions in my favor—that he was boldly debating the matter with the savages, and was striving to entice them by displaying his cloth and powder, and snapping the lock of his musket. But all he said or did appeared only to augment the clamors of those around him, who seemed bent upon driving him into the sea.

When I remembered the extravagant value placed by these people upon the articles which were offered to them in exchange for me, and which were so indignantly rejected, I saw a new proof of the same fixed determination of purpose they had all along manifested with regard to me, and in despair, and reckless of consequences, I exerted all my strength, and shaking myself free from the grasp of those who held me, I sprung upon my feet and rushed towards Karakoe.

The rash attempt nearly decided my fate; for, fearful that I might slip from them, several of the islanders now raised a simultaneous shout, and pressing upon Karakoe, they menaced him with furious gestures, and actually forced him into the sea. Appalled at their violence, the poor fellow, standing nearly to the waist in the surf, endeavored to pacify them; but at length, fearful that they would do him some fatal violence, he

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beckoned to his comrades to pull in at once, and take him into the boat.

It was at this agonizing moment, when I thought all hope was ended, that a new contest arose between the two parties who had accompanied me to the shore; blows were struck, wounds were given, and blood flowed. In the interest excited by the fray, every one had left me except Marheyo, Kory-Kory, and poor dear Fayaway, who clung to me, sobbing indignantly. I saw that now or never was the moment. Claspng my hands together, I looked imploringly at Marheyo, and moved towards the now almost deserted beach. The tears were in the old man's eyes, but neither he nor Kory-Kory attempted to hold me, and I soon reached the Kanaka, who had been anxiously watching my movements; the rowers pulled in as near as they dared to the edge of the surf; I gave one parting embrace to Fayaway, who seemed speechless with sorrow, and the next instant I found myself safe in the boat, and Karakoe by my side, who told the rowers at once to give way. Marheyo and Kory-Kory, and a great many of the women, followed me into the water, and I was determined, as the only mark of gratitude I could show, to give them the articles which had been brought as my ransom. I handed the musket to Kory-Kory, with a rapid gesture which was equivalent to a "Deed of Gift;" threw the roll of cotton to old Marheyo, pointing as I did so to poor Fayaway, who had retired from the edge of the water and was sitting down disconsolate on the shingles; and tumbled the powder-bags out to the nearest young ladies, all of whom were vastly willing to take them. This distribution did not occupy ten seconds, and before it was over the boat was under full way; the Kanaka all the while exclaiming loudly against what he considered a useless throwing away of valuable property.

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Although it was clear that my movements had been noticed by several of the natives, still they had not suspended the conflict in which they were engaged, and it was not until the boat was about fifty yards from the shore that Mow-Mow and some six or seven other warriors rushed into the sea and hurled their javelins at us. Some of the weapons passed quite as close to us as was desirable but no one was wounded, and the men pulled away gallantly. But although soon out of the reach of the spears, our progress was extremely slow; it blew strong upon the shore, and the tide was against us; and I saw Karakoe, who was steering the boat, give many a look towards a jutting point of the bay round which we had to pass.

For a minute or two after our departure, the savages, who had formed into different groups, remained perfectly motionless and silent. All at once the enraged chief showed by his gestures that he had resolved what course he would take. Shouting loudly to his companions, and pointing with his tomahawk towards the headland, he set off at full speed in that direction, and was followed by about thirty of the natives, among whom were several of the priests, all yelling out, "Roo-ne! Roo-ne!" at the very top of their voices. Their intention was evidently to swim off from the headland and interrupt us in our course. The wind was freshening every minute, and was right in our teeth, and it was one of those chopping angry seas in which it is so difficult to row. Still the chances seemed in our favor, but when we came within a hundred yards of the point, the active savages were already dashing into the water, and we all feared that within five minutes' time we should have a score of the infuriated wretches around us. If so, our doom was sealed, for these savages, unlike the feeble swimmers of civilized countries, are, if anything, more formidable antagonists in the

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water than when on the land. It was all a trial of strength; our natives pulled till their oars bent again, and the crowd of swimmers shot through the water despite its roughness, with fearful rapidity.

By the time we had reached the headland, the savages were spread right across our course. Our rowers got out their knives and held them ready between their teeth, and I seized the boat-hook. We were well aware that if they succeeded in intercepting us they would practice upon us the manœuvre which has proved so fatal to many a boat's crew in these seas. They would grapple the oars, and seizing hold of the gunwale, capsize the boat, and then we should be entirely at their mercy.

After a few breathless moments I discerned Mow-Mow. The athletic islander, with his tomahawk between his teeth, was dashing the water before him till it foamed again. He was the nearest to us, and in another instant he would have seized one of the oars. Even at the moment I felt horror at the act I was about to commit; but it was no time for pity or compunction, and with a true aim, and exerting all my strength, I dashed the boat-hook at him. It struck him just below the throat, and forced him downwards. I had no time to repeat my blow, but I saw him rise to the surface in the wake of the boat, and never shall I forget the ferocious expression of his countenance.

Only one other of the savages reached the boat. He seized the gunwale, but the knives of our rowers so mauled his wrists, that he was forced to quit his hold, and the next minute we were past them all, and in safety. The strong excitement which had thus far kept me up, now left me, and I fell back fainting into the arms of Karakoeec.

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The circumstances connected with my most unex-

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pected escape may be very briefly stated. The captain of an Australian vessel, being in distress for men in these remote seas, had put into Nukuheva in order to recruit his ship's company; but not a single man was to be obtained; and the barque was about to get under weigh, when she was boarded by Karakoe, who informed the disappointed Englishman that an American sailor was detained by the savages in the neighboring bay of Typee; and he offered, if supplied with suitable articles of traffic, to undertake his release. The Kanaka had gained his intelligence from Marnoo, to whom, after all, I was indebted for my escape. The proposition was acceded to; and Karakoe, taking with him five tabooed natives of Nukuheva, again repaired aboard the barque, which in a few hours sailed to that part of the island, and threw her main-top-sail aback right off the entrance to the Typee bay. The whale-boat, manned by the tabooed crew, pulled towards the head of the inlet, while the ship lay "off and on" awaiting its return.

The events which ensued have already been detailed, and little more remains to be related. On reaching the Julia I was lifted over the side, and my strange appearance and remarkable adventure occasioned the liveliest interest. Every attention was bestowed upon me that humanity could suggest. But to such a state was I reduced that three months elapsed before I recovered my health.

The mystery which hung over the fate of my friend and companion Toby has never been cleared up. I still remain ignorant whether he succeeded in leaving the valley, or perished at the hands of the islanders.

IN THE SOUTH SEAS

IN THE SOUTH SEAS

Louis Becke

I

THE RANGERS OF THE TIA KAU

BETWEEN Nanomea and Nanomaga—two of the Ellice Group—but within a few miles of the latter, is an extensive submerged shoal, on the charts called the Grand Cocal Reef, but by the people of the two islands known as Tia Kau (The Reef). On the shallowest part there are from four to ten fathoms of water, and here in heavy weather the sea breaks. The British cruiser Basilisk, about 1870, sought for the reef, but reported it as non-existent. Yet the Tia Kau is well known to many a Yankee whaler and trading schooner, and is a favorite fishing-ground of the people of Nanomaga—when the sharks give them a chance.

* * * * *

One night Atupa, King of Nanomaga, caused a huge fire to be lit on the beach as a signal to the people of Nanomea that a malaga, or party of voyagers, was coming over. Both islands are low—not more than fifteen feet above sea-level—and are distant from one another about thirty-eight miles. The following night the reflection of the answering fire on Nanomea was seen, and Atupa prepared to send away his people in seven

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canoes. They would start at sundown, so as to avoid paddling in the heat (the Nanomagans have no sailing canoes), and be guided to Nanomea, which they expected to reach early in the morning, by the reflection of the great fires of cocoanut and pandanus leaves kindled at intervals of a few hours. About seventy people were to go, and all that day the little village busied itself in preparing for the Nanomeans gifts of foods—cooked puraka, fowls, pigs and flying-fish.

* * * * *

Atupa, the heathen king, was troubled in his mind in those days of August, 1872. The John Williams had been there and landed a Samoan missionary, who had pressed him to accept Christianity. Atupa, dreading a disturbing element in his kingdom, had, at first, declined; but the ship had come again, and the king having consented to try the new religion, a teacher landed. But since then he and his chiefs had consulted the oracle, and had been told that the shades of Mau-mau Tahori and Foilagi, their deified ancestors, had answered that the new religion was unacceptable to them, and that the Samoan teacher must be killed or sent away. And for this was Atupa sending off some of his people to Nanomea with gifts of goodwill to the chiefs to beseech them to consult their oracles also, so that the two islands might take concerted action against this new foreign god, which said that all men were equal, that all were bad, and He and His Son alone good.

* * * * *

The night was calm when the seven canoes set out. Forty men and thirty women and children were in the party, and the craft were too deeply laden for any but the smoothest sea. On the ama (outrigger) of each canoe were the baskets of food and bundles of mats for their hosts, and seated on these the children, while

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the women sat with the men and helped them to paddle. Two hours' quick paddling brought them to the shoal-water of Tia Kau, and at the same moment they saw to the N.W. the sky-glare of the first guiding fire.

* * * * *

It was then that the people in the first canoe, wherein was Palu, the daughter of Atupa, called out to those behind to prepare their asu (balers), as a heavy squall was coming down from the eastward. Then Laheu, an old warrior in another canoe, cried out that they should return on their track a little and get into deep water; "for," said he, "if we swamp, away from Tia Kau, it is but a little thing, but here—" and he clasped his hands rapidly together and then tore them apart. They knew what he meant—the sharks that, at night-time forsaking the deep waters, patrolled in droves of thousands the shallow waters of the reef to devour the turtle and the schools of tafa'u uli and other fish. In quick, alarmed silence the people headed back, but even then the first fierce squall struck them, and some of the frail canoes began to fill at once. "I matagi! i matagi!" (head to the wind) a man called out; "head to the wind, or we perish. 'Tis but a puff and it's gone."

* * * * *

But it was more than a puff. The seven canoes, all abreast, were still in shallow water, and the paddlers kept them dead in the teeth of the whistling wind and stinging rain, and called out words of encouragement to one another and to the women and children, as another black squall burst upon them and the curling seas began to break. The canoe in which was Atupa's daughter was the largest and best of all the seven, but was much overladen, and on the outrigger grating were four children. These the chief's daughter was endeavoring to shield from the rain by covering them

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with a mat, when one of them, a little girl, endeavored to steady herself by holding to one of the thin pieces of grating; it broke, and her arm fell through and struck the water, and in an instant she gave a dull, smothered wail. Palu, the woman, seized her by her hair and pulled the child up sitting, and then shrieked with terror—the girl's arm was gone!

* * * *

And then in the blackness of night, lightened now by the white, seething, boiling surge, the people saw in the phosphorescent water countless hundreds of the savage terrors of the Tia Kau darting hither and thither amongst the canoes—for the smell of blood had brought them together instantly. Presently a great gray monster tore the paddle from out the hands of the steersman of the canoe wherein were the terrified Palu and the four children, and then, before the man for'ard could bring her head to the wind, she broached to and filled. Like ravening wolves the sharks dashed upon their prey, and ere the people had time to give more than a despairing cry those hideous jaws and gleaming cruel teeth had sealed their fate. Mad-dened with fear, the rest of the people threw everything out of the six other canoes to lighten them, and as the bundles of mats and baskets of food touched the water the sharks seized and bit, tore and swallowed. Then, one by one, every paddle was grabbed from the hands of the pullers, and the canoes broached to and filled in that sea of death—all save one, which was carried by the force of the wind away from the rest. In this were the only survivors—two men.

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The agony could not have lasted long. "Were I to live as long as he whom the faifeau (missionary) tells us lived to be nine hundred and sixty and nine, I shall hear the groans and cries and shrieks of that po malaia,

that night of evil luck," said one of the two who lived, to the white trader at Nanomea. "Once did I have my paddle fast in the mouth of a little devil, and it drew me backwards, backwards, over the stern till my head touched the water. Tah! but I was strong with fear, and held on, for to lose it meant death by the teeth. And Tulua—he who came out alive with me, seized my feet and held on, else had I gone. But look thou at this"—and he pointed to his scarred neck and back and shoulders—"ere I could free my foe (paddle) and raise my head I was bitten thus by others. Ah, Papalagi, some men are born to wisdom, but most are fools. Had not Atupa been filled with vain fears, he had killed the man who caused him to lose so many of our people."

"So," said the white man, "and wouldst thou have killed the man who brought thee the new faith? Fie!"

"Aye, that would I—in those days when I was po uli uli.¹ But not now, for I am a Christian. Yet had Atupa killed and buried the stranger, we could have lied and said he died of a sickness when they of his people came to seek him. And then had I now my son Tagipo with me, he who went into the bellies of the sharks at Tia Kau."

¹Heathen, lit., "In the blackest night."

II

NINIA

CHAPTER I

AWAY out upon the wide Northern Pacific there is a group of three little islands. They are so very, very small that you need not seek to discover them on the map of the Pacific Ocean; but if any of you have a chart of the North or West Pacific, then you would easily be able to find them. Run your eye up north, away past the Equator, in the direction of China, and you will see, to the north of New Guinea, a large cluster of islands named the "Caroline Islands," some of which are named, but most are not—only tiny dots no bigger than a pin's head serve to mark their position. Perhaps, however—if you get a German chart—you may see one of the largest of the small dots marked "Pingelap," and Pingelap is the name of the largest of the three little islands of my story; the others are called Tugulu and Takai.

Now, although Pingelap and Tugulu and Takai are so close together that at low tide one may walk across the coral reef that encircles the whole group from one island to another, yet are they lonely spots, for there is no other island nearer than Mokil, which is ninety miles away.

But yet, although the three islands are so small, a great number of natives live upon them—between four and five hundred. There is only one village, which is

on Pingelap, and here all the people lived. The island itself is not more than two miles in length, and in no place is it more than a quarter of a mile in width; and Tugulu and Takai are still smaller. And from one end to the other the islands are covered with a dense verdure of cocoanut palms, with scarcely any other tree amongst them, so that when seen from the ship two or three miles away, they look exactly like a belt of emerald surrounding a lake of silver, for in their centre is a beautiful lagoon, surrounded on three sides by the land, and on the west protected from the sweeping ocean rollers by a double line of coral reef, stretching from little Takai to the south end of Pingelap.

There are hundreds of beautiful islands in the Pacific, but not any of them can excel in beauty lonely little Pingelap. There are two reefs—an outer and an inner. Against the outer or ocean reef huge seas forever dash unceasingly on the windward side of the island, and sometimes, in bad weather, will sweep right over the coral and pour through the shallow channel between Tugulu and Pingelap; and then the calm, placid waters of the lagoon will be fretted and disturbed until fine weather comes again. But bad weather is a rare event in those seas, and usually the lagoon of Pingelap is as smooth as a sheet of glass. And all day long you may see children paddling about in canoes, crossing from one shining beach to another, and singing as they paddle, for they are a merry-hearted race, the people of these three islands, and love to sing and dance, and sit out in front of their houses on moonlight nights and listen to tales told by the old men of the days when their islands were reddened with blood. For until fifteen years before, the people of Pingelap and Tugulu were at bitter enmity, and fought with and slaughtered each other to their heart's delight. And perhaps there would have soon been none left to

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tell the tale, but that one day an American whaleship, called the "Cohasset," touched there to buy turtle from Sralik, the chief of Pingelap, and Sralik besought the captain to give him muskets and powder and ball to fight the Tugulus with.

So the captain gave him five muskets and plenty of powder and bullets, and then said:

"See, Sralik; I will give you a white man, too, to show you how to shoot your enemies."

And then he laughed, and calling out to a man named Harry, he told him to clear out of the ship and go and live ashore and be a king, as he was not worth his salt as a boat-steerer.

And so this Harry Devine, who was a drunken, good-for-nothing, quarrelsome young American, came ashore with Sralik, and next day he loaded the five muskets, and, with Sralik, led the Pingelap people over to Tugulu. There was a great fight, and as fast as Sralik loaded a musket, Harry fired it and killed a man. At last, when nearly thirty had been shot, the Tugulu people called for quarter.

"Get thee together on Takai," called out Sralik; "and then we will talk of peace."

Now Takai is such a tiny little spot, that Sralik knew he would have them at his mercy, for not one of them had a musket.

As soon as the last of the Tugulu people had crossed the shallow channel that divides Tugulu from Takai, the cunning Sralik with his warriors lined the beach and then called to the Tugulans:

"This land is too small for so many!"

And then Harry, once the boat-steerer and now the beachcomber, fired his musket into the thick, surging mass of humanity on the little islet, and every shot told. Many of them, throwing aside their spears and clubs, sprang into the water and tried to swim over to

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Pingelap, across the lagoon. But Sralik's men pursued them in canoes and clubbed and speared them as they swam; and some that escaped death by club or spear, were rent in pieces by the sharks, which, as soon as they smelt the blood of the dead and dying men that sank in the quiet waters of the lagoon, swarmed in through a passage in the western reef. By and by, the last of those who took to the water were killed, and only some eighty or ninety men and many more women and children were left on Takai; and the five muskets became so hot and foul that Harry could murder no longer, and his arm was tired out with slaughter.

All that night Sralik's warriors watched to see that none escaped, and at dawn the hideous massacre began again, and club, spear and musket did their fell work till only the women and children were left. These were spared. Among them was Ninia, the wife of Sikra, the chief of Tugulu. And because she was young and fairer than any of the others, the white man asked her of Sralik for his wife. Sralik laughed.

"Take her, O clever white man—her and as many more as thou carest for slaves. Only thou and I shall rule here now in this my island."

So Harry took her and married her, according to native custom, and Ninia was his one wife for nearly fifteen years, when one day he was quietly murdered as he lay asleep in his house with his wife and two children; and, although Sralik wept loudly and cut his great chest with a shark's teeth dagger, and offered sacrifices of turtle flesh to the white man's jelin, Ninia his wife and many other people knew that it was by Sralik's orders that Harry had been killed, for they had quarrelled over the possession of a whaleboat which Harry had bought from a passing ship, and which he refused to either sell or give to Sralik.

However, Sralik was not unkind to Ninia, and gave

her much of her dead husband's property, and told her that he would give her for an inheritance for her two daughters the little islet—Takai.

And there in the year 1870 Ninia, the widow, and Ninia, her eldest daughter (for on Pingelap names of the first-born are hereditary), and Tarita, the youngest, went to live. With them went another girl, a granddaughter of the savage old Sralik. Her name was Ruvani. She was about eleven years of age, and as pretty as a gazelle, and because of her great friendship for Ninia—who was two years older than she—she had wept when she saw the mother and daughters set out for Takai.

Fierce-hearted Sralik, coming to the doorway of his thatched hut, heard the sound of weeping, and, looking out, he saw Ruvani sitting under the shade of some banana trees with her face hidden in her pretty, brown hands.

When he learned the cause of her grief, his heart was softened, and drawing his little granddaughter to him, patted her head, and said:

"Nay, weep not, little bird. Thou, too, shalt go to Takai; and, see! because of thee my heart shall open wide to Ninia and her daughters, and I will give her four slaves—two men and two women—who shall toil for you all. And when thou art tired of living at Takai, then thou and thy two playmates shall come over here to me and fill my house with the light of thy eyes.

So that is how Ninia, the widow of the wandering white man, and her two daughters and their friend came to live at the little islet called Takai.

CHAPTER II

The months went by, and Ruvani, the chief's granddaughter, still lived with her friends, for she was too happy to leave them. Sometimes, though, on bright moonlight nights, the three girls would paddle across to the big village and gather with the rest of the village girls in front of the chief's house, and dance and sing and play the game called *n'jiajia*; and then, perhaps, instead of going home across the lagoon in the canoe, they would walk around on the inner beaches of Pingelap and Tugulu. And long ere they came to the house they could see the faint glimmer of the fire within, beside which Ninia, the widow, slept awaiting their return.

Stealing softly in, the girls would lie down together on a soft, white mat embroidered with parrot's feathers that formed their bed, and pulling another and larger one over them for a coverlet, they would fall asleep, undisturbed by the loud, hoarse notes of a flock of *katafa* (frigate birds) that every night settled on the boughs of a great *koa* tree, whose branches overhung the house. Sometimes when the trade-winds had dropped, and the great ocean rollers would beat heavily upon the far-off shelves of the outer reef, the little island would seem to shake and quiver to its very foundations, and now and then a huge wave would curl slowly over and break with a noise like a thunder-peal, the frigate-birds would awake from their sleep and utter a solemn answering squawk, and the three girls, nestling closer together, would whisper:

"'Tis Nanawit, the Cave-god, making another cave."

Ere the red sun shot out from the ocean the eight dwellers on Takai would rise from their mats; and

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while Ninia the widow would kindle a fire of broken cocoanut shells, the two men slaves would go out and bring back young cocoanuts and taro from the plantation on Tugulu, and their wives would take off their gaily-colored grass girdles and tie coarse nairiris of cocoanut fibre around them instead, and with the three girls go out to the deep pools on the reef and catch fish. Sometimes they would surprise a turtle in one of the pools, and, diving in after the frightened creature, would capture and bring it home in triumph to Ninia the widow.

Such was the daily life of those who dwelt on Takai.

* * * * *

One day, ere the dews of the night had vanished from the lofty plumes of the cocoanut palms, there came to them a loud cry, borne across the waters of the silent lagoon, over from the village:

"A ship! A ship!"

Now, not many ships came to Pingelap—perhaps, now and then, some wandering sperm-whaler, cruising lazily along toward the distant Pelew Islands, would heave-to and send a boat ashore to trade for turtle and young drinking cocoanuts. But it was long since any whaleship had called, and Ninia the widow, as she looked out seawards for the ship, said to the girls:

"'Tis not yet the season for the whaleships; four moons more and we may see one. I know not what other ships would come here."

By and by, they saw the ship. She sailed slowly round the south point of Pingelap and backed her foreyard, and presently a boat was lowered and pulled ashore.

Little Tarita, clapping her hands with joy, darted into the house, followed by Ruvani and Ninia, and casting off their wet girdles of banana fibre—for they had just come in from fishing—they dressed them-

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selves in their pretty nairiris of colored grasses, and put on head-dresses of green and gold parrots' feathers, with necklaces of sweet-smelling berries around their necks, and were soon paddling across the lagoon to see the white strangers from the ship, who had already landed and gone up the beach and into the village.

It is nearly a mile from Takai to the village, and before the girls reached there they heard a great clamor of angry voices, and presently two white men dressed in white and carrying books in their hands came hurriedly down the beach, followed by a crowd of Sralik's warriors, who urged them along and forced them into the boat.

Then, seizing the boat, they shot her out into the water, and, shaking their spears and clubs, called out: "Go, white man, go!"

But although the native sailors who pulled the boat were trembling with fear, the two white men did not seem frightened, and one of them, standing up in the stern of the boat, held up his hand and called out to the angry and excited people:

"Let me speak, I pray you!"

The natives understood him, for he spoke to them in the language spoken by the natives of Strong's Island, which is only a few hundred miles from Pinglelap.

* * * * *

The people parted to the right and left as Sralik, the chief, with a loaded musket grasped in his brawny right hand, strode down to the water's edge. Suppressed wrath shone in his eyes as he grounded his musket on the sand and looked at the white man.

"Speak," he said; "and then be gone!"

The white man spoke.

"Nay, spare us thy anger, O chief. I come not

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here to fill thy heart with anger, but with peace; and to tell thee of the great God, and of His Son Christ, who hath sent me to thee."

Sralik laughed scornfully.

"Thou liest. Long ago did I know that some day a white-painted ship would come to Pingelap, and that white men would come and speak to us of this new God and His Son, who is called Christ, and would say that this Christ had sent them, and then would the hearts of my people be stolen from Nanawit the Cave-god, and Tuarangi, the god of the Skies, and I, Sralik the king, would become but as a slave, for this new God of theirs would steal the hearts of my people from me as well."

The white man said sorrowfully:

"Nay, that is not so. Who hath told thee this?"

"A better white man than thee—he who slew my enemies and was named Haré (Harry). Long ago did he warn me of thy coming, and bid me beware of thee with thy lies about thy new God and His Son Christ."

Again the missionary said:

"Let me speak."

But Sralik answered him fiercely:

"Away, I tell thee, to thy white-painted ship, and trouble me no more," and he slapped the stock of his musket, and his white teeth gleamed savagely through his bearded face.

So the two missionaries went back, and the "Morning Star" filled away again and sailed slowly away to the westward.

* * * * *

That night as the three girls lay on the mats beside the dying embers of the fire, they talked of the strange white men whom Sralik had driven away.

Ninia the widow listened to them from her corner of the house, and then she said, musingly:

"I, too, have heard of this God Christ, for when Haré, thy father, lay in my arms with the blood pouring from his wound, and death looked out from his eyes, he called upon His name."

Young Ninia and her sister drew closer and listened. Never until now had they heard their mother speak of their white father's death. They only knew that some unknown enemy had thrust a knife into his side as he lay asleep, and Ninia the widow had, with terror in her eyes, forbidden them to talk of it even amongst themselves. Only she herself knew that Sralik had caused his death. But to-night she talked.

"Tell us more, my mother," said girl Ninia, going over to her, and putting her cheek against her mother's troubled face, and caressing her in the darkness.

"Aye, I can tell thee now, my children, for Sralik's anger is dead now. * * * It was at the dawn, just when the first note of the blue pigeon is heard, that I heard a step in the house—'twas the death-men of Sralik—and then a loud cry, and Haré, thy father, awoke to die. The knife had bitten deep and he took my hands in his and groaned.

"'Farewell,' he said, 'O mother of my children, I die!' Then he cried, 'And Thou, O Christ, look down on and forgive me; Christ the Son of God.'

"With my hand pressed to his side, I said: 'Who is it that thou callest upon, my husband? Is it the white man's God?'

"'Aye,' he said, 'this Christ is He whom I have so long denied. He is the son of the God whose anger I fear to meet now that my soul goes out into darkness.'

"'Fear not,' I said, weeping, 'I, Ninia, will make offerings to this white God and His Son Christ, so that their anger may be softened against thy spirit when it wanders in ghost-land.'

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"So he groaned and was dead. And for six or more moons did I put offerings to the white God upon thy father's grave as I had promised. No offerings made I to our own gods, for he despised them even as he despised his own. But yet do I think his jelin (spirit) is at rest in ghost-land; else had it come to me in the night and touched me on the forehead as I slept."

CHAPTER III

A month had gone by since the day that Sralik had driven away the "Christ ship," as the people called the "Morning Star," and then word came over from Sralik to Ruvani, his granddaughter, to come over and take her part in a night-dance and feast to the rain-god, for the year had been a good one and the cocoanut trees were loaded with nuts. For this was the dancing and feasting.

All that day the eight people of Takai were busied in making ready their gifts of food for the feast which was to take place in two days' time. In the afternoon, when the sun had lost its strength, the three girls launched their canoe and set out for a place on the northern point of Pingelap, where grew in great profusion the sweet-smelling nudu flower. These would they get to make garlands and necklets to wear at the great dance, in which they were all to take part.

In an hour or two they had gathered all the nudu flowers they desired, and then little Tarita looking up saw that the sky was overcast and blackening, and presently some heavy drops of rain fell.

"Haste, haste!" she cried to the others; "let us away ere the strong wind which is behind the black clouds overtakes us on the lagoon."

Night comes on quickly in the South Seas, and by

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the time they had seated themselves in the canoe it was dark. In a little while a sharp rain-squall swept down from the northward, and they heard the wind rattling and crashing through the branches of the palms on Tugulu.

Ninia, who was steering, boldly headed the canoe across the lagoon for Takai, and laughed when Ruvani and Tarita, who were wet and shivering with the cold rain, urged that they should put in at the beach on Tugulu and walk home.

"Paddle, paddle strongly," she cried, "what mattereth a little rain and wind! And sing, so that our mother will hear us and make ready something to eat. Look, I can already see the blaze of her fire."

Striking their paddles into the water in unison, they commenced to sing, but suddenly their voices died away in terror as a strange, droning hum was borne down to them from the black line of Tugulu shore; and then the droning deepened into a hoarse roaring noise as the wild storm of wind and fierce, stinging rain tore through the groves of cocoanuts and stripped them of leaves and branches.

Brave Ninia, leaning her lithe figure well over the side of the canoe, plunged her paddle deep down and tried to bring the canoe head to wind to meet the danger, and Ruvani, in the bow, with long hair flying straight out behind her, answered her effort with a cry of encouragement, and put forth all her strength to aid.

But almost ere the cry had left her lips, the full fury of the squall had struck them; the canoe was caught in its savage breath, twirled round and round, and then filled.

"Keep thou in the canoe, little one, and bale!" cried Ninia to Tarita, as she and Ruvani leaped into the water.

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For some minutes the two girls clung with one hand each to the gunwales, and Tarita, holding the large wooden ahu, or baler, in both hands, dashed the water out. Then she gave a trembling cry—the baler struck against the side of the canoe and dropped overboard.

Ninia dared not leave the canoe to seek for it in the intense darkness, and so clinging to the little craft, which soon filled again, they drifted about. The waters of the lagoon were now white with the breaking seas, and the wind blew with fierce, cruel steadiness, and although they knew it not, they were being swept quickly away from the land towards the passage in the reef.

The rain had ceased now, and the water being warm none of them felt cold, but the noise of the wind and sea was so great that they had to shout loudly to each other to make their voices heard.

Presently Ruvani called out to Ninia—

“Let us take Tarita between us and swim to the shore, ere the sharks come to us.”

“Nay, we are safer here, Ruvani. And how could we tell my mother that the canoe is lost? Let us wait a little and then the wind will die away.”

Canoes are valuable property on Pingelap, where suitable wood for building them is scarce, and this was in Ninia’s mind.

They still kept hold of their paddles, and although afraid of the sharks, waited patiently for the storm to cease, little thinking that at that moment the ebbing tide and wind together had swept them into the passage, and that they were quickly drifting away from their island home.

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All that night Ninia, the widow, and her four slaves sought along the beach of Tugulu for the three girls, who they felt sure had landed there. And when the day broke at last, and they saw that the gale had not

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ceased and that the canoe had vanished, they ran all the way over to the village, and Ninia threw herself at Sralik's feet.

"Thy granddaughter and my children have perished, O chief."

The chief came to the door of his house and looked out upon the wild turmoil of waters.

"It is the will of the gods," he said, "else had not my whaleboat been crushed in the night," and he pointed to the ruins of the boat-shed upon which a huge cocoa-nut tree had fallen and smashed the boat.

Then he went back into his house and covered his face, for Ruvani was dear to his savage old heart.

And Ninia went back to her lonely house and wept and mourned for her lost ones as only mothers weep and mourn, be they of white skins or brown.

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Away out into the ocean the canoe was swept along, and Ruvani and Ninia still clung to her, one at the head and one at the stern. Once there came a brief lull, and then they succeeded in partly freeing her from water, and Tarita using her two hands like a scoop meanwhile, the canoe at last became light enough for them to get in.

They were only just in time, for even then the wind freshened, and Ninia and Ruvani let the canoe run before it, for they were too exhausted to keep her head to the wind.

When daylight broke Ninia, with fear in her heart, stood up in the canoe and looked all round her.

There was no land in sight! Poor children! Even then they could not have been more than twenty miles away from the island, for Pingelap is very low and not visible even from a ship's deck at more than twelve or fifteen miles.

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But she was a brave girl, although only fourteen, and when Tarita and Ruvani wept she encouraged them.

"Sralik will come to seek us in the boat," she said, although she could have wept with them.

The wind still carried them along to the westward, and Ninia knew that every hour was taking them further and further away from Pingelap, but although it was not now blowing hard, she knew that it was useless for them to attempt to paddle against it. So, keeping dead before the wind and sea, they drifted slowly along.

At noon the wind died away, and then, tired and worn out, she and Ruvani lay down in the bottom of the canoe and slept, while little Tarita sat up on the cane framework of the outrigger and watched the horizon for Sralik's boat.

Hour after hour passed, and the two girls still slept. Tarita, too, had lain her weary head down and slumbered with them.

Slowly the sun sank beneath a sea of glassy smoothness, unrippled even by the faintest air, and then Ninia awoke, and, sitting up, tossed her cloud of dark hair away from her face, and looked around her upon the darkening ocean. Her lips were dry and parched, and she felt a terrible thirst.

"Tarita," she called, "art sleeping, dear one?"

A sob answered her.

"Nay, for my head is burning, and I want a drink."

* * * * *

The whole story of those days of unutterable agony cannot be told here. There, under a torrid sun, without a drop of water or a morsel of food, the poor creatures drifted about till death mercifully came to two of them.

It was on the evening of the second day that Ninia, taking her little sister in her own fast weakening arms,

pressed her to her bosom, and, looking into her eyes, felt her thirst-rackèd body quiver and then grow still in the strange peacefulness of death. Then a long wailing cry broke upon the silence of the night.

How long she had sat thus with the child's head upon her bosom and her dead, sightless eyes turned upward to the glory of the star-lit heavens she knew not; after that one moaning cry of sorrow that escaped from her anguished heart she had sat there like a figure of stone, dull, dazed, and unconscious almost of the agonies of thirst. And then Ruvani, with wild, dreadful eyes and bleeding, sun-baked lips, crept towards her, and, laying her face on Ninia's hand, muttered—

“Farewell, O friend of my heart; I die.”

And then, as she lay there with closed eyes and loosened hair falling like a shroud over the form of her dead playmate, she muttered and talked, and then laughed a strange, weird laugh that chilled the blood in Ninia's veins. So that night passed, and then, as the fiery sun uprose again upon the wide sweep of lonely sea, and the solitary drifting canoe with its load of misery, Ruvani, who still muttered and laughed to herself, suddenly rose up, and with the strength of madness, placing her arms around the stiffened form of little Tarita, she sprang over the side and sank with her.

Ninia, stretching her arms out piteously, bowed her head, and lay down to die.

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She was aroused from her stupor by the cries of a vast flock of sea birds, and, opening her eyes, she saw that the canoe was surrounded by thousands upon thousands of bonita that leaped and sported and splashed about almost within arm's length of her. They were pursuing a shoal of small fish called atuli, and these every now and then darted under the canoe for pro-

tection. Sometimes, as the hungry bonita pressed them hard, they would leap out of the water, hundreds together, and then the sea birds would swoop down and seize them ere they fell back into the sea.

Ninia, trembling with excitement and the hope of life, watched eagerly. Presently she heard a curious, rippling noise, and then a rapidly-repeating tapping on the outrigger side of the canoe.

Oh! the joy of it; the water was black with a mass of atuli, crowded together on the surface, and frightened and exhausted.

She thrust her hands in among them and threw handful after handful into the canoe, and then her dreadful thirst and hunger made her cease, and, taking fish after fish, she bit into them with her sharp teeth, and assuaged both hunger and thirst.

As she tore ravenously at the atuli the sky became overcast, and while the bonitas splashed and jumped around her, and the birds cried shrilly overhead, the blessed rain began to fall, at first in heavy drops, and then in a steady downpour.

Taking off her thick grass girdle, she rolled it up into a tight coil and placed it across the bottom of the canoe, about two feet from the bows, so as to form a dam; and then, lying face downwards, she drank and drank till satisfied. Then she counted the atuli. There were over forty.

All that day the rain squalls continued, and then the wind settled and blew steadily from the east, and Ninia kept the canoe right before it.

That night she slept but little. A wild hope had sprung up in her heart that she might reach the island of Ponape, which she knew was not many days' sail from Pingelap. Indeed, she had once heard her father and Sralik talking about going there in the whaleboat to sell turtle-shell to the white traders there.

But she did not know that the current and trade wind were setting the canoe quickly away from Ponape towards a group of low-lying atolls called Ngatik.

* * * * *

The rain had ceased, and in the warm, starlight night she drifted on to the west, and as she drifted she dreamed of her father, and saw Ninia the widow, her mother, sitting in the desolate house on Takai, before the dying embers of the fire, and heard her voice crying:

"O thou white Christ God, to whom my husband called as he died, tell me are my children perished? I pray thee because of the white blood that is in them to protect them and let me behold my beloved again."

The girl awoke. Her mother's voice seemed to still murmur in her ears, and a calm feeling of rest entered her soul. She took her paddle, and then stopped and thought.

This new God—the Christ-God of her father—perhaps He would help her to reach the land. She, too, would call upon Him, even as her mother had done.

"See, O Christ-God. I am but one left of three. I pray Thee guide my canoe to land, so that I may yet see Ninia my mother once more."

As the dawn approached she dozed again, and then she heard a sound that made her heart leap—it was the low, monotonous beat of the surf.

When the sun rose she saw before her a long line of low-lying islands, clothed in cocoanuts, and shining like jewels upon the deep ocean blue.

She ate some more of the fish, and, paddling as strongly as her strength would permit, she passed between the passage, entered the smooth waters of the lagoon, and ran the canoe up on to a white beach.

"The Christ-God has heard me," she said as she

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threw her wearied form under the shade of the cocoa-nut palms and fell into a heavy, dreamless slumber.

And here next morning the people of Ngatik found her. They took the poor wanderer back with them to their houses that were clustered under the palm-groves a mile or two away, and there for two years she dwelt with them, hoping and waiting to return to Pingelap.

One day a ship came—a whaler cruising back to Strong's Island and the Marshall Group. The captain was told her story by the people of Ngatik, and offered to touch at Pingelap and land her.

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Ninia the widow was still living on Takai, and her once beautiful face had grown old and haggard-looking. Since the night of the storm four ships had called at Pingelap, but she had never once gone over to the village, for grief was eating her heart away; and so, when one evening she heard that a ship was in sight, she took no heed.

Her house was very sad and lonely now, and as night came on she lay down in her end of the house and slept, while the other four people sat round the fire and talked and smoked.

In the middle of the night the four slaves got up and went away to the village, for they wanted to be there when the boat from the ship came ashore.

At daylight the ship was close in, and the people in the village saw a boat lowered. Then a cry of astonishment burst from them when they saw the boat pull straight in over the reef and land at Takai, about a hundred yards from the house of Ninia, the white man's widow.

Only one person got out, and then the boat pushed off again and pulled back to the ship.

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IN THE SOUTH SEAS

Ninia the widow had risen, and was rolling up the mat she had slept upon, when a figure darkened the doorway. She turned wonderingly to see who it was that had come over so early from the village, when the stranger, who was a tall, graceful young girl, sprang forward, and, folding her arms around her, said, sobbing with joy—

“My mother. . . The Christ-God hath brought me back to thee again.”

III

AT A KAVA DRINKING

CHAPTER I

THE first cool breaths of the land breeze, chilled by its passage through the dew-laden forest, touched our cheeks softly that night as we sat on the traders' verandah, facing the white, shimmering beach, smoking and watching the native children at play, and listening for the first deep boom of the wooden logo or bell that would send them racing homewards to their parents and evening prayer.

* * * * *

"There it is," said our host, who sat in the farthest corner, with his long legs resting by the heels on the white railing; "and now you'll see them scatter."

The loud cries and shrill laughter came to a sudden stop as the boom of the logo reached the players, and then a clear, boyish voice reached us—"Ua ta le logo" (the bell has sounded). Like smoke before the gale, the lithe, half-naked figures fled silently in twos and threes between the cocoanuts, and the beach lay deserted.

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One by one the lights gleamed brightly through the trees as the women piled the fires in each house with broken cocoanut shells. There was but the faintest breath of wind, and through the open sides

IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

of most of the houses not enough to flicker the steady light, as the head of the family seated himself (or herself) close to the fire, and, hymn-book in hand, led off the singing. Quite near us was a more pretentious-looking structure than the others, and looking down upon it we saw that the gravelled floor was covered with fine, clean mats, and arranged all round the sides of the house were a number of camphorwood boxes, always—in a Samoan house—the outward and visible sign of a well-to-do man. There was no fire lighted here; placed in the centre of the one room there stood a lamp with a gorgeous-looking shade, of many colors. This was the chief's house, and the chief of Aleipata was one of the strong men of Samoa—both politically and physically. Two of our party on the verandah were strangers to Samoa, and they drew their chairs nearer, and gazed with interest at the chief and his immediate following as they proceeded with their simple service. There were quite a number of the *aua-luma* (unmarried women) of the village present in the chief's house that evening, and as their tuneful voices blended in an evening hymn—"Matou te nau e faafetai"—we wished that instead of four verses there had been ten.

"Can you tell us, Lester," said one of the strangers to our host, "the meaning of the last words?—they came out so clearly that I believe I've caught them," and to our surprise he sang the last line—

Ia matou moe tau ia te oe.

* * * * *

"Well, now, I don't know if I can. Samoan hymns puzzle me; you see, the language used in addressing the Deity is vastly different to that used ordinarily, but I take it that the words you so correctly repeated mean, 'Let us sleep in peace with Thee.' Curious people these Samoans," he muttered, more to himself

than for us; "soon be as hypocritical as the average white man. 'Let us sleep in peace with Thee,' and that fellow (the chief), his two brothers, and about a paddockful of young Samoan bucks haven't slept at all for this two weeks. All the night is spent in counting cartridges, melting lead for bullets, and cleaning their arms, only knocking off for a drink of kava. Well, I suppose," he continued, turning to us, "they're all itching to fight, and as soon as the U. S. S. Resacca leaves Apia they'll commence in earnest, and us poor devils of traders will be left here doing nothing, and cursing this infernal love of fighting, which is inborn with Samoans and a part of their natural cussedness, which, if the Creator hadn't given it to them, would have put many a dollar into my pocket."

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"Father," said a voice that came up to us from the gloom of the young cocoanuts' foliage at the side of the house, "Felipe is here, and wants to know if he may come up and speak to the alii papalagi (white gentlemen)."

"Right you are, Felipe, my lad," said the trader in a more than usual kindly voice; "bring him up, Atalina, and then run away to the chief's and get some of the aua-luma to come over with you and make a bowl of kava."

"Now, Dr. L——," Lester continued, addressing himself to one of his guests, the surgeon of an American war vessel then stationed in Samoa, and a fellow-countryman of his, "I'll show you as fine a specimen of manhood and intelligence as God ever made, although he has got a tanned hide."

* * * * *

The native that ascended the steps and stood before us with his hat in his hand respectfully saluting, was indeed, as Lester called him, "a fine specimen."

Clothed only in a blue and white lava lava or waist-cloth, his clean-cut limbs, muscular figure, and skin like polished bronze, stood revealed in the full light that now flooded room and verandah from the lamp lit in the sitting-room. The finely-plaited Manhiki hat held in his right hand seemed somewhat out of place with the rest of his attire, and was evidently not much worn. Probably Felipe had merely brought it for the occasion, as a symbol to us of his superior tastes and ideas.

He shook hands with us all round, and then, at Lester's invitation, followed us inside, and sat down cross-legged on the mats and courteously awaited us to talk to him. The American surgeon offered him a cigar, which he politely declined, and produced from the folds of his lava lava a bundle of banana-leaf cigarettes, filled with strong tobacco. One of these, at a nod from the trader, he lit, and commenced to smoke.

* * * * *

In a few minutes we heard the crunching of the gravelled path under bare feet, and then some three or four of the aua-luma—the kava-chewing girls—ascended the steps and took up their position by the huge wooden kava bowl. As the girls, under the careful supervision of the trader's wife, prepared the drink, we fell into a general conversation.

"I wonder now," said the doctor to the trader, "that you, Lester, who, by your own showing, are by no means infatuated with the dreamy monotony of island life, can yet stay here, year after year, seeing nothing and hearing nothing of the world that lies outside these lonely islands. Have you no desire at all to go back again into the world?"

A faint movement—the index of some rapidly passing emotion—for a moment disturbed the calm, placid features of Lester, as he answered quickly: "No, doc-

tor; I don't think it's likely I'll ever see the outside world, as you call it, again. I've had my hopes and ambitions, like every one else; but they didn't pan out as I expected, . . . and then I became Lester the Trader, and as Lester the Trader I'll die; have a whitey-brown crowd at my funeral; and, if you came here ten years afterwards, the people couldn't even tell you where I was planted."

The doctor nodded. "Just so. Like all native races, their affections and emotions are deep, but transient—no better in that way than the average American nigger."

The kava was finished now, and was handed round to us by the slender, graceful hands of the trader's little daughter. As Felipe, the last to drink, handed back the ipu to the girl, his eyes lit up, and he spoke to our host, addressing him, native fashion, by his Christian name, and speaking in his own tongue.

"How is it, Tiaki (Jack), that I hear thee tell these thy friends that we of the brown skins have but shallow hearts and forget quickly? Dost think that if, when thy time comes, and thou goest, that thy wife and child will not grieve? Hast thou not heard of our white man, who, when he died, yet left his name upon our hearts?—and yet we were in those days heathens and followers of our own gods."

The trader nodded kindly and turned to us. "Do you want to hear a yarn about one of the old style of white men that used to live like fighting-cocks in Samoa? Felipe here has rounded on me for saying that his countrymen soon forget, and has brought up this wandering papalagi tafea (beachcomber) as an instance of how the natives will stick to a man once he proves himself a man."

CHAPTER II

"It was the tenth year after the Cruel Captain with the three ships had anchored in Apia,¹ and when we of Aleipata were at war with the people of Fagaloa. In those days we had no white man in this town, and longed greatly to get one. But they were few in Samoa then; one was there at Tiavea, who had fled from a man-of-war of England; one at Saluafata, and perhaps one or two more at Tutuila or Savaii—that was all.

"My father's name was Lauati. He, with his mother, lived on the far side of the village, away from the rest of the houses. There were no others living in the house with them, for my father's mother was very poor, and all day long she labored—sometimes at making mats, and sometimes at beating out siapo (tappa) cloth. As the mats were made, and the tappa was bleached, and figures and patterns drawn upon it, she rolled them up and put them away overhead on the beams of the house, for she was eaten up with poverty, and these mats and tappa cloth was she gathering together so that she might be able to pay for my father's tattooing. And as she worked on the shore, so did my father toil on the sea, for, although he was not yet tattooed, he was skilled more than any other youth in sisu atu (bonita catching). Sometimes the chief, who was a greedy man, would take all his fish and leave him none for himself to take home to his house. Sometimes he would give him one, and then my father would cut off a piece for his mother, and take the rest and sell it for taro and bread-fruit.

¹ Commodore Wilkes, in command of the famous United States Exploring Expedition, 1836-40. He was a noted martinet, and was called *Le alii Saua* (the Cruel Captain).

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And all this time he worked, worked with his mother, so that he would have enough to pay for his tattooing, for to reach his age and not to be tattooed is thought a disgrace.

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"Now, in the chief's house was a young girl named Uluvao. She used to meet my father by stealth, for the chief—who was her uncle—designed to give her in marriage to a man of Siumu, who was a little chief, and had asked him for her. So Uluvao, who dreaded her uncle's wrath, would creep out at night from his house, and, going down to the beach, swim along the shore till she came to the lonely place where my father lived. His mother would await her coming on the beach, and then these three would sit together in the house and talk. If a footstep sounded, then the girl would flee, for she knew her uncle's club would soon bite into my father's brain did he know of these stolen meetings.

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"One day it came about that a great fono (meeting) was to be held at Falealili, and Tuialo, the chief, and many other chiefs, and their tulafale, or talking men, set out to cross the mountains to Falealili. Six days would they be away, and Uluvao and my father rejoiced, for they could now meet and speak openly, for the fear of the chief's face was not before them, and the people of the village knew my father loved the girl, so when they saw them together they only smiled, or else turned their faces another way. That night, in the big council house, there was a great number of the young men and women gathered together, and they danced and sang, and much kava was drunk. Presently the sister of the chief, who was a woman with a bitter tongue, came to the house, and saw and mocked at my father, and called him a 'naked wretch.'

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(Thou knowest, Tiaki, if a man be not tattooed, we called him naked.)

"'Alas!' said my father; 'I am poor; oh, lady, how can I help it?'

"The old woman's heart softened. 'Get thee out upon the sea and catch a fat turtle for a gift to my brother, and thou shalt be tattooed when he returns,' she said.

"The people laughed, for they knew that turtle were not to be caught at a silly woman's bidding. But my father rose up and went out into the darkness towards his house. As he walked on the sand his name was called, and Uluvaio ran by his side.

"'Lauati,' she said, 'let me come with thee. Let us hasten and get thy canoe, and seek a turtle on Nu'ulua and Nu'utele, for the night is dark, and we may find one.'

"My father took her hand, and they ran and launched the canoe.

"My * father * paddled, Uluvaio sat in the bow of the canoe. The night was very dark, and she was frightened, for in the waters hereabout are many tanifa, the thick, short shark, that will leap out of the water and fall on the canoe and crush it, so that those who paddle may be thrown out and devoured. And as she trembled she looked out at the shore of the two islands, which were now close to, and said to my father: 'Lo! what is this? I see a light as of a little fire.'

"Lauati ceased to paddle and looked. And there, between the trunks of the cocoanuts, he saw the faint gleam of a little fire, and something, as of a figure, that moved.

"The girl, Uluvaio, had a quick wisdom. 'Ah,' said she, 'perhaps it is the war canoes (taumualua) from Falifa. Those dogs hath learnt that all our men are

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gone away to Falealili to the fono, and they have come here to the islands to eat and rest, so that they may fall upon our town when it is dawn, and slay us all. Let us back, ere it is too late.'

"But as she spoke she looked into the water, and my father looked, too; and they both trembled. Deep down in the blackness of the sea was it that they saw—yet it quickly came nearer and nearer, like unto a great flame of white fire. It was a tanifa. Like flashes of lightning did my father dash his paddle into the water and urge the canoe to the land, for he knew that when the tanifa had come to the surface it would look and then dive, and when it came up again would spring upon and devour them both.

"'It is better to give our heads to the men of Falifa than for us to go into the belly of the shark,' he said; 'and it may be we can land, and they see us not.' And so, with fear gnawing at their vitals, the canoe flew along, and the streak of fire underneath was close upon them when they struck the edge of the coral and knew they were safe.

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"They dragged the canoe over the reef and then got in again, and paddled softly along till they passed the light of the fire, and then they landed on a little beach about a hundred gafa (fathoms) away. Then again Uluvao, who was a girl of wisdom, spoke.

"Listen,' she said, 'O man of my heart! Let us creep through the bushes and look. It may be that these men of Falifa are tired and weary, and sleep like hogs. Take thou, then, O Lauati, thy shark club and knife from the canoe, and perchance we may fall upon one that sleepest away from the rest; then shalt thou strike, and thou and I drag him away into the bushes and take his head. Then, ere it is well dawn, we will be back in town, and Tuialo will no longer

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Keep me from thee, for the head of a Falifa man will win his heart better than a fat turtle, and I will be wife to thee.'

"My father was pleased at her words. So they crept like snakes along the dewy ground. When they came to a jagged boulder covered with vines, that was near unto the fire, they looked and saw but one man; and, lo! he was a papalagi—a white man. And then, until it was dawn, my father and the girl hid behind the jagged rock and watched.

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"The white man was sitting on the sand, with his face clasped in his hand. At his feet lay another man, with his white face turned up to the sky, and those that watched saw that he was dead. He who sat over the dead man was tall and thin, and his hands were like the talons of the great fish eagle, so thin and bony were they. His garments were ragged and old, and his feet were bare; and as my father looked at him, his heart became pitiful, and he whispered to Uluvaio: 'Let us call out. He is but weak, and I can master him if he springs upon me. Let us speak.'

"But Uluvaio held him back. 'Nay,' she said, 'he may have a gun and shoot.'

"So they waited till the sun rose.

* * * * *

"The white man stood and looked about. Then he walked down to the beach, and my father and the girl saw lying on the rocks a little boat. The man went to the side, and put in his hand and brought out something in his hand, and came back and sat down again by the face of the dead. He had gone to the boat for food, and my father saw him place a biscuit to his mouth and commence to eat. But ere he swallowed any it fell from his hand upon the sand, and he threw himself upon the body of the dead man and wept,

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and his tears ran down over the face that was cold and were drank up by the sand.

"Then Uluvao began to weep, and my father stood up and called out to the white man, Talofa!

"He gazed at them and spoke not, but let them come close to him, and pointing to him who lay on the sand, he covered his face with his hands and bowed his head. Then Lauati ran and climbed a cocoanut tree and brought him two young nuts and made him drink, and Uluvao got broad leaves and covered over the face of the dead from the hot sun. Not one word of our tongue could he speak, but yet from signs that he made, Lauati and the girl knew that he wished to bury the dead man. So they two dug a deep grave in the sand, far up on the bank, where it lay soft and deep and covered with vines. When it was finished they lifted the dead white man and laid him beside it. And as they looked upon him the other came and knelt beside it and spoke many words into the ear that heard not, and Uluvao wept again, to see his grief. At last they laid him in the grave, and all three threw in the sand and filled it up.

"Then these two took the strange white man by the hand and led him away into a little hut that was sometimes used by those who came to the island to fish. They made him eat and then sleep, and while he slept they carried up the things out of the boat and put them in the house beside him.

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"When the sun was high in the heavens, the white man awoke, and my father took his hand and pointed to the boat, and then to the houses across the sea. He bent his head and followed, and they all got into the boat, and hoisted the sail. When the boat came close to the passage of Aleipaa, the people ran from out their houses, and stood upon the beach and wondered.

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And Lauati and Uluvaio laughed and sang, and called out: 'Ho, ho, people! we have brought a great gift—a white man from over the sea. Send word quickly to Tuialo that he may return and see this our white man,' and, as the boat touched the sand, the old woman, the sister of Tuialo, came up, and said to Lauati, 'Well hast thou done, O lucky one! Better is this gift of a white man than many turtle.'

"Then she took the stranger to her house, and pigs and fowls were killed, and yams and taro cooked, and a messenger sent to Tuialo to hasten back quickly, and see this gift from the gods. For they were quick to see that in the boat were muskets and powder and bullets, and all the people rejoiced, for they thought that this white man could mend for them many guns that were broken and useless, and help them to fight against the men of Falifa.

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"In two days Tuialo came back, and he made much of the white man, and Uluvaio he gave to my father for wife. And for the white man were the softest mats and the best pieces of siapo, and he lived for nearly the space of two years in the chief's house. And all this time he worked at making boats and mending the broken guns and muskets, and little by little the words of our tongue came to him, and he learned to tell us many things. Yet at night time he would always come to my father's house, and sit with him and talk, and sometimes Uluvaio would make kava for him and my father.

"At about the end of the second year there came a whaleship, and Tuialo, and the white man, whom we called Tui-fana ('the gun-mender'), went out to her, and took with them many pigs and yams to exchange for guns and powder. When the buying and selling was over, the captain of the ship gave Tui-fana a gun

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with two barrels—bright was it and new, and Tuialo, the chief, was eaten up with envy, and begged his white man for the gun, but he said: "Nay, not now; when we are in the house we will talk."

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"Like a swarm of flies, the people gathered round the council-house to see the guns and the powder and the swords that had been brought from the ship. And in the middle of the house sat Tui-fana, with the gun with two barrels in his hand.

"When all the chiefs had come in and sat down Tuialo came. His face was smiles, but his heart was full of bitterness towards Tui-fana, and as he spoke to the people and told them of the words that had been spoken by the captain of the ship, he said, 'And see this white man, this Tui-fana, who hath grown rich among us, is as greedy as a Tongan, and keepeth for himself a new gun with two barrels.'

"The white stood up and spoke: 'Nay, not greedy am I. Take, O chief, all I have: my house, my mats, my land, and the wife thou gavest me; but yet would I say: "Let me keep this gun with the two barrels."' "

"Tuialo was eaten up with greed, yet was his mind set on the gun; so he answered: 'Nay; that were to make thee as poor as when thou camest to us. Give me the gun; 'tis all I ask.'

"'It is not mine to give,' he answered. Then he rose and spoke to the people. 'See,' said he, 'Tuialo, the chief, desires this gun, and I say it is not mine to give, for to Lauati did I promise such a gun a year gone by. This, then, will I do. Unto Tuialo will I give my land, my house, and all that is mine; but to Lauati I give the gun; for so I promised.'

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"Then fierce looks passed between the chief and the white man, and the people surged together to and fro,

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for they were divided—some for the fear of the chief, and some for the love of the white man. But most were for that Lauati should keep the gun. And so Tuialo, seeing that the people's hearts were against him, put on a smooth face, and came to the white man and said:

"Thou art as a son to me. Lauati shall keep the gun, and thou shalt keep thy house and lands. I will take nothing from thee. Let us be forever friends."

"Then the white said to the chief: 'O chief, gladly will I give thee all I have, but this man, Lauati, is as my brother, and I promised——'

"But Tuialo put his hand on the white man's mouth, and said: 'Say no more, my son; I was but angered.'

* * * * *

"Yet see now his wickedness. For that night, when my father and Uluvaio, my mother, were sitting with the white man and his wife, and drinking kava, there suddenly sprang in upon them ten men, who stood over them with clubs poised. They were the body-men of Tuialo.

"'Drink thy kava,' said one to the white man; 'and then come out to die.'

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"Ah, he was a man! He took the cup of kava from the hands of his wife's sister, and said:

"'It is well. All men must die. But yet would I see Tuialo before the club falls.'

The chief but waited outside, and he came.

"'Must I die?' said the white man.

"'Ay,' said Tuialo. 'Two such as thee and I cannot live at the same time. Thou art almost as great a man as I.'

"The white man bent his head. Then he put out his hand to my father and said: 'Farewell, O my friend!'

"Lauati, my father, fell at the chief's feet. 'Take thou the gun, O chief; but spare his life.'

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"Tuialo laughed. 'The gun will I take, Lauati; but his life I must have also.'

" 'My life for his,' said my father.

" 'And mine,' said Uluvao, my mother.

" 'And mine, also,' said Manini, the white man's wife; and both she and Taulaga, her sister, bent their knees to the chief.

"The white man tried to spring up; but four strong men held him.

"Then Tuialo looked at the pair who knelt before him. He stroked his club, and spoke to his body-men.

" 'Bring them all outside.' They went together to the beach. 'Brave talkers ye be,' said he; 'who now will say, "I die for the white man?"'

" 'Nay, heed them not, Tuialo,' said the white man. 'On me alone let the club fall.'

"But the chief gave him no answer, looking only at my father and the three women.

* * * * *

" 'My life,' said Taulaga, the girl; and she knelt on the sand.

"The club swung round and struck her on the side of the head, and it beat it in. She fell, and died quickly.

" 'Oho,' mocked Tuialo, 'is there but one life offered for so great a man as Tiu-fana?'

"Lauati fell before him. 'Spare me not, O chief, if my life but saves his!'

"And again the club swung, and Lauati, my father, died, too; and as he fell his blood mixed with that of Taulaga.

"And then Uluvao and Manini, placing some little faith in his mocking words, knelt, and their blood, too, poured out on the ground, and the three women and my father lay in a heap together.

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'Now I, Felipe, was but a child, and when my mother had gone to kneel under the club she had placed me under a fetan tree near by. The chief's eye fell on me, and a man took me up and carried me to him.

"Then the white man said: 'Hurt not the child, O chief, or I curse thee before I die, and thou wastest away.'

"So Tuialo spared me.

"Then the chief came to the white man, and the two who held his hands pulled them well apart, and Tuialo once more swung his blood-dyed club. It fell, and the white man's head fell upon his breast."

IV

THE FEAST AT PENTECOST

THERE was a row in the fo'c's'le of the Queen Caroline, barque, of Sydney, and the hands were discussing ways and means upon two subjects—making the skipper give them their usual allowance of rum, or killing him, burning the ship, and clearing out and living among the natives.

Half of the crew were white; the others were Maories, Line Islanders, and Hawaiians. The white men wanted the colored ones to knock the skipper and two mates on the head, while they slept. The natives declined; but they were quite agreeable to run away on shore with their messmates.

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The barque was at anchor at one of the New Hebrides. She was a "sandalwooder," and the captain, Fordham, was, if possible, a greater rascal than any one else on board. He had bargained with the chief of the island for leave to send his crew ashore and cut sandalwood, and on the first day four boatloads were brought off, whereupon Fordham cursed their laziness. One, an ex-Hobart Town convict, having "talked back," Fordham and the mate tied him up to the pumps and gave him three dozen. Next day he started the boats away during fierce rain-squalls, and told the men that if they didn't bring plenty of wood he would "haze" them properly.

IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

At dusk they returned and brought word that they had a lot of wood cut, but had left it ashore, as the natives would lend them no assistance to load the boats.

The spokesman on this occasion was a big Maori from the Bay of Islands. Fordham gave him three dozen and put him in irons. Then he told the men they would get no supper till the wood was in the barque's hold—and he also stopped their grog.

"Well," said the captain, eying them savagely, "what is it going to be? Are you going to get that wood off or not?"

"It's too dark," said one; "and, anyway, we want our supper and grog first."

Fordham made a step towards him, when the whole lot bolted below.

"They'll turn-to early enough to-morrow," said he, grimly, "when they find there's no breakfast for 'em until that wood's on deck." Then he went below to drink rum with his two mates, remarking to his first officer: "You mark my words, Colliss, we're going to have a roasting hot time of it with them fellows here at Pentecost!"

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At daylight next morning the mate, who was less of a brute than the skipper, managed to get some rum and biscuit down into the fo'c's'le; then they turned-to and manned the boats. At noon the second mate, who was in charge of the cutting party, signalled from the shore that something was wrong.

On Fordham reaching the shore, the second mate told him that all the native crew had run off into the bush.

The chief of the island was sent for, and Fordham told him to catch the runaways—fourteen in number—

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promising seven muskets in return. The white crew were working close by in sullen silence. They grinned when they heard the chief say it would be difficult to capture the men; they were natives, he remarked; if they were white men it would be easy enough. But he would try if the captain helped him.

* * * *

An hour afterwards the chief was in the bush, talking to the deserters, and taking in an account of the vast amount of trade lying on board the barque.

"See," said he, to the only man among them who spoke his dialect—a Fijian half-caste from Loma-loma—"this is my scheme. The captain of the ship and those that come with him will I entice into the bush and kill them one by one, for the path is narrow—"

"Good," said Sam, the half-caste; "and then ten of us, with our hands loosely tied, will be taken off to the ship by two score of your men, who will tell the mate that the captain has caught ten of us, and has gone to seek the other four. Then will the ship be ours."

* * * *

"Halloa!" said the mate of the barque to the carpenter, "here's a thundering big crowd of niggers coming off in our two boats, and none of our white chaps with 'em. Stand by, you chaps, with your muskets. I ain't going to let all that crowd aboard with only six men in the ship."

The men left on board watched the progress of the two boats as they were pulled quickly towards the ship. They hardly apprehended any attempt at cutting-off, as from the ship they could discern the figures of some of their shipmates on shore stacking the sandalwood on a ledge of rock, handy for shipping in the boats.

"It's all right," called out the mate, presently, "the

IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

niggers have collared some of our native chaps. I can see that yaller-hided Fiji Sam sitting aft with his hands lashed behind him. Let 'em come alongside."

* * * *

"Cap'en been catch him ten men," said the native in charge to the mate; "he go look now find him other fellow four men. He tell me you give me two bottle rum, some tobacco, some biscuit."

"Right you are, you man-catching old cannibal," said the mate, jocosely; "come below." As the mate went below with the native at his heels, the latter made a quick sign by a backward move of his arm. In an instant the ten apparently-bound men had sprung to their feet, and with their pseudo-captors, flung themselves upon the five men. The wild cry of alarm reached the mate in the cabin. He darted up, and as he reached the deck a tomahawk crashed into his brain.

No need to tell the tale of the savage butchery on deck in all its details. Not one of the men had time to even fire a shot—they went down so quickly under the knives and tomahawks of the fifty men who struggled and strove with one another to strike the first blow. One man, indeed, succeeded in reaching the main rigging, but ere he had gained ten feet he was stabbed and chopped in half-a-dozen places.

* * * *

And then, as the remaining members of the crew sat "spelling" in the jungle, and waiting for the skipper's return, there came a sudden, swift rush of dark, naked forms upon them. Then grasping groans and silence.

There were many oven fires lit that night, and the following day; and, although the former shipmates of

FAMOUS TALES OF BARBARIANS AND SAVAGES.

the "long, baked pigs" were present by the invitation of the chief, their uncultivated tastes were satisfied with such simple things as breadfruit and yams.

That was the "wiping out" of the Queen Caroline at Pentecost, and the fulfilment of the unconscious prophecy of Captain Fordham to his mate.

PAUPUKEEWIS



PAUPUKEEWIS

Henry W. Longfellow: From "The Song of Hiawatha."

I HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST.

YOU shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,
How the handsome Yenadizze
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding;
How the gentle Chibiabos,
He the sweetest of musicians,
Sang his songs of love and longing;
How Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvelous story-teller,
Told his tales of strange adventure,
That the feast might be more joyous,
That the time might pass more gayly,
And the guests be more contented.

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis
Made at Hiawatha's wedding;
All the bowls were made of bass-wood,
White and polished very smoothly.
All the spoons of horn of bison,
Black and polished very smoothly.

She had sent through all the village
Messengers with wands of willow,
As a sign of invitation,
As a token of the feasting;
And the wedding guests assembled,

FAMOUS TALES OF BARBARIANS AND SAVAGES.

Clad in all their richest raiment,
Robes of fur and belts of wampum,
Splendid with their paint and plumage,
Beautiful with beads and tassels.

First they ate the sturgeon, Nahma,
And the pike, the Maskenozha,
Caught and cooked by old Nokomis;
Then on pemican they feasted,
Pemican and buffalo marrow,
Haunch of deer and hump of bison,
Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,
And the wild rice of the river.

But the gracious Hiawatha,
And the lovely Laughing Water,
And the careful old Nokomis,
Tasted not the food before them,
Only waited on the others,
Only served their guests in silence.

And when all the guests had finished,
Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,
From an ample pouch of otter,
Filled the red stone pipes for smoking
With tobacco from the South-land,
Mixed with bark of the red willow,
And with herbs and leaves of fragrance.

Then she said, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Dance for us your merry dances,
Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gayly,
And our guests be more contented!"

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
He the idle Yenadizze,
He the merry mischief-maker,

PAUPUKEEWIS.

Whom the people called the storm-fool,
Rose among the guests assembled.

Skilled was he in sports and pastimes,
In the merry dance of snow-shoes,
In the plays of quoits and ball-play;
Skilled was he in games of hazard,
In all games of skill and hazard,
Pugasaing, the Bowl and Counters,
Kuntassoo, the Game of Plum-stones.

Though the warriors called him Faint-Heart,
Called him coward, Shaugodaya,
Idler, gambler, Yenadizze,
Little heeded he their jesting,
Little cared he for their insults,
For the women and the maidens
Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doe-skin,
White and soft, and fringed with ermine,
All inwrought with beads of wampun;
He was dressed in deer-skin leggings,
Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine,
And in moccasins of buck-skin,
Thick with quills and beads embroidered,
On his head were plumes of swan's down,
On his heels were tails of foxes,
In one hand a fan of feathers,
And a pipe was in the other.

Barred with streaks of red and yellow.
Streaks of blue and bright vermilion,
Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.
From his forehead fell his tresses,
Smooth, and parted like a woman's,
Shining bright with oil, and plaited,
Hung with braids of scented grasses,
As among the guests assembled,

FAMOUS TALES OF BARBARIANS AND SAVAGES.

To the sound of flutes and singing,
To the sound of drums and voices,
Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn measure,
Very slow in step and gesture,
In and out among the pine-trees,
Through the shadows and the sunshine,
Treading softly like a panther.
Then more swiftly and still swifter,
Whirling, spinning round in circles,
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,
Eddying round and round the wigwam,
Till the leaves went whirling with him,
Till the dust and wind together
Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,
On he sped with frenzied gestures,
Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it
Wildly in the air around him;
Till the wind became a whirlwind,
Till the sand was blown and sifted
Like great snowdrifts o'er the landscape,
Heaping all the shores with Sand Dunes,
Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo!

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis
Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them,
And, returning, sat down laughing
There among the guests assembled,
Sat and fanned himself serenely
With his fan of turkey-feathers.

PAUPUKEEWIS

II PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis
He, the handsome Yenadizze,
Whom the people called the Storm Fool,
Vexed the village with disturbance;
You shall hear of all his mischief,
And his flight from Hiawatha,
And his wondrous transmigrations,
And the end of his adventures.

On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water
Stood the lodge of Pau-Puk-Keewis.
It was he who in his frenzy
Whirled these drifting sands together,
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,
When, among the guests assembled,
He so merrily and madly
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding,
Danced the Beggar's Dance to please them

Now, in search of new adventures,
From his lodge went Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Came with speed into the village,
Found the young men all assembled
In the lodge of old Iagoo,
Listening to his monstrous stories,
To his wonderful adventures.

He was telling them the story
Of Ojeeg, the Summer-Maker,
How he made a hole in heaven,
How he climbed up into heaven,
And let out the summer-weather,
The perpetual, pleasant Summer;

FAMOUS TALES OF BARBARIANS AND SAVAGES.

How the Otter first essayed it;
How the Beaver, Lynx, and Badger
Tried in turn the great achievement,
From the summit of the mountain
Smote their fists against the heavens,
Smote the sky against their foreheads,
Cracked the sky, but could not break it;
How the Wolverine, uprising,
Made him ready for the encounter,
Bent his knees down, like a squirrel,
Drew his arms back, like a cricket.

"Once he leaped," said old Iagoo,
"Once he leaped, and lo! above him
Bent the sky, as ice in rivers
When the waters rise beneath it;
Twice he leaped, and lo! above him
Cracked the sky, as ice in rivers
When the freshet is at highest!
Thrice he leaped, and lo! above him
Broke the shattered sky asunder,
And he disappeared within it,
And Ojeeg, the Fisher Weasel,
With a bound went in behind him!"

"Hark you!" shouted Pau-Puk-Keewis
As he entered at the doorway;
"I am tired of all this talking,
Tired of old Iagoo's stories,
Tired of Hiawatha's wisdom.
Here is something to amuse you,
Better than this endless talking."

Then from out his pouch of wolf-skin
Forth he drew, with solemn manner,
All the game of Bowl and Counters,
Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces.

PAUPUKEEWIS.

White on one side were they painted,
And vermilion on the other;
Two Kenabeeks or great serpents,
Two Ininewug or wedge-men,
One great war-club, Pugamaugun,
And one slender fish, the Keego,
Four round pieces, Ozawabeeks,
And three Sheshebwug or ducklings.
All were made of bones and painted,
All except the Ozawabeeks;
These were brass, on one side burnished,
And were black upon the other.

In a wooden bowl he placed them,
Shook and jostled them together,
Threw them on the ground before him.
Thus exclaiming and explaining:
"Red side up are all the pieces,
And one great Kenabeek standing
On the bright side of a brass piece,
On a burnished Ozawabeek;
Thirteen tens and eight are counted."

Then again he shook the pieces,
Shook and jostled them together,
Threw them on the ground before him,
Still exclaiming and explaining:
"White are both the great Kenabeeks,
White the Ininewug, the wedge-men,
Red are all the other pieces;
Five tens and an eight are counted."

Thus he taught the game of hazard,
Thus displayed it and explained it,
Running through its various chances,
Various changes, various meanings;
Twenty curious eyes stared at him,
Full of eagerness stared at him.

FAMOUS TALES OF BARBARIANS AND SAVAGES.

"Many games," said old Igao,
"Many games of skill and hazard
Have I seen in different nations,
Have I played in different countries.
He who plays with old Igao
Must have very nimble fingers;
Though you think yourself so skillful,
I can beat you, Pau-Puk-Keewis,
I can even give you lessons
In your game of Bowl and Counters!"

So they sat and played together,
All the old men and the young men,
Played for dresses, weapons, wampum,
Played till midnight, played till morning,
Played until the Yenadizze,
Till the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Of their treasures had despoiled them,
Of the best of all their dresses,
Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine,
Belts of wampum, crests of feathers,
Warlike weapons, pipes and pouches.
Twenty eyes glared wildly at him,
Like the eyes of wolves glared at him.

Said the lucky Pau-Puk-Keewis:
"In my wigwam I am lonely,
In my wanderings and adventures
I have need of a companion,
Fain would have a Meshinauwa,
An attendant and pipe-bearer.
I will venture all these winnings,
All these garments heaped about me,
All this wampum, all these feathers,
On a single throw will venture
All against the young man yonder!"
'Twas a youth of sixteen summers,

PAUPUKEEWIS.

'Twas a nephew of Iagoo;
Face-in-a-Mist, the people called him.
As the fire burns in a pipe-head
Dusky red beneath the ashes,
So beneath his shaggy eyebrows
Glowed the eyes of old Iagoo.
"Ugh!" he answered, very fiercely;
"Ugh!" they answered, all and each one.

Seized the wooden bowl the old man,
Closely in his bony fingers
Clutched the fatal bowl, Onagon,
Shook it fiercely and with fury,
Made the pieces ring together
As he threw them down before him.

Red were both the great Kenabeeks,
Red the Ininewug, the wedge-men,
Red the Sheshebwug, the ducklings,
Black the four brass Ozawabeeks,
White alone the fish, the Keego;
Only five the pieces counted!

Then the smiling Pau-Puk-Keewis
Shook the bowl and threw the pieces;
Lightly in the air he tossed them,
And they fell about him scattered;
Dark and bright the Ozawabeeks,
Red and white the other pieces,
And upright among the others
One Ininewug was standing,
Even as crafty Pau-Puk-Keewis
Stood alone among the players,
Saying, "Five tens! mine the game is!"

Twenty eyes glared at him fiercely,
Like the eyes of wolves glared at him,
As he turned and left the wigwam,

FAMOUS TALES OF BARBARIANS AND SAVAGES.

Followed by his Meshinauwa,
By the nephew of Iagoo,
By the tall and graceful stripling,
Bearing in his arms the winnings,
Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine,
Belts of wampum, pipes and weapons.
"Carry them," said Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Pointing with his fan of feathers,
"To my wigwam far to eastward,
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo!"

Hot and red with smoke and gambling
Were the eyes of Pau-Puk-Keewis
As he came forth to the freshness
Of the pleasant Summer morning.
All the birds were singing gayly,
All the streamlets flowing swiftly,
And the heart of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Sang with pleasure as the birds sing.
Beat with triumph like the streamlets,
As he wandered through the village,
In the early gray of morning,
With his fan of turkey-feathers,
With his plumes and tufts of swan's down,
Till he reached the farthest wigwam,
Reached the lodge of Hiawatha.

Silent was it and deserted;
No one met him at the doorway,
No one came to bid him welcome;
But the birds were singing round it,
In and out and round the doorway,
Hopping, singing, fluttering, feeding,
And aloft upon the ridge-pole
Kahgalgee, the King of Ravens,

PAUPUKEEWIS.

Sat with fiery eyes, and, screaming,
Flapped his wings at Pau-Puk-Keewis.

"All are gone! the lodge is empty!"

Thus it was spake Pau-Puk-Keewis,
In his heart resolving mischief—

"Gone is wary Hiawatha,
Gone the silly Laughing Water,
Gone Nokomis, the old woman,
And the lodge is left unguarded!"

By the neck he seized the raven,
Whirled it round him like a rattle,
Like a medicine-pouch he shook it,
Strangled Kahgahgee, the raven,
From the ridge-pole of the wigwam
Left its lifeless body hanging,
As an insult to its master,
As a taunt to Hiawatha.

With a stealthy step he entered,
Round the lodge in wild disorder
Threw the household things about him,
Piled together in confusion
Bowls of wood and earthen kettles,
Robes of buffalo and beaver,
Skins of otter, lynx, and ermine,
As an insult to Nokomis,
As a taunt to Minnehaha.

Then departed Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Whistling, singing through the forest,
Whistling gayly to the squirrels,
Who from hollow boughs above him
Dropped their acorn-shells upon him,
Singing gayly to the wood-birds,
Who from out the leafy darkness
Answered with a song as merry.

FAMOUS TALES OF BARBARIANS AND SAVAGES.

Then he climbed the rocky headlands
Looking o'er the Gitche Gumee,
Perched himself upon their summit,
Waiting full of mirth and mischief,
The return of Hiawatha.

Stretched upon his back he lay there;
Far below him plashed the waters,
Plashed and washed the dreamy waters;
Far above him swam the heavens,
Swam the dizzy, dreamy heavens;
Round him hovered, fluttered, rustled,
Hiawatha's mountain chickens,
Flock-wise swept and wheeled about him,
Almost brushed him with their pinions.

And he killed them as he lay there,
Slaughtered them by tens and twenties,
Threw their bodies down the headland,
Threw them on the beach below him,
Till at length Kayoshk, the sea-gull,
Perched upon a crag above them
Shouted: "It is Pau-Puk-Keew
He is slaying us by hundreds!
Send a message to our brother,
Tidings send to Hiawatha!"

III THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

Full of wrath was Hiawatha
When he came into the village,
Found the people in confusion,
Heard of all the misdemeanors,
All the malice and the mischief,
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis.

Hard his breath came through his nostrils,
Through his teeth he buzzed and muttered

PAUPUKEEWIS.

Words of anger and resentment,
Hot and humming, like a hornet.
"I will slay this Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Slay this mischief-maker!" said he.
"Not so long and wide the world is,
Not so rude and rough the way is,
That my wrath shall not attain him,
That my vengeance shall not reach him!"

Then in swift pursuit departed
Hiawatha and the hunters
On the trail of Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Through the forest, where he passed it,
To the headlands where he rested;
But they found not Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Only in the trampled grasses,
In the whortle-berry bushes,
Found the couch where he had rested,
Found the impress of his body.

From the lowlands far beneath them,
From the Muskoday, the meadow,
Pau-Puk-Keewis, turning backward,
Made a gesture of defiance,
Made a gesture of derision;
And aloud cried Hiawatha,
From the summit of the mountain:
"Not so long and wide the world is,
Not so rude and rough the way is,
But my wrath shall overtake you,
And my vengeance shall attain you!"

Over rock and over river,
Thorough brush, and brake and forest,
Ran the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis;
Like an antelope he bounded,
Till he came upon a streamlet

FAMOUS TALES OF BARBARIANS AND SAVAGES.

In the middle of the forest,
To a streamlet still and tranquil,
That had overflowed its margin,
To a dam made by the beavers,
To a pond of quiet water,
Where knee-deep the trees were standing,
Where the water-lilies floated,
Where the rushes waved and whispered.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,
On the dam of trunks and branches,
Through whose chinks the water spouted,
O'er whose summit flowed the streamlet.
From the bottom rose a beaver,
Looked with two great eyes of wonder,
Eyes that seemed to ask a question,
At the stranger, Pau-Puk-Keewis.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,
O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,
Flowed the bright and silvery water,
And he spake unto the beaver,
With a smile he spake in this wise:

"O my friend Ahmeek, the beaver,
Cool and pleasant is the water;
Let me dive into the water,
Let me rest there in your lodges;
Change me, too, into a beaver!"

Cautiously replied the beaver,
With reserve he thus made answer:
"Let me first consult the others,
Let me ask the other beavers."
Down he sank into the water,
Heavily sank he, as a stone sinks,
Down among the leaves and branches,
Brown and matted at the bottom.

PAUPUKEEWIS.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,
O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,
Spouted through the chinks below him,
Dashed upon the stones beneath him,
Spread serene and calm before him,
And the sunshine and the shadows
Fell in flecks and gleams upon him,
Fell in little, shining patches,
Through the waving, rustling branches.

From the bottom rose the beavers,
Silently above the surface
Rose one head and then another,
Till the pond seemed full of beavers,
Full of black and shining faces.

To the beavers Pau-Puk-Keewis
Spake entreating, said in this wise:

"Very pleasant is your dwelling,
O my friends! and safe from danger;
Can you not with all your cunning,
All your wisdom and contrivance,
Change me, too, into a beaver?"

"Yes!" replied Ahmeek, the beaver,
He the King of all the beavers,
"Let yourself slide down amongst us,
Down into the tranquil water."

Down into the pond among them
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis;
Black became his shirt of deer-skin,
Black his moccasins and leggings,
In a broad black tail behind him
Spread his fox-tails and his fringes;
He was changed into a beaver.

"Make me large," said Pau-Puk-Keewis,
"Make me large and make me larger,
Larger than the other beavers."

FAMOUS TALES OF BARBARIANS AND SAVAGES.

"Yes," the beaver chief responded,
"When our lodge below you enter,
In our wigwam we will make you
Ten times larger than the others."

Thus into the clear, brown water
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis;
Found the bottom covered over
With the trunks of trees and branches,
Hoards of food against the winter,
Piles and heaps against the famine,
Found the lodge with arching doorway,
Leading into spacious chambers.

Here they made him large and larger,
Made him largest of the beavers,
Ten times larger than the others.

"You shall be our ruler," said they;
"Chief and king of all the beavers."

But not long had Pau-Puk-Keewis
Sat in state among the beavers,
When there came a voice of warning
From the watchman at his station
In the water-flags and lilies,
Saying, "Here is Hiawatha!
Hiawatha with his hunters!"

Then they heard a cry above them,
Heard a shouting and a tramping,
Heard a crashing and a rushing,
And the water round and o'er them
Sank and sucked away in eddies,
And they knew their dam was broken.

On the lodge's roof the hunters
Leaped, and broke it all asunder;
Streamed the sunshine through the crevice,
Sprang the beavers through the doorway,
Hid themselves in deeper water,

PAUPUKEEWIS.

In the channel of the streamlet;
But the mighty Pau-Puk-Keewis
Could not pass beneath the doorway;
He was puffed with pride and feeding,
He was swollen like a bladder.

Through the roof looked Hiawatha,
Cried aloud, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis!
Vain are all your craft and cunning,
Vain your manifold disguises!
Well, I know you, Pau-Puk-Keewis!"

With their clubs they beat and bruised him,
Beat to death poor Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Pounded him as maize is pounded,
Till his skull was crushed to pieces.

Six tall hunters, lithe and limber,
Bore him home on poles and branches,
Bore the body of the beaver;
But the ghost, the Jeebi in him,
Thought and felt as Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Still lived on as Pau-Puk-Keewis.

And it fluttered, strove, and struggled,
Waving hither, waving thither,
As the curtains of a wigwam
Struggle with their thongs of deer-skin,
When the wintry wind is blowing;
Till it drew itself together,
Till it rose up from the body,
Till it took the form and features
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis
Vanishing into the forest.

But the wary Hiawatha
Saw the figure ere it vanished,
Saw the form of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Glide into the soft blue shadow
Of the pine trees of the forest;

FAMOUS TALES OF BARBARIANS AND SAVAGES.

Towards the squares of white beyond it,
Towards an opening in the forest,
Like a wind it rushed and panted,
Bending all the boughs before it,
And behind it, as the rain comes,
Came the steps of Hiawatha.

To a lake with many islands
Came the breathless Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Where among the water-lilies
Pishnekuh, the brant, were sailing;
Through the tufts of rushes floating,
Steering through the reedy islands.
Now their broad black beaks they lifted,
Now they plunged beneath the water,
Now they darkened in the shadow,
Now they brightened in the sunshine.

"Pishnekuh!" cried Pau-Puk-Keewis,
"Pisnekuh! my brothers!" said he,
"Change me to a brant with plumage,
With a shining neck and feathers,
Make me large, and make me larger,
Ten times larger than the others."

Straightway to a brant they changed him,
With two huge and dusky pinions,
With a bosom smooth and rounded,
With a bill like two great paddles,
Made him larger than the others,
Ten times larger than the largest,
Just as, shouting, from the forest,
On the shore stood Hiawatha.

Up they rose with cry and clamor,
With a whirr and beat of pinions,
Rose up from the reedy islands,
From the water-flags and lilies.

PAUPUKEEWIS.

And they said to Pau-Puk-Keewis:
"In your flying, look not downward,
Take good heed, and look not downward,
Lest some strange mischance should happen,
Lest some great mishap befall you!"

Fast and far they fled to northward,
Fast and far through mist and sunshine,
Fed among the moor and fen-lands,
Slept among the reeds and rushes.

On the morrow as they journeyed,
Buoyed and lifted by the South-wind,
Wafted onward by the South-wind,
Blowing fresh and strong behind them,
Rose a sound of human voices,
Rose a clamor from beneath them,
From the lodges of a village,
From the people miles beneath them.

For the people of the village
Saw the flock of brant with wonder,
Saw the wings of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Flapping far up in the ether,
Broader than two doorway curtains.

Pau-Puk-Keewis heard the shouting,
Knew the voice of Hiawatha,
Knew the outcry of Iagoo,
And, forgetful of the warning,
Drew his neck in, and looked downward,
And the wind that blew behind him
Caught his mighty fan of feathers,
Sent him wheeling, whirling downward!

All in vain did Pau-Puk-Keewis
Struggle to regain his balance!
Whirling round and round and downward,
He beheld in turn the village

FAMOUS TALES OF BARBARIANS AND SAVAGES.

And in turn the flock above him,
Saw the village coming nearer,
And the flock receding farther,
Heard the voices growing louder,
Heard the shouting and the laughter;
Saw no more the flock above him,
Only saw the earth beneath him;
Dead out of the empty heaven,
Dead among the shouting people,
With a heavy sound and sullen,
Fell the brant with broken pinions.

But his soul, his ghost, his shadow,
Still survived as Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Took again the form and features,
Of the handsome Yenadizze,
And again went rushing onward,
Followed fast by Hiawatha,
Crying: "Not so wide the world is,
Not so long and rough the way is,
But my wrath will overtake you,
But my vengeance shall attain you!"

And so near he came, so near him,
That his hand was stretched to seize him,
His right hand to seize and hold him,
When the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis
Whirled and spun about in circles,
Fanned the air into a whirlwind,
Danced the dust and leaves about him,
And amid the whirling eddies
Sprang into a hollow oak-tree,
Changed himself into a serpent,
Gliding out through root and rubbish.

With his right hand Hiawatha
Smote amain the hollow oak-tree,
Rent it into shreds and splinters,

PAUPUKEEWIS.

Left it lying there in fragments.
But in vain; for Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Once again in human figure,
Full in sight ran on before him,
Sped away in gust and whirlwind,
On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
Westward by the Big-Sea-Water,
Came unto the rocky headlands,
To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone,
Looking over lake and landscape.

And the Old Man of the Mountain,
He the Manito of Mountains,
Opened wide his rocky doorways,
Opened wide his deep abysses,
Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter
In his caverns dark and dreary,
Bidding Pau-Puk-Keewis welcome
To his gloomy lodge of sandstone.

There without stood Hiawatha,
Found the doorways closed against him,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Smote great caverns in the sandstone,
Cried aloud in tones of thunder,
"Open! I am Hiawatha!"
But the Old Man of the Mountain
Opened not, and made no answer
From the silent crags of sandstone,
From the gloomy rock abysses.

Then he raised his hands to heaven,
Called imploring on the tempest,
Called Waywassimo, the lightning,
And the thunder, Annemeekee;
And they came with night and darkness,
Sweeping down the Big-Sea-Water

FAMOUS TALES OF BARBARIANS AND SAVAGES.

From the distant Thunder Mountains;
And the trembling Pau-Puk-Keewis
Heard the footsteps of the thunder,
Saw the red eyes of the lightning,
Was afraid, and crouched and trembled.

Then Waywassimo, the lightning,
Smote the doorways of the caverns,
With his war-club smote the doorways,
Smote the jutting crags of sandstone,
And the thunder, Annemeekee,
Shouted down into the caverns,
Saying, "Where is Pau-Puk-Keewis!"
And the crags fell, and beneath them
Dead among the rocky ruins
Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Lay the handsome Yenadizze,
Slain in his own human figure.

Ended were his wild adventures,
Ended were his tricks and gambols,
Ended all his craft and cunning,
Ended all his mischief-making,
All his gambling and his dancing,
All his wooing of the maidens.

Then the noble Hiawatha
Took his soul, his ghost, his shadow,
Spake and said: "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Never more in human figure
Shall you search for new adventures;
Never more with jest and laughter
Dance the dust and leaves in whirlwinds;
But above there in the heavens
You shall soar and sail in circles;
I will change you to an eagle,
To Keneu, the great war-eagle,

PAUPUKEEWIS.

Chief of all the fowls with feathers, .
Chief of Hiawatha's chickens."

And the name of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Lingers still among the people,
Lingers still among the singers,
And among the story-tellers;
And in Winter, when the snow-flakes
Whirl in eddies round the lodges,
When the wind in gusty tumult
O'er the smoke-flue pipes and whistles,
"There," they cry, "comes Pau-Puk-Keewis;
He is dancing through the village,
He is gathering in his harvest!"

THE END



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